

*TYEE*

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1900



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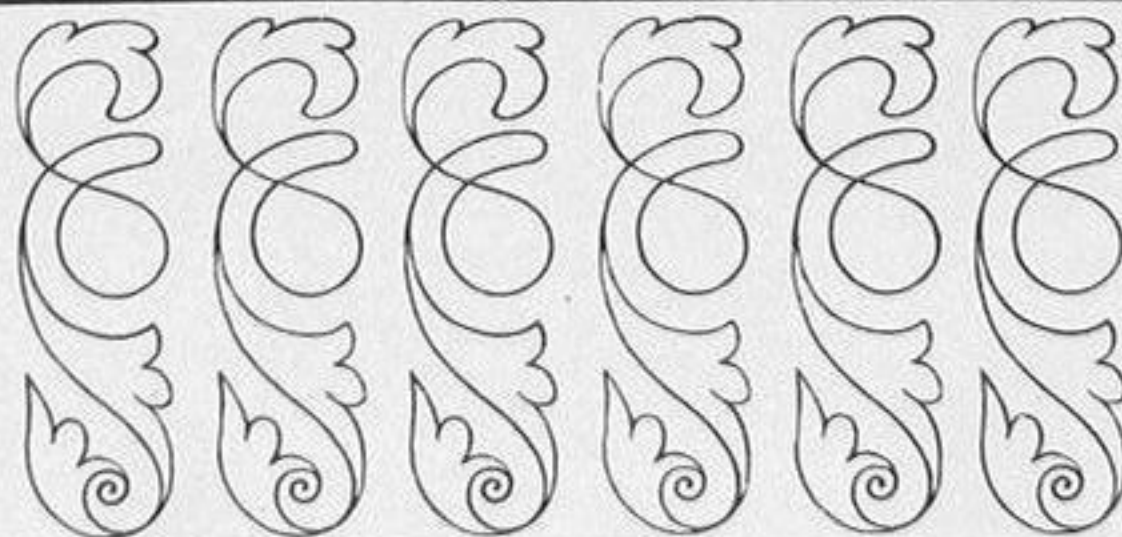
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H. M. Korstad " " " " .....	37	200 60	5 42
Daniel Toole, Ross Academy, Wash.....	28	176 00	6 30
T. H. Kerns, Agricultural College, Wash....	29	178 60	6 37
J. H. Gill, Oregon St. Normal.....	18	178 40	9 31
A. G. Thompson, Oregon St. Normal .....	29	151 60	5 22
O. A. Whittaker, Brig. Young Acad'y, Utah	26	222 80	8 56
H. T. Hanks, State University, Utah .....	18	180 32	10 65
Hull & Gregory, Stanford Univ., California..	59	529 00	8 88
M. C. Decarli, " " " " .....	50	341 00	6 82
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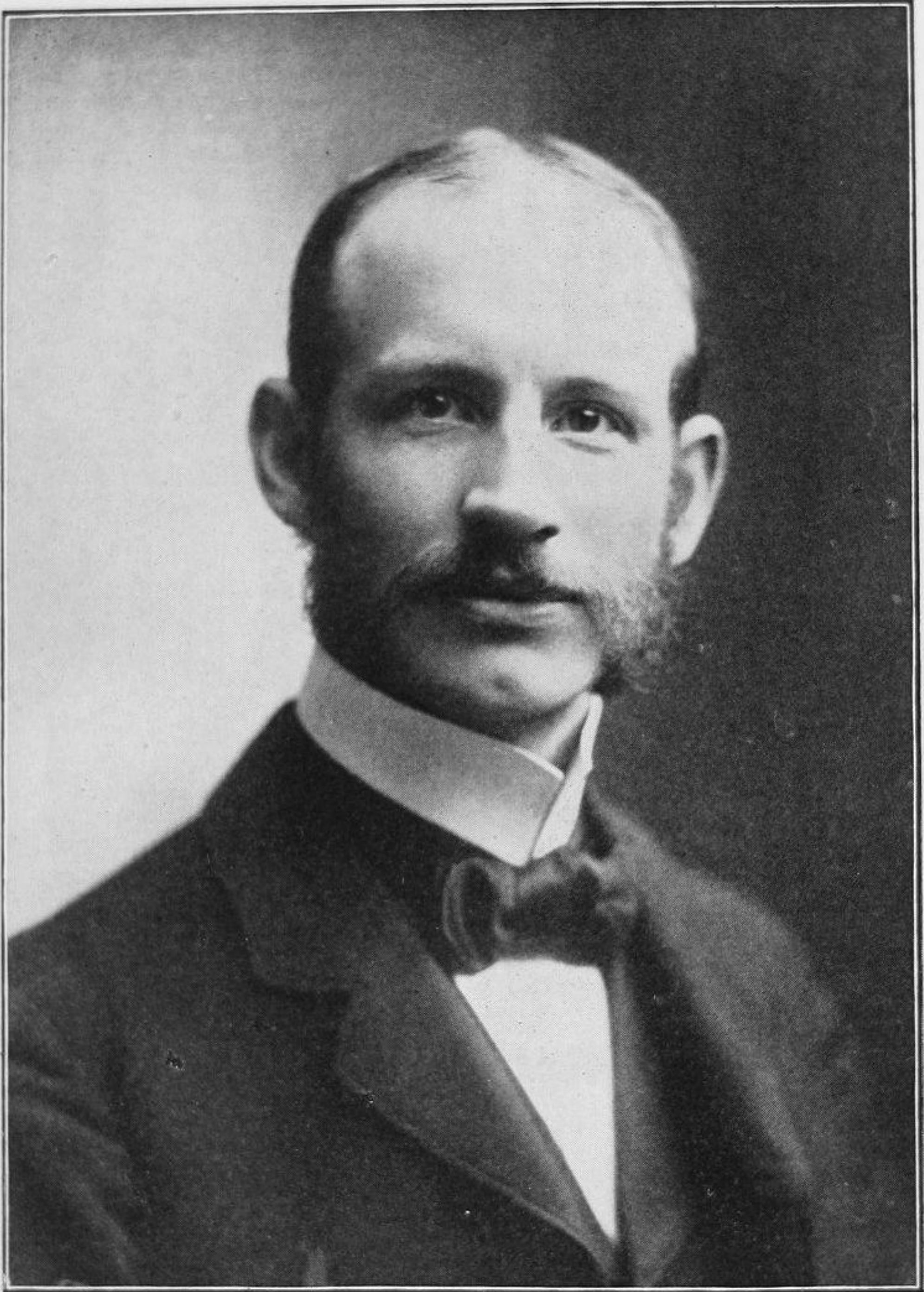
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Frank Pierrepont Graves



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1900

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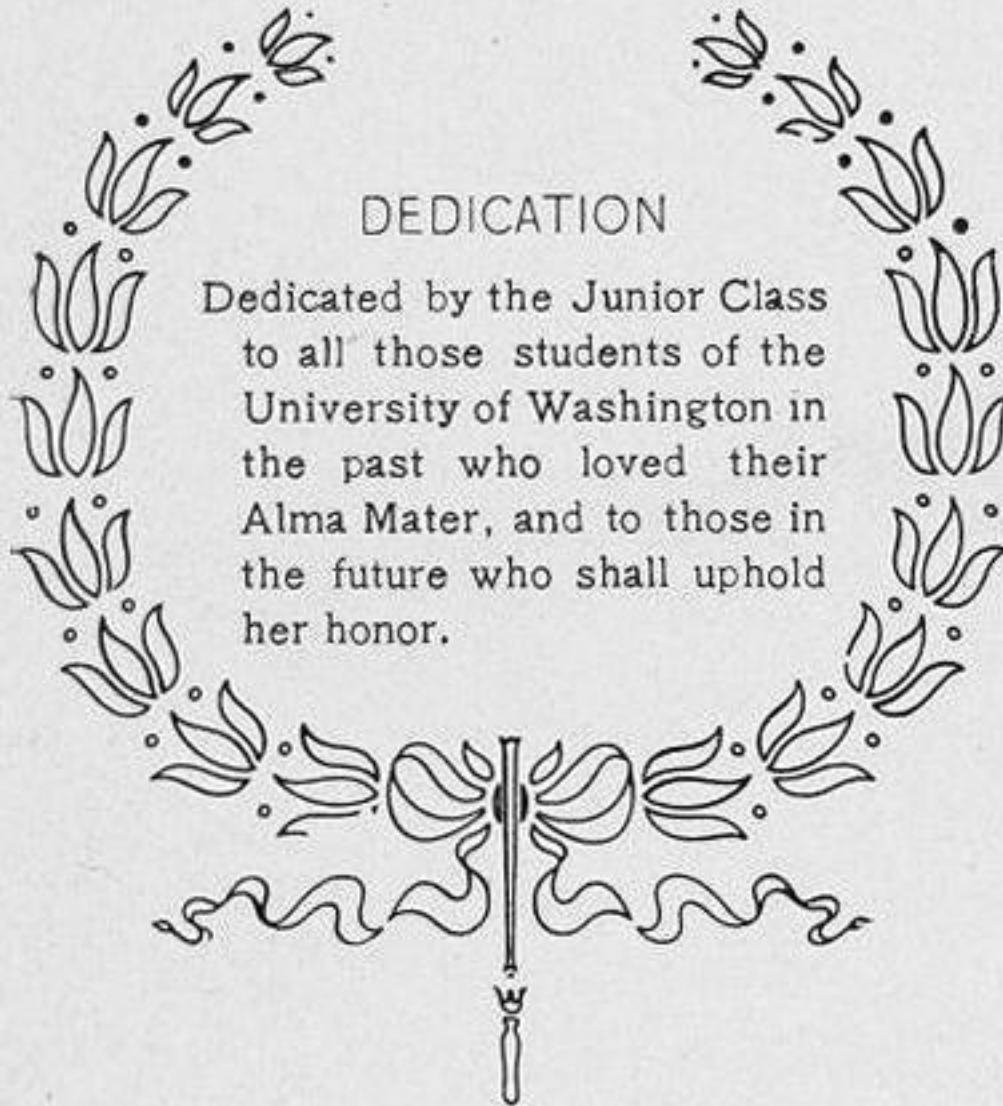


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DEDICATION

Dedicated by the Junior Class  
to all those students of the  
University of Washington in  
the past who loved their  
Alma Mater, and to those in  
the future who shall uphold  
her honor.





(1900)  
24745

## College Yell.

U. of W.,

Siah! Siah!

U. of W.,

Hiah! Hiah!

Skookum, Skookum,  
Washington!



## College Colors.

Purple and Gold

13 Mar 28 Raymer 50



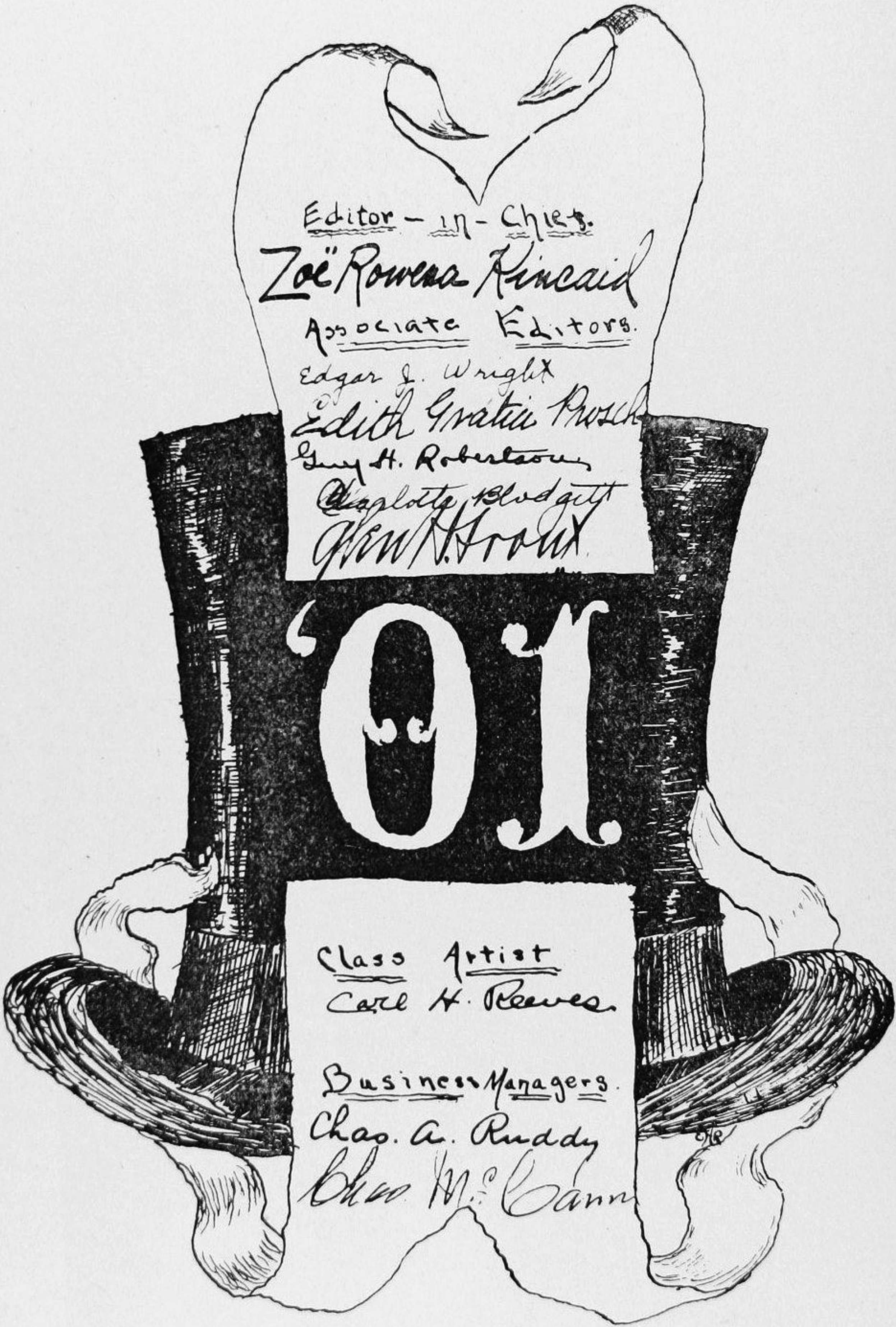
### *Foreword.*

**B**ELIEVING it time an annual was published whereby some of the fleeting impressions of university life, too valuable to be left unrecorded, could be preserved, the Junior class resolved to establish a custom by means of which the environment of each college year could be reflected. As they were the pioneers in the undertaking, it was no easy task to overcome all the obstacles which presented themselves. With what success their efforts have been crowned must be decided by the reader. Conscious as the Juniors are of the errors and deficiencies of the TYEE, they yet are proud to have the privilege of publishing the first annual of the University of Washington.

To the faculty and students whose enthusiasm and interest have been of so much help, and to all those without whose aid it would have been impossible to issue an annual, the Juniors desire here to extend their appreciation and gratitude.

With these words they send forth the TYEE, hoping it may be an incentive to broader university life, and as a remembrance of happy college days which are passing all too swiftly for the students now within the 'varsity walls.





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### *Purple and Gold.*

O VER the lake the mountains lie  
Folded in purple haze,  
But the sun will rise, and the mists will die,  
In his glorious, golden rays.

Over the placid vale of youth  
Tower the mountains steep,  
Rugged the way in the search for truth,  
And the shadows are dark and deep.

But just as the dazzling peaks arise  
From the purple gloom again,  
So the light will break on our longing eyes,  
And the joy will outshine the pain.

—ALICE ROLLIT COE.



## *Retrospect.*

ZOE R. KINCAID.

OUR University can boast of almost four decades of history, and yet little of the past has been recorded. Students were just as loyal to their Alma Mater then as they are in the present, but few legends and traditions have been handed down. Founded as the University was in territorial days, it grew with the country, and the epochs in its history were the appearance of new presidents. The character and policy of the University has so repeatedly changed that its development has not been continuous. Even when started upon its true career in the new buildings, there were difficulties and struggles to check its progress.

With the inauguration of President Graves came a new era—the most prosperous and the most brilliant the University has yet seen. The past year has been characterized by strong class feeling, by increase in the number of student enterprises, by broadening of our inter-collegiate relations, and by a general awakening in every department.

Some valuable additions have been made to the faculty. Dr. Colegrove has come to us, a man of wide knowledge and experience, and in his classroom he succeeds in deeply interesting the students in his work. Professor Priest has brought with him the true university spirit. Particularly in debate has he caused his influence to be felt, and the enthusiasm created in this line has never been paralleled before in the university. With the coming of Dr. Byers the department of pharmacy has been re-established, and his work in chemistry is looked upon with much appreciation. Another important department, the law school, with Dean John T. Condon at its head, has been added this year, and has proved an entire success.

If there were any fears concerning the practicability of the dormitories, they are now all dispelled. The change they have made in student life can hardly be over-estimated. In a large measure the success of the year has been due to their establishment.

A happy innovation in the way of chapel exercises has been tried. These meetings every morning have done much in bringing the students together, and have made them realize that college life is not all study, but that the broader the relations become between students the better that life will be. In this con-



nection, too, a word must be said about the orchestra. It has proved its unselfish dévotion to the interests of the University.

Still another factor which has had an important bearing upon student life is the fraternity movement. Its good results are already quite apparent, and the change it has brought about among the students is looked upon with much favor.

There was on the whole a decided improvement in journalism over the past few years. Yet the students failed to support it as they ought. Next year it is hoped the narrow spirit which has prevailed will disappear, and the whole student body will have pride enough to work together disinterestedly for the success of the college paper.

Athletics, too, came in for their share of the general prosperity. There was not a student who did not feel proud of the victories that were won. Aquatics have been added to our sports, and the athletic outlook for next year is very bright.

The students who have been fortunate enough to attend this year find college life very attractive. With the many changes have come increased college spirit, a pride in the institution, a striving to uphold the Purple and the Gold. In every mind there is a confidence in the brilliant future of the University, since its destiny is linked with that of a state which has taken its place in the nation, and of whose reputation and assured future we are justly proud.





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## *President of the University.*

THOUGH just completing his second year among us, President Graves is loved and respected by the entire University, and appreciated by the people of this and neighboring commonwealths of the Pacific Northwest. The reasons for this are inherent in the man. Scholarship, energy, alertness, loyalty—these are the characteristics that have enabled him to achieve remarkable success. When he arrived at this University as its newly-elected executive, the affairs of the institution, from various unhappy causes, were at a low ebb. The attendance had fallen below two hundred, and there were many disheartened ones. In less than two years the attendance has leaped above the five-hundred mark, and now discouragement has been displaced by an all-pervading and ambitious hope. But everyone knows that in college life numbers are not by any means the best standard of measurement. The character of the work done, a wholesome uplifting college spirit, animating both instructional force and student body, and an ambition to improve body, mind, and soul, are of far greater value. This spirit is the guide for our energetic president's ambition, and everyone familiar with the University of Washington knows what this spirit has wrought.

Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph.D., LL.D., is from old colonial ancestry. His parents were from Massachusetts, and his father is an alumnus of Harvard. The family moved to New York, and at Brooklyn the subject of this sketch was born in 1869. He prepared for Columbia in the Polytechnic Institute, where he led his classes in Greek and Latin. At Columbia he continued to make a specialty of the classics, and won the highest prize for Latin in his junior year, and when he graduated took first honors in classics. He at once began work in the University for the doctorate in philosophy, and later had the advantage of graduate work in Boston and Harvard Universities. His first work as a teacher was as instructor in Greek in Drisler School, New York City. He next taught Greek in his Alma Mater, and his work was so satisfactory that in 1891 he was offered an adjunct professorship at Tufts College, Massachusetts. Here his success was pronounced, and in two years he was made Professor of Classical Philology, the chair being especially created for him.

His tastes, however, were more in the line of executive work. So in June, 1896, after five very successful years at Tufts College, he accepted the position of President of the University of Wyoming, receiving a unanimous election over fifty competitors for the position. The record of his success in Wyoming seems almost phenomenal. The attendance at the institution was speedily doubled. The tone and spirit of the University were emphatically elevated. Though burdened with much executive work, he conducted classes in political science which were well attended. One well-known college president said of him: "He is a good disciplinarian, a fine scholar, and has the faculty of awakening the enthusiasm and winning the affections of his pupils."

Desiring a broader field, he accepted in 1898 the presidency of the University of Washington, and left Wyoming with the best wishes of hosts of friends in all walks of life.

President Graves is the author of several books and articles, among which may be mentioned "The Burial Customs of the Greeks," "The Philoctetes of Sophocles," "A First Book in Greek," and "The State University Ideal." He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, the Society of American Wars, the Western Historical Association, and was one of the founders of the Tufts Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. He was a vice-president of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.



## *Faculty.*

CHARLES FRANCIS REEVES, Dean of College of Liberal Arts, Professor of German Language and Literature.

B. S., Pennsylvania State College, 1878; M. S., 1881; Student at the University of Chicago, 1897. Professor of Modern Languages and Librarian, Pennsylvania State College, 1879-90; Assistant to the President, in charge of the business office, 1884-90; Professor of Modern Languages, University of Washington, 1894-97; Professor of German since 1897; Acting President, 1897-98; Dean, 1899-.

ADOLPH FREDERICK BECHDOLT, Professor of English Language and Literature.

A. B., Lafayette College, 1866; A. M., 1869; Ph. D., Franklin and Marshall College, 1890. Professor of Chemistry and German, Mercersburg College, 1869-76; Superintendent of City Schools, Mankato, Minnesota, 1876-80 and 1885-92; Professor of Chemistry, Minnesota State Normal School, Mankato, 1880-85; Professor of English Language and Literature, University of North Dakota, 1892-95; Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Washington, 1895-.

HENRY LANDES, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy.

A. B., Indiana University, 1892; A. B., Harvard University, 1892; A. M., 1893. Assistant, U. S. Geological Survey, 1891 and 1893; Assistant to State Geologist, New Jersey, 1892-94; Principal of Rockland (Me.) High School, 1894-95; Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, University of Washington, 1895-.

EDMOND STEPHEN MEANY, Professor of History and Instructor in Forestry.

B. S., University of Washington, 1885; M. S., 1899. Reporter and News Editor, Seattle Post-Intelligencer and Seattle Press, 1885-93; Member of Washington Legislature, 1891 and 1893; Assistant to Executive Commissioner for Washington, World's Columbian Exposition, 1890-1894; Secretary of the Board of Regents, University of Washington, 1894-97; Registrar, and Lecturer on Northwest History and Forestry, 1895-97; Professor of History and Instructor in Forestry, 1897-.

J. ALLEN SMITH, Professor of Political and Social Science.

A. B., University of Missouri, 1886; LL. B., 1887; Ph. D., University of Michigan, 1894. Attorney-at-Law, Kansas City, 1887-92; Professor of Economics and Sociology, Marietta College, 1895-97; Professor of Political and Social Science, University of Washington, 1897-.

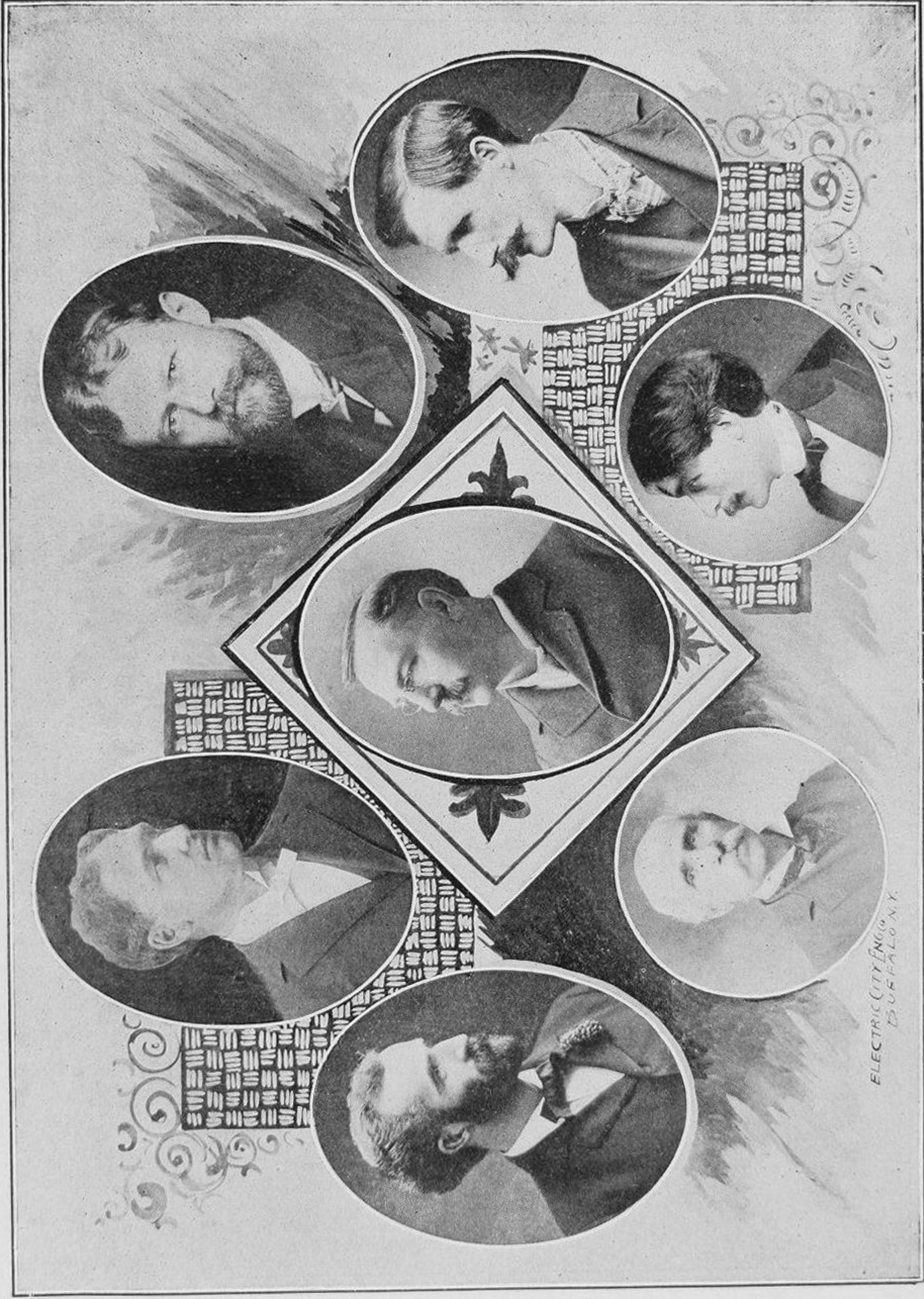
ARTHUR RANUM, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

A. B., University of Minnesota, 1892; Graduate student and Fellow in Mathematics, Cornell University, 1893-96; Fellow in Mathematics, University of Chicago, 1896-97. Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, University of Washington, 1897-.

HOMER REDFIELD FOSTER, Professor of Biology.

Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1897; M. S., 1898. Teacher and Superintendent of Michigan Schools, 1887-93; Principal and Professor of Biology, Benton Harbor College, 1893-94; Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Michigan, 1894-95; Professor of Biology, University of Washington, 1898-.





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J. Allen Smith  
Adolph Frederick Bechdolt

Charles Francis Reeves

Homer Redfield Foster  
Arthur Ranum

Henry Landes



THOMAS EATON DOUBT, Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering.

B. Sc., Nebraska Wesleyan University, 1892; A. M., University of Nebraska, 1896; Assistant in Chemistry, Nebraska Wesleyan University, 1889-92; Instructor in Physics, 1892-94; Fellow in Physics, University of Nebraska, 1894-97; Instructor in Physics, University of Washington, 1897-98; Professor of Physics, 1898-.

CARL RICHARD MOENCH, Professor of Latin Language and Literature and Instructor in Hebrew.

Testimonium Maturitatis, Wittenberg Gymnasium, 1870; Ph. D., University of Leipzig, 1876; Hilflehrer, Wittenberg Gymnasium, 1877-80; Ordinarius, Torgau Gymnasium, 1880-83; Professor of Ancient Languages, Union College, Nebraska, 1893-97; Professor of Modern Languages, Puget Sound University, 1897-98; Professor of Ancient Languages, University of Washington, 1898-.

ALEXANDER BRAINARD COFFEY, Dean of School of Pedagogy; Professor of Education.

Student, Hastings College of Law, 1894-95. Teacher and Principal in Missouri Schools, 1876-82; Teacher, Principal and County Superintendent in California Schools, 1882-94; Associate Editor of Pacific Educational Journal, Editor of Educational Department of Overland Monthly, and Associate Editor of Western Journal of Education, 1894-98; Professor of Education, University of Washington, 1898-.

ALMON HOMER FULLER, Dean of College of Engineering; Professor of Civil and Mechanical Engineering.

C. E., Lafayette College, 1897; M. C. E., Cornell University, 1898; Fellow and Assistant in Civil Engineering, Cornell University, 1897-98; Professor of Civil and Mechanical Engineering, University of Washington, 1898-.

FREDERICK WELTON COLEGROVE, Professor of Philosophy.

A. B., Colgate University, 1882; A. M., 1885; Student at Hamilton Theological Seminary, 1882-84; D. D., University of Rochester, 1893; Ph. D., Clark University, 1898; Student at Leipzig and Heidelberg Universities, 1898-99; Principal of Marion Collegiate Institute, New York, 1884-89; Professor of Latin, Colgate University, 1889-92; President of Ottawa University, Kansas, 1892-96; Professor of Philosophy, University of Washington, 1899-.

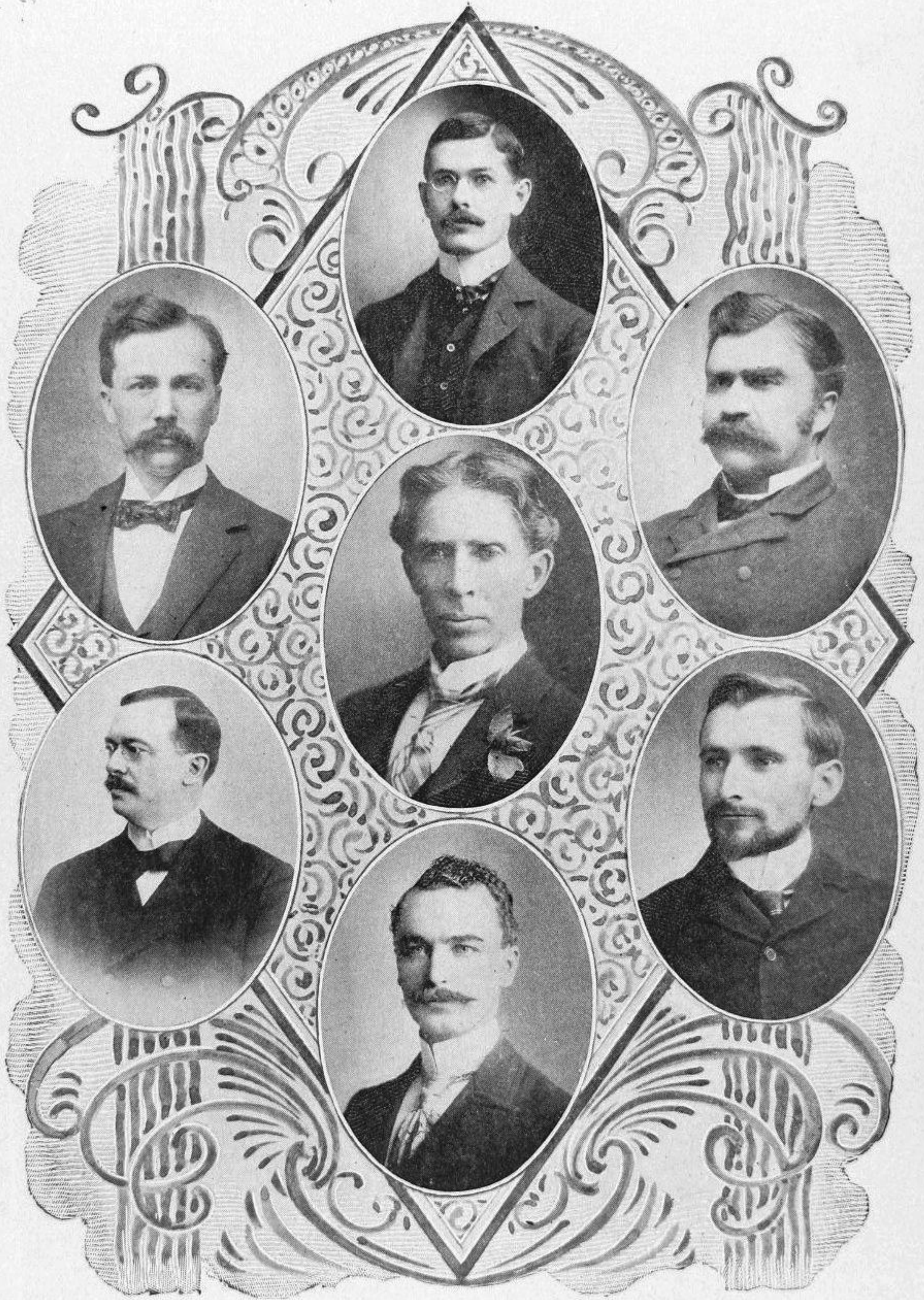
ARTHUR RAGAN PRIEST, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory.

A. B., De Pauw University, 1891; A. M., 1892; Professor of English Language and Literature, McFerrin College, 1892-93; Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, DePauw University, 1893-98; Instructor in Oratory, University of Wisconsin, 1898-99; Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, University of Washington, 1899-.

HORACE GREELEY BYERS, Professor of Chemistry.

A. B. and B. S., Westminster College, 1895; A. M., 1898; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1899; Instructor in Chemistry, Tarkio College, 1893-94; Instructor in Chemistry, Westminster College, 1895-96; Professor of Chemistry, Maryland University, 1897-99; Professor of Chemistry, University of Washington, 1899-.





Arthur Ragan Priest  
Frederick Welton Colegrove

Almon Homer Fuller  
Alexander Brainard Coffey  
Thomas Eaton Doubt

Carl Richard Moench  
Horace Greeley Byers



CHARLES WILCOX VANDER VEER, Director of Gymnasium, Professor of Physical Culture and Hygiene.

Student in Union College, New York, 1873-76. Professor of Physical Culture, Union College, 1876-92; Professor of Physical Culture, Case School of Applied Science, 1893-94; Instructor in Physical Culture, Seattle Athletic Club, 1894-95; Professor of Physical Culture and Hygiene, University of Washington, 1895-.

MARTHA LOIS HANSEE, Dean of Women, Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

A. M., Pacific University, 1890. Professor of Greek and Latin, University of Washington, 1881-84; Professor of Ancient Languages, and Dean of Women, Willamette University, 1888-95; Instructor in History, Latin and Greek, University of Washington, 1895-99; Professor of Greek Language and Literature, and Dean of Women, 1899-.

CAROLINE HAVEN OBER, Professor of Romance Languages.

Graduate of Massachusetts Normal School, Salem, 1884. Teacher in Wheaton Seminary, 1884-86; Teacher in Public School, Palisade, Nevada, 1886-88; Instructor in Modern Languages, Bozeman Academy, Montana, 1888-89; Regent and Vice Directress of Government Normal Schools, Argentine Republic, 1889-93; Instructor in Modern Languages, Trinidad High School, Colorado, 1894-95; Instructor in Spanish, San Diego High School, California, 1896-97; Professor of Romance Languages, University of Washington, 1897-.

TREVOR CHARLES DIGBY KINCAID, Assistant Professor of Biology.

B. S., University of Washington, 1899. Instructor in Biology, University of Washington, 1895-99; Volunteer Assistant to American Fur Seal Commission, summer 1897; Member of the Harriman Alaskan Expedition, summer 1899; Assistant Professor of Biology, University of Washington, 1899-.

DORSEY ALFRED LYON, Assistant Professor of Mining Engineering and Metallurgy.

A. B., Leland Stanford University, 1898. Assistant in Mineralogy and Assaying, Leland Stanford University, 1897-98; Instructor in Geology and Mining Engineering, University of Washington, 1898-99; Assistant Professor of Mining Engineering and Metallurgy, 1899-.

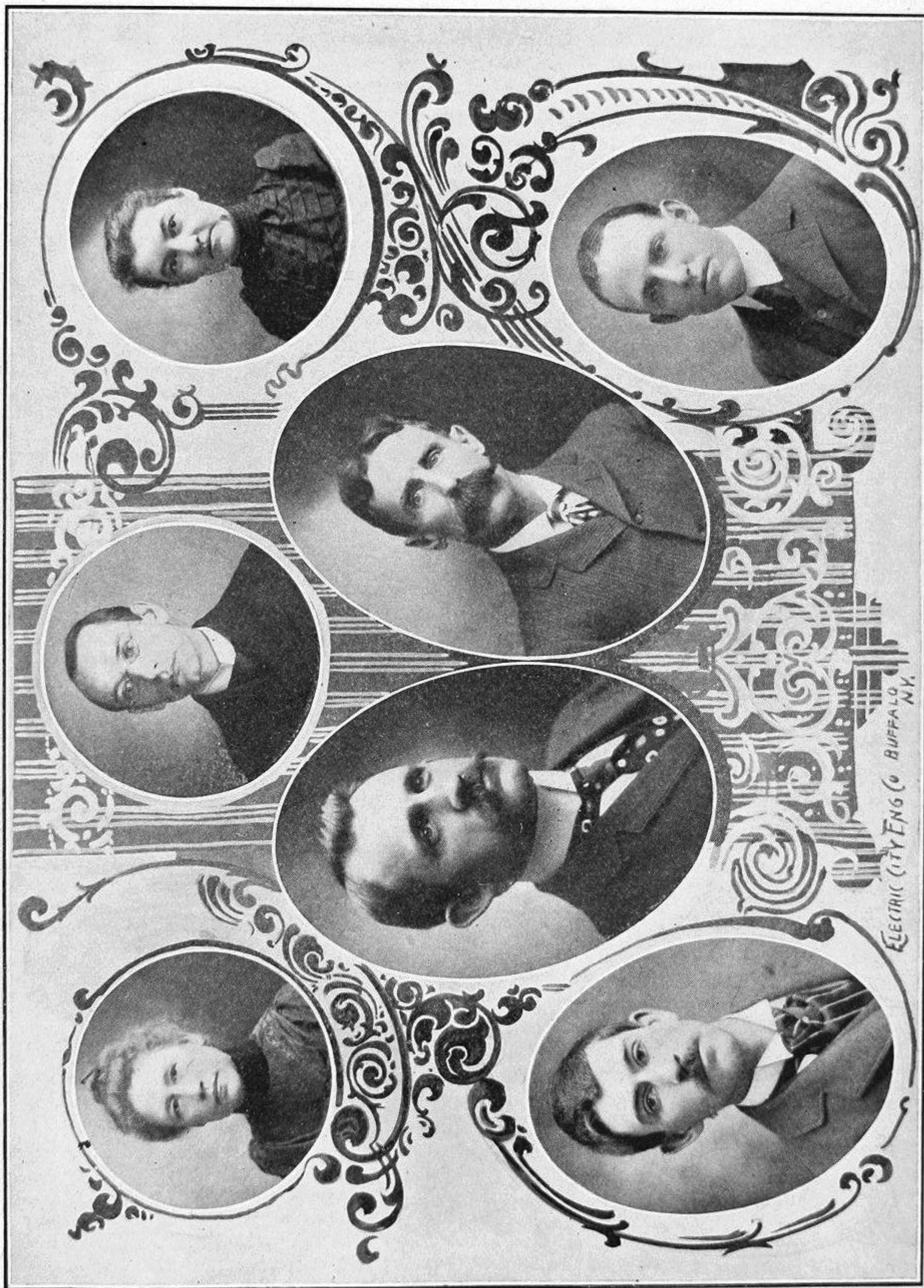
EDWIN CHAPIN STARKS, Curator of Museum, Assistant Professor of Biology.

Student in Leland Stanford University, 1894-97; Representative of Stanford University in Exploring Expeditions to Mexico and Puget Sound, 1894-96; Assistant in Bureau of Biological Survey, 1897-99; Curator of Museum, University of Washington, 1899-.

CLARK DAVIS, Registrar.

Student in Stewartsville College, Missouri, 1876-80; Ordained Deacon, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1882; Assistant Secretary, Portland Y. M. C. A., Oregon, 1882-83; Secretary, Seattle Y. M. C. A., 1884-85; Pastor, First Methodist Protestant Church, Seattle, 1885-96; Registrar, University of Washington, 1897-.





Trevor Charles Digby Kincaid

Martha Lois Hansee

Clark Davis

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Caroline Haven Ober

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### *Instructors and Other Officers.*

THOMAS WARNER LOUGH, Instructor in Chemistry.

Ph. G., University of Washington, 1896; B. S., 1900. Assistant in Chemistry, University of Washington, 1895-99; Instructor, 1899-.

HARRY CANBY COFFMAN, Librarian.

A. B., University of Washington, 1899. Assistant Librarian, 1897-99; Librarian, 1899-.

FRANK DEAN FRAZER, Tutor in Mathematics.

B. S., University of Washington, 1897; A. M., Princeton University, 1898; Graduate student, University of Washington, 1898-99. Tutor in Mathematics, 1899-.

HENRY LINDLEY REESE, Tutor in Greek and Latin.

A. B., University of Washington, 1899. Tutor in Greek and Latin, 1899-.

DAVID KELLY, Tutor in Physics.

B. S., University of Washington, 1899. Tutor in Physics, 1899-.

JAMES MORAN, University Engineer, Assistant in Electrical Engineering.

Master Mechanic, Seattle Consolidated Street Railway Company, 1889-94; Machinist, James Street Constructing Company, 1894-95; General Inspector of Electrical Equipment, Oakland Consolidated Street Railway, 1896-97; Engineer and Assistant in Electrical Engineering, University of Washington, 1897-.

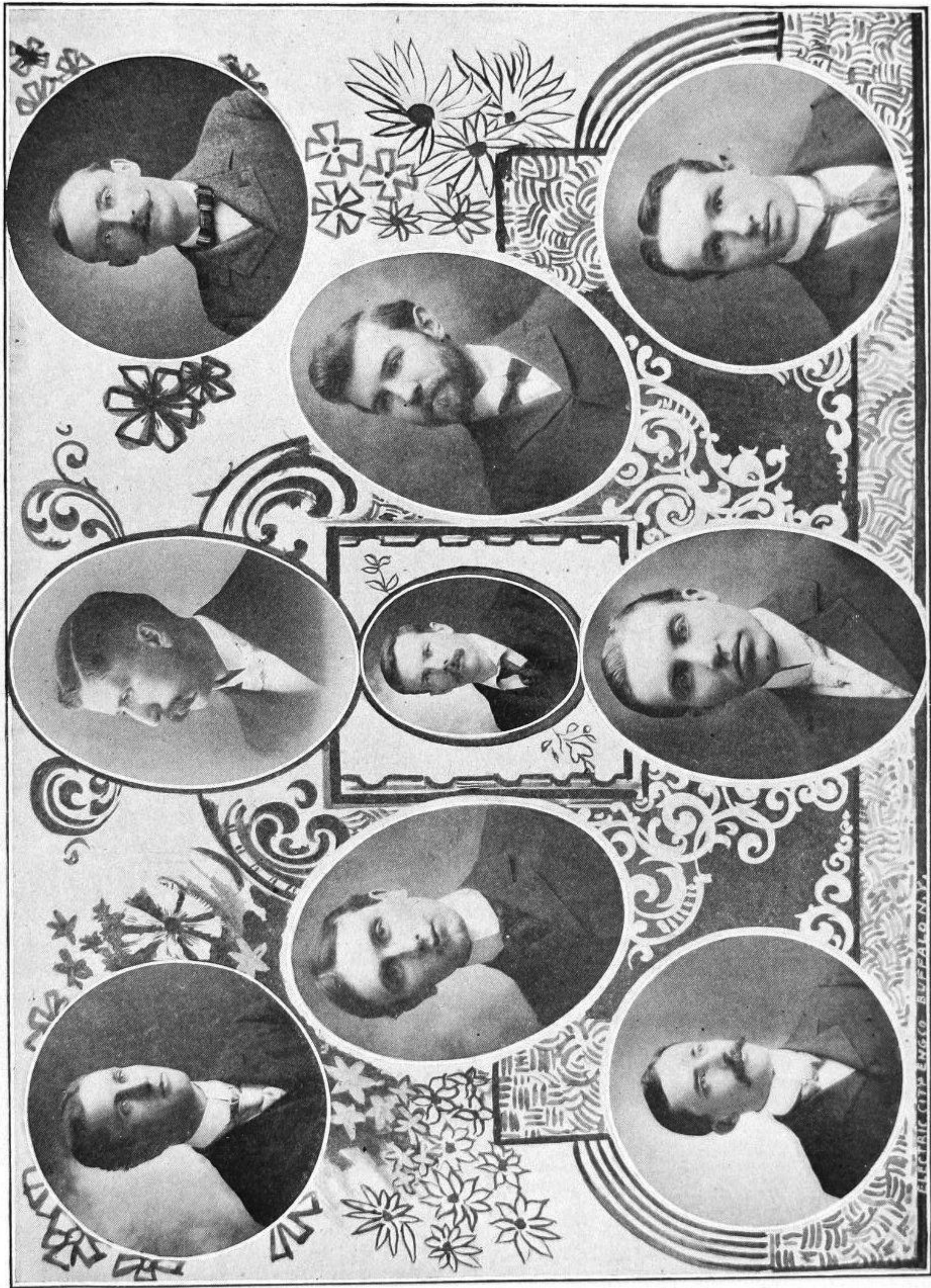
GEORGE ELMER ST. JOHN, Instructor in English.

Graduate of State Normal School, Winona, Minn., 1884; A. B., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1896; A. M., University of Washington, 1900; Superintendent and Principal in Minnesota Schools, 1884-95; Professor of Pedagogy, State Normal School, Ellensburg, Wash., 1896-97; Superintendent of City Schools, North Yakima, 1897-99; Instructor in English and Principal of the Preparatory School, University of Washington, 1899-1900.

HENRY KNIGHT, Assistant in Chemistry.

CHARLES A. RUDDY, Assistant in Geology.





James Moran  
David Kelly

Thomas Warner Lough

G. E. St. John  
Charles A. Ruddy  
Henry L. Reese

Harry Canby Coffman

Henry G. Knight  
Frank D. Fraser







## *The Two Angels.*

“**B**EHOLD!” cried the angel the world names Care,  
“ Here is a mortal asleep!  
A maiden—young and graceful and fair—  
I will give her a gift to keep.”

“Nay, nay,” cried the angel the gods name Love,  
“ She is not meant for thee;  
That throat like a lily and breast like a dove  
Surely belong to me.

“Never such beauty for thee, I know—  
Such innocent purity!  
With this kiss on those blue-veined temples of snow  
I seal her unto me.”

So Love leaned down with an eager flush,  
Low down o'er that dreaming head,  
And kissed her cheek to a lovelier blush,  
Her lips to a tremulous red.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then who will believe that I heard Care say,  
As he bent down pityingly:  
“Where Love has entered—and gone away—  
Is always a place for ME.”

—ELLA HIGGINSON.



## *Col. John H. Wholley.*

**J**OHAN H. WHOLLEY enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest colonel in the volunteer army to see active service, having been born at Salem Mass., January 13, 1868. Upon his graduation from West Point he was appointed to the Fourth Infantry at Fort Spokane. While with this command he saw field service at the time of the Cœur d'Alene and railroad strikes of 1894.

In September, 1894, Lieutenant Wholley was detailed as United States recruiting officer stationed at Seattle. In 1896 he was detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University, and later became Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Engineering in addition.

At the outbreak of the war he was appointed Colonel of the First Washington Infantry, U. S. V., his commission dating from April 23, 1898. The regiment did garrison duty at San Francisco until October 28, 1898, when it embarked for the Philippines.

There it was immediately put on the advanced outpost line, which it held until February 4, the outbreak of the Filipino insurrection. In the first battle, Col. Wholley's regiment sustained the largest loss of any in the whole command. In April, 1899, he was placed in command of the First Brigade, First Division, remaining in this capacity until June 8. As Brigade Commander he had charge of the attack on Cainta, Tay Tay and Morong, June 4 and 5. For faithful and meritorious service he was recommended for a Brigadier's star.

After arriving at San Francisco Col. Wholley was presented with a magnificent sabre by the enlisted men of his regiment, appropriately inscribed—"Presented to Col. John H. Wholley, as a token of esteem, by the enlisted men of the First Washington Infantry, U. S. V., October 18, 1899." This may be taken as an indication of the esteem in which he was held by the men under his command. Two days before the regiment left for Seattle, Col. Wholley received telegraphic orders to proceed at once to New York, there to embark once more for the Philippines as a major in the Forty-seventh Infantry.





Col John H. Wholley







## *Our Volunteers.*

WHEN the First Washington Regiment was organized for service in the Spanish-American war, nine students from the University of Washington showed themselves willing to do their share toward upholding the flag and enlisted in that regiment. Those who believe that the National Guard furnishes if not the only, at least the best means of military education in time of peace, would do well to examine the records of these products of a university cadet company.

Two rose to the rank of First Lieutenant and now hold commissions in the Eleventh Cavalry still in Luzon. Lieutenant Cotchett received a bullet through the leg at San Mateo at the same time that General Lawton was killed. In the last letter received from Lieutenant Hazzard he writes that he has just returned from a trip of twenty-five days into Southern Luzon, during which he had command of the regimental scouts. He was scratched twice by Mauser bullets, but was lucky enough each time to escape serious injury.

Two more of these students, J. Willis Sayre and W. W. Reinhart, became Sergeants, and two more, Edwin Fredlund and Geo. H. Gaches, were Corporals.

Three were mentioned in the dispatches for bravery, Corporal Gaches and J. G. McGlinn as scouts, and C. B. Rathbun as scout and sharpshooter.

It may not be amiss in this connection to mention also the names of a few who, although not students of the college at the time of the breaking out of the war, had formerly been, and volunteered as members of Washington's First Regiment. Captain M. H. Gormley, B. S. '85, was mustered in a First Lieutenant of Company B, and upon the death of Captain Fortson succeeded to the command of the company. Ralph L. Ross was mustered in as a private, and was promoted successively to Corporal, Sergeant and finally to Sergeant Major of the regiment, with which latter rank he was mustered out. Lieutenant Geo. B. Lamping was mustered in a Second Lieutenant of Company D, and while at the front was commander of the Taguig division of the regimental scouts. He returned as First Lieutenant of Company D. O. A. McGee was mustered in as a Sergeant in Company B and was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in the Thirty-sixth Volunteer Infantry still in the Philippines. Cal Welbon was mustered in as a Corporal in Company D and returned a Sergeant. He received honorable mention as regimental scout, and was wounded in the side. Thayer Lamb was mustered in a



Corporal in Company M. A. H. Turner was mustered in a Corporal in Company B, and re-enlisted as a Sergeant in the Thirty-sixth Infantry. August Toelner was a private in Company K.

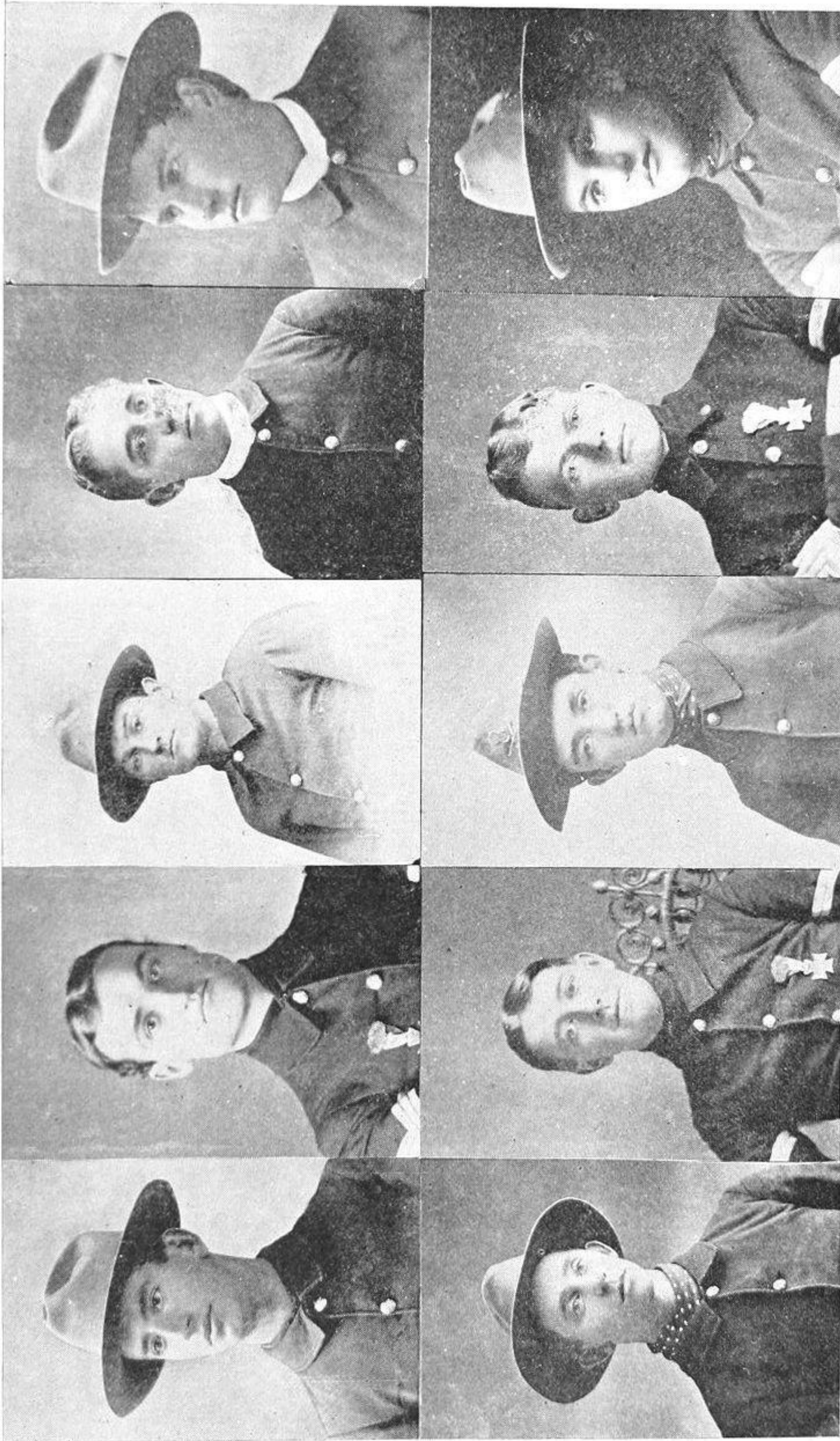
WALTER VICTOR COTCHETT was born in Detroit, Mich., May 21, 1878, his parents removing to Seattle in 1887. He received his education in the public schools of Detroit and Seattle, and later in the Baptist University and the University of Washington, entering the latter in the fall of 1894. On May 11, 1898, he enlisted as a sergeant and was commissioned second lieutenant of Co. G on April 6, 1899. He participated with his company in the following engagements: Santa Ana, Guadalupe, in provisional brigade under Brigadier-General Wheaton, in the skirmish at Taguig and Laguna de Bay, and led his company at the taking of Calamba. After the First Washington left for home, he enlisted in Troop G, Eleventh Cavalry, as First Lieutenant, and was wounded in the same action in which Gen. Lawton was killed—on Dec. 20, 1899.

FRANK W. SMITH was born at Bradley, Maine, July 3, 1873. He received his earlier education in the public schools of Bradley, and later in the Fairhaven High School, entering the University in the fall of 1895. He enlisted as a private in Co. B on May 7, 1898; was made corporal in October, 1898; resigned corporalship in May, 1899; participated in all battles, engagements and skirmishes, except Calamba. Mr. Smith is now engaged in business pursuits in the Bellingham Bay cities.

CHAUNCEY B. RATHBUN was born at Alma, Wis., Aug. 30, 1879, and received his education in the public schools of Wisconsin, Texas and Olympia. He entered the University in 1896, and enlisted as a private in Co. B upon the outbreak of the war. He participated in all engagements with his company, including the more important ones of Santa Ana, Guadalupe, San Pedro Macati, Pasig and Taguig, with the exceptions of the attack on Tay Tay and the trip to Calamba. At the time of the former he was confined to the hospital by fever contracted in the trenches, and during the latter he was engaged in special scouting work at Pasig. He was appointed one of the volunteer regimental scouts March 27 and continued as such until the regiment left for home. The scouting detail of which Mr. Rathbun was a member twice received the thanks of Col. Wholley and Gen. Lawton for services rendered—once for a trip to Mariquina, seven miles in the enemy's country, and once for ten days' work against Tay Tay. He also received special mention for bravery as scout and sharpshooter. Mr. Rathbun is now a member of the class of 1902.

EDWIN FREDLUND was born at Bergen, Norway, March 23, 1875. He received his earlier education in the schools of Norway, but later in the public schools of





Walter V. Cotchett  
John Garfield McGlinn

J. Willis Sayre  
George H. Gaches

Frank W. Smith  
Chauncey B. Rathbun

George R. Page  
Edwin Fredlund

Oliver P. M. Hazzard  
William W. Reinhart







Mount Vernon, Skagit County, Wash. He entered the University in the fall of 1897, leaving on May 1 to enlist in Co. G. He participated in the following engagements: Santa Ana, Guadalupe, Pateros, San Pedro Macati, Taguig and outside Taguig. During nearly the entire campaign he was attached to the regimental signal corps. Mr. Fredlund is now seeking his fortune in the gold fields of Alaska.

J. WILLIS SAYRE was born at Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1877, receiving his earlier education in the public schools of Washington, D. C., New York and Seattle. He entered the University in the fall of 1897, but left on May 1, when he enlisted as a sergeant of Co. G. He participated in the following engagements; Santa Ana, Guadalupe, Pateros, San Pedro Macati, Taguig and outside of Taguig. Mr. Sayre was ill with malarial fever for two months in the Second and Third Reserve hospitals. He is now on the local staff of the Seattle Daily Star.

GEORGE HERBERT GACHES is a native son of Washington, being born at La Conner March 20, 1880. He received his education in the grammar and high school of that place, entering the University in the fall of 1896. He enlisted as a private in Co. B on April 30, 1898, and was mustered into the U. S. service on May 7. He participated in all the engagements in which his company took part, with the exception of that of March 26, at which time he was confined to the hospital. On March 27 he was appointed a regimental scout, in which position he took part in a large number of minor engagements and expeditions, notably at Gainta and Calamba. He received special mention for bravery as a scout, and later was promoted to a corporal. Mr. Gaches is now completing a business course at the Acme Business College, preparatory to engaging in mercantile pursuits.

JOHN GARFIELD MCGLINN is a native son, being born at La Conner on Oct. 29, 1880. He received his earlier education in Olympia and La Conner, entering the University in the fall of 1896. He was initiated into the Sigma Nu fraternity in 1897. Upon the breaking out of the war with Spain he left the University, and on May 7 was mustered into the service of the United States as a member of Co. B. He participated in all the engagements in which his company took part—from Feb. 4 to Aug. 31. Mr. McGlinn was recommended by Capt. M. H. Gormley for bravery during a scouting expedition to Antipolo. Mr. McGlinn was constantly on duty while in the army. He was not on sick list or on special duty a day while in the Philippines. He is now completing his course here as a member of the Sophomore class.

GEORGE REED PAGE was born at Pleasanton, Linn Co., Kansas, July 10, 1877, receiving his earlier education in the public schools of San Diego, Cal., and later

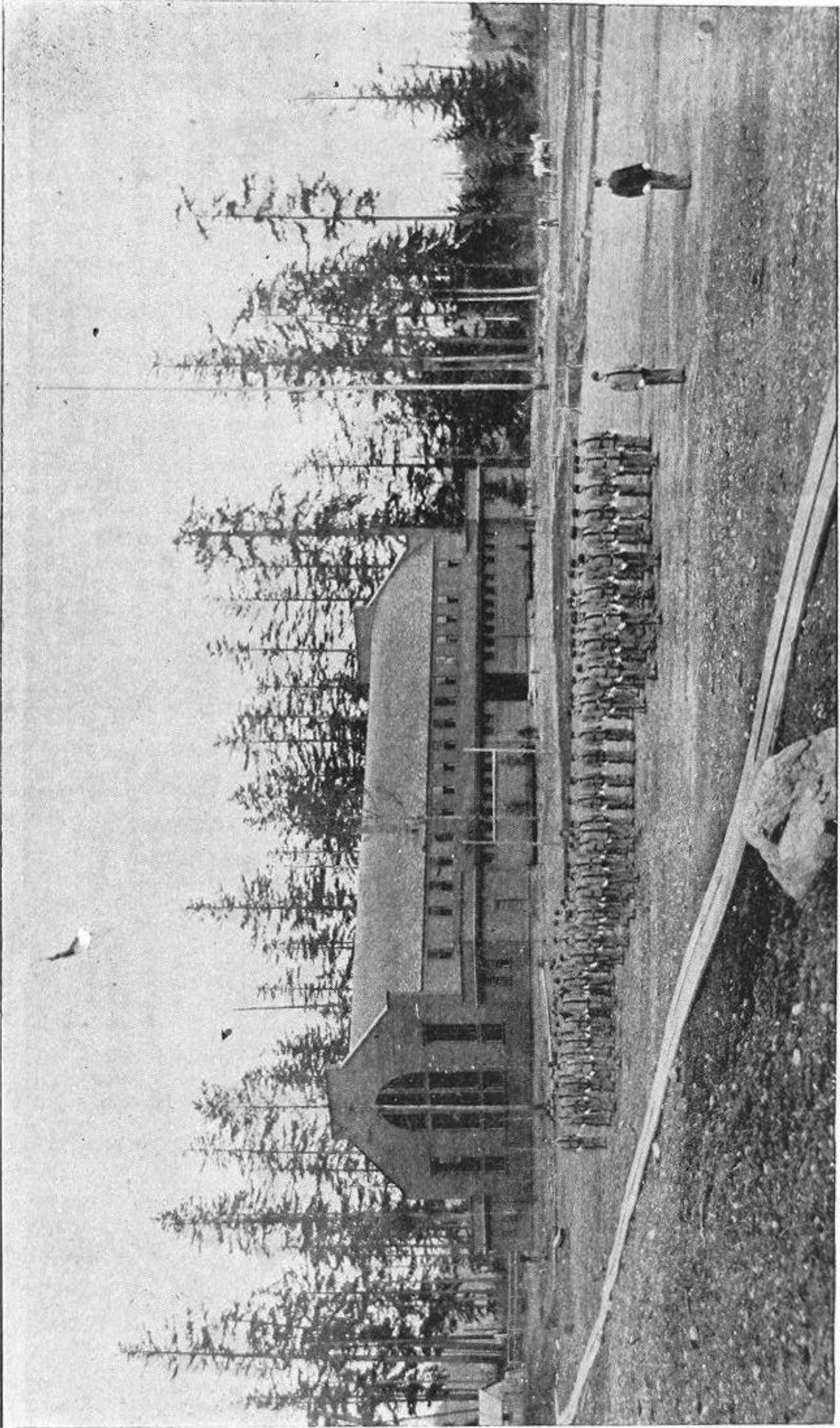


in the grammar and high schools of Seattle. Graduating from the Seattle High School in the class of '95, he entered the Freshman class of the University in the fall of the same year, continuing his studies until June, 1897. He enlisted as a private in Co. D on June 22, joining the regiment at San Francisco, and afterwards participated in the following engagements: Battles of Santa Ana, Guadalupe, Pateros, Pasig, Laguna de Bay, Tay Tay and Morong, and skirmishes of Pateros, San Pedro Macati and Taguig. On account of fever, contracted while in the trenches, Mr. Page was confined to the Pasig hospital from June 8 to Aug. 25. He is now finishing his course at the University.

WILLIAM W. REINHART was born in Portland, Oregon, July 18, 1879, receiving his education in the public schools of Olympia and Tacoma. He entered the freshman class in the fall of 1897, where he remained until April 29, 1898, enlisting as a corporal in Co. G, N. G. W. He participated in the following engagements: Santa Ana, Guadalupe, Pasig, near Pasig, Pateros, Taguig, near Taguig, Laguna de Bay, Tay Tay, Morong, and skirmishes near San Pedro Macati. Enlisting as a corporal, he retired as a sergeant, at the time of his mustering out being Acting Battalion Sergeant Major. Mr. Reinhart is completing his work here, and was appointed major of the First Battalion University Cadets.

OLIVER P. M. HAZZARD was born at Scottsburg, Indiana, April 14, 1876. In the spring of 1882 his parents moved to Clayoquot, Wash., from which place Oliver attended the Olympia public schools, graduating from the high school of that city in the class of '96. After graduation he taught school in Lewis County, giving up his position in order to attend the University of Washington. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a corporal in Co. M, First Washington Volunteers, and served through the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection. He participated in every engagement in which his company was in action. When the Washington Regiment was ordered home, he re-enlisted in Troop I, Eleventh Cavalry, as first lieutenant.





THE ARMORY







## *The Military Department.*

THE DEPARTMENT of Military Science and Tactics had its first beginning in the curriculum of the University during the college year of 1884-85.

The aim of this department when established was to give instruction in military science and tactics, and by the observance of military discipline to fix habits of attention, promptness, and obedience. The uniform adopted was the regulation West Point fatigue uniform. In this year a sort of volunteer organization was perfected under the direction of Capt. Kinnear. Rifles, ammunition, and other accessories necessary in drill were obtained from the territorial government. Room 7 in North Hall was used as a temporary armory until the armory on Fourth and Union Streets was completed.

Not until the year 1891 was the drill made compulsory for all male students. Under the new regime every male student was required to drill during his college career unless excused for physical disability. The department was then under the charge of Capt. E. S. Ingraham, of Co. E, N. G. W. In the fall of 1892, John L. Hayden, a West Point graduate, was detailed to act as commandant for four years. He enforced drill to the strictest limit, and as a result a firm basis for the department was established. The armory upon the new site having been completed, the cadets secured a pleasant place to drill during inclement weather.

After Lieut. Hayden's term had expired he rejoined his regiment, and J. H. Wholley, First Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Infantry—since Colonel of the First Washington Volunteers, succeeded him. Upon the appointment of Lieut. Wholley as Colonel of the First Washington Regiment by Governor Rogers, he departed for the Philippines, leaving the cadets without a commandant. As many of the cadets had left the University and joined the regiment, drill was discontinued for the remainder of the year.

The war not having ended when the fall term opened, the Government could not spare an army officer, so President Graves appointed C. B. Blethen, a cadet, as temporary commandant. Upon the resignation of Mr. Blethen, Ernest W. Schoder was elected as captain, and W. H. Tiedeman adjutant. Owing to the absence of an army officer, drill was conducted under a great many disadvantages, and it was only by extreme efforts put forth by the commissioned officers of the company that a very creditable showing was made at the end of the year.

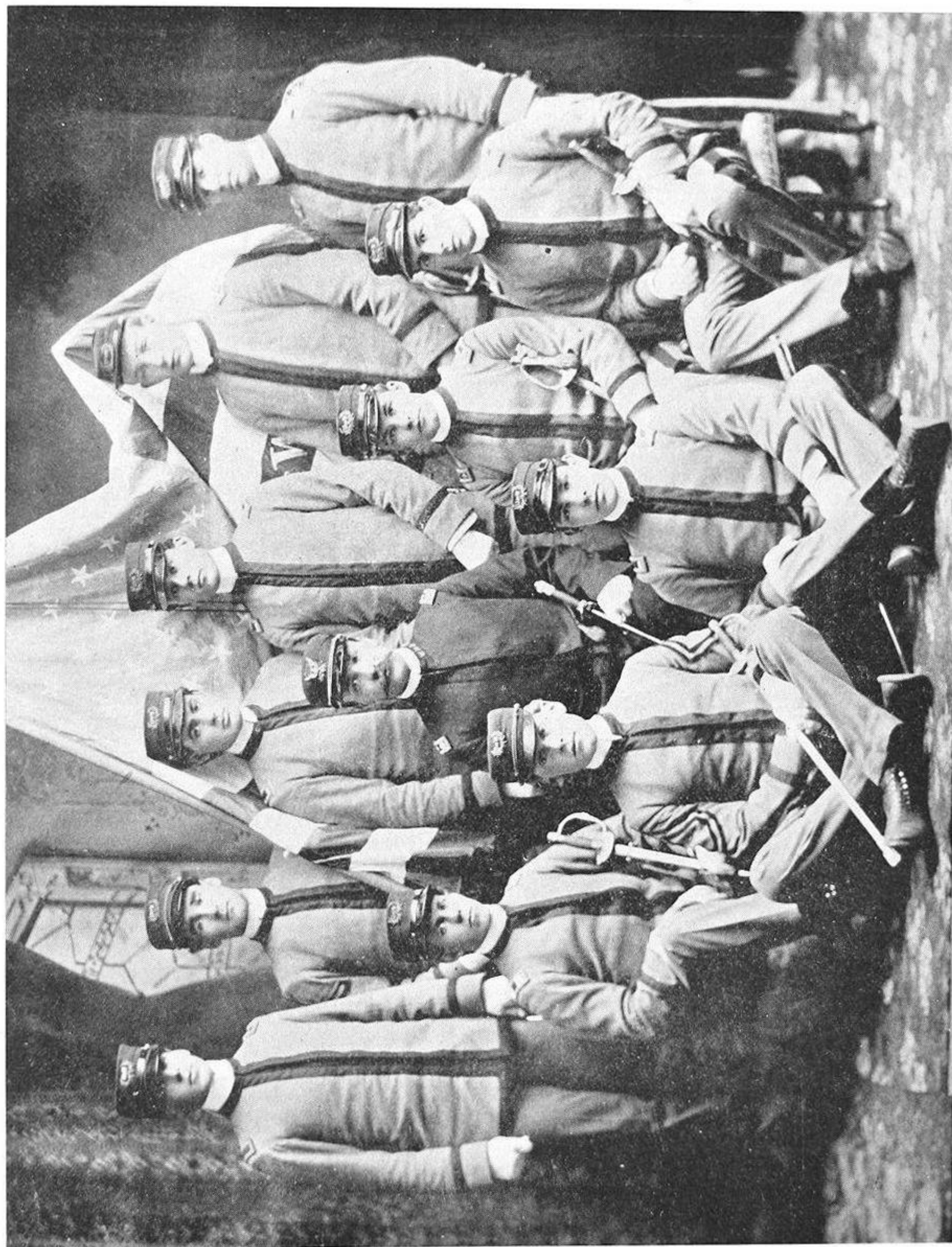
The fall term of the present school year opened up very dark for the cadets. President Graves, who had not been able to procure an army officer, had decided



to dispense with drill for the year. An event turned up, however, which soon changed the tide of affairs. The First Washington Volunteers had started for home from Manila, and the different organizations in Seattle were drilling in order to take part in the grand celebration of the return of the war-scarred veterans. The cadets caught the fever and soon a company was drilling hard under the officers of the preceding year. In the grand parade, the fine appearance of the cadets brought forth compliments on all sides. President Graves having seen the enthusiasm aroused, decided to continue the drill, and selected J. E. Gould, Assistant Adjutant General of the N. G. W., as commandant. As the appointment had not been made until late in the fall term, Mr. Gould did not assume charge of the department until Dec. 1, the opening of the winter term, and no small amount of credit is due him for the way in which he has organized the two companies.







CADET OFFICERS







## *Cadet Officers.*

### STAFF OFFICERS.

Cadet Major . . . . .	WILLIAM W. REINHART
Cadet Adjutant . . . . .	CHARLES GACHES
Cadet Sergeant Major . . . . .	GARFIELD FADDEN
Cadet Quartermaster, with rank of First Lieutenant . . . . .	C. H. REEVES

### COMPANY OFFICERS

#### COMPANY A—

Captain (Senior) . . . . .	CHARLES A. LINDBERRY
First Lieutenant . . . . .	R. W. FLETCHER
Second Lieutenant . . . . .	W. H. CORSON
First Sergeant . . . . .	L. RYAN
Second Sergeant . . . . .	C. PARKER
Third Sergeant . . . . .	E. DUFFY
Fourth Sergeant . . . . .	W. BLAINE
Fifth Sergeant . . . . .	K. McPHERSON
First Corporal . . . . .	H. A. HANSON
Second Corporal . . . . .	T. L. RICHARDS
Third Corporal . . . . .	F. G. McKEOWN

#### COMPANY B—

Captain (Junior) . . . . .	G. A. MINKLER
First Lieutenant . . . . .	P. C. HARPER
Second Lieutenant . . . . .	G. E. DODSON
First Sergeant . . . . .	R. HUNTOON
Second Sergeant . . . . .	S. TREEN
Third Sergeant . . . . .	H. GRANTHAN
Fourth Sergeant . . . . .	W. AMES
First Corporal . . . . .	F. CEIS







# S · E · N · I · O · R · S ·









## *Senior History.*

THE OLD man sat in his easy chair, toasting his slippered feet before the blazing hearth. Night was falling fast, and as the room darkened the flickering firelight cast fantastic shadows upon the walls and ceiling. But they were unnoticed by the old man, as he sat with closed eyes, for his mind had wandered far away to the quiet town of Brooklyn, where, in the rosy dawn of life, he had entered the wide portals of the University of Washington. He sees again the old building in her robes of gray, standing, a proud and noble queen, upon her grassy throne, and in the halls again he meets the friends and schoolmates of his college days.

There were his classmates of the class of 1900. How vividly he remembers their first meeting in the fall of 1896, when they came together and elected T. M. Barlow as their president! Barlow became a leader in school politics, and in his junior year was elected manager of the Athletic Association. He was also secretary and treasurer of the P. N. A. Then comes the quiet dignified face of Grace Glasgow, the president of the class in its senior year. Her firm hand it was that guided that gallant bark—the class of 1900—when it sailed from the peaceful harbor of the University out upon the storm-tossed sea of life. And Ella Allen, who was secretary of her class in 1900, appears. Miss Allen was an active worker on the staff of the Pacific Wave, and, besides being a leader in literary affairs, she was also president of the G. D. C.

There were his old chums, Morrison and Baker, who were both members of his own fraternity—the Sigma Nu. It was Morrison, tall and dignified, who, after leading his class through the second year of its existence, withdrew from college politics, where before he had played an active part, and gave his entire attention to his chosen profession—that of law. Baker turned his mind to electricity, and achieved such success in this line that he was appointed instructor of that subject at the Seattle Y. M. C. A., and was also elected president of the Society of Electrical Engineers at the University.

How well he recalled Lulu Fuller, Ethel White, and Kathryn Case! All three were quiet, unassuming girls, yet they were excellent students, and when there was work to be done they were all ready to do whatever they could to advance



the interests of their class. And Ernest Schoder also appears. He was one of the brainiest men in the college, and many flattering honors came to him. As a Junior he was president of his class, and when Col. Wholley left for the Philippines Schoder was made commandant of the cadets, while in his senior year he was president of the Students' Assembly.

Now is seen the face of T. T. Edmonds, the little minister, who won so much praise as an orator and a debater, and the Hill boys—Climie and Sterling—both famous upon the gridiron and the track. Climie, in 1898, was president of the Y. M. C. A.; and Sterling was captain of the foot ball team in 1899, and in his senior year he was president of the Athletic Association. He was also captain of the basket ball team. There, too, was T. W. Mitchell, one of the brightest stars in his class. As an orator, as a debater, as a writer, and as a student, Tom had few equals. He was a member of the debating team which defeated Pullman in 1899, and in his senior year was editor in chief of the Pacific Wave.

How well he remembers the bright smiling faces of Jessie Barlow and Anne Mitchell! They were the society leaders of the class. Both were members of the girls' basket ball team, of which Jessie was captain in 1899. Jessie also led the fair sex in her studies, and in mathematics she was far ahead of any girl in college. And what a kind, loving disposition Anne Mitchell possessed, always ready to help and aid in all the student enterprises.

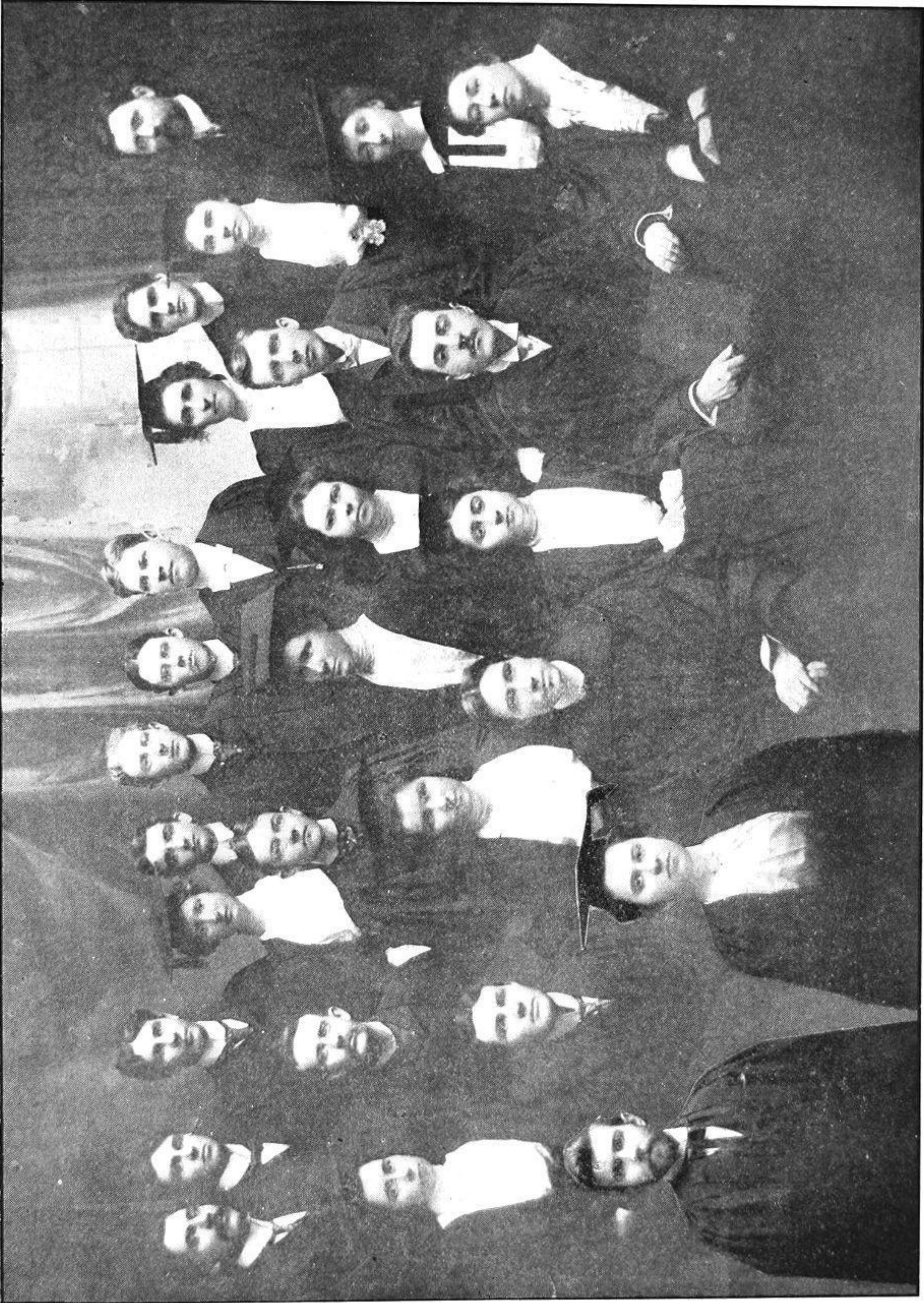
The quiet face of T. W. Lough now comes to mind. How great was his progress since he entered the University! He came into it a hard-working, ambitious student; he left it an instructor in chemistry, to which subject he had given his attention during his entire college course. And there also comes Bella Weretnikove, who took up the study of law. She was an industrious student, and won the highest praise for her excellent work.

The old man opened his eyes, slowly raised his head, and gazed about him. The room was quite dark, and the fire was almost out. Having lit the lamp, he replenished the fire and, taking a well-worn volume from the table, reseated himself. The book was THE TYEE—the first Junior Annual of the University. He turned the familiar pages over till he came to the picture of his class. There were some faces there which memory had not brought back to him.

There is Aubrey Levy, one of the most talented members of the class. Aubrey was one of the best violinists in Seattle, and was leader of the University Orchestra. He composed a number of beautiful pieces, among them being "The Senior Hop," which he dedicated to his class.

Near the edge of the picture sits Fanny Sylvester, and just above her Emma Crueger, both of whom were good students and active workers in their class. Miss Sylvester was secretary of both the dramatic and the girls' debating clubs, and was an active literary worker. Miss Crueger gave her constant attention to the languages, and in German was especially proficient.





CLASS OF 1900







In the background stands Hans Korstad. He was an earnest, ambitious student, and in his senior year became president of the Oratorical Association and vice president of the Stevens Debating Club. There, too, is seen Ella Dugan, who was president of the Social Club. She was much interested in amateur theatricals, where she made a decided hit, and great credit was due her for her effort to advance the art in the University.

On the other side of the picture stands R. W. Hopkins, who was a very quiet fellow, and spent most of his time working in the laboratories, while seated beside him is N. L. Gardner. Gardner spent all his time in botanical research, making Pacific Coast seaweed his hobby, and he had the best and most varied collection in Washington. And there is the honest, manly face of James Barclay, who came to us a Junior and made himself an honor to the class by his excellent work.

But whose face is that which is but dimly seen at the upper edge of the picture? Oh, yes! It is W. J. Meredith, the county superintendent of schools for King County. He entered the class as a Junior and, being one of the leading educators in the state, became a valuable addition to the class.

The old man then gazed at his own picture, as he sat proudly beside the president, because he too was an officer in the class. What a wild young rascal he had been! How he would skip his laboratory work and steal away to the tennis court or the gym; perhaps wander down to the portage with some fair maiden by his side. How many times had he resolved to do better work than he had in the past, and how many times he had broken his resolutions. The old man's eyes now were closed, and his head was bowed down upon his breast, while from his limp hand the old book fell to the floor. The fire was out and the old man was asleep, dreaming of the days of long ago.

J. C. S.





### *Senior Meditations.*

THE NIGHT before the glee club had sung "Life's Dream"—"Life's golden dream is past." The words would not leave him. He kept humming them over and over. He had always liked that song. It had seemed to him to be a choice bit of sentimentality. And then, too, he liked the tenor part, which he had down so "pat." He started the second verse—

I look into your tender eyes, I hear your gentle voice,  
You come to me from paradise and bid my heart rejoice;  
Sweet vision, fade not from my sight, I would not wake to pain,  
But dream till, at the portals bright, I clasp your hands again,

That did not strike him as especially good. Of course it might appeal to Harold, or Walter, or Tony, or some of the other fellows, but it woke no sweet memories in his own brain. He liked sentiment, but that particular kind was a little out of his line. So he started the song over again—

I hear tonight the old bells chime  
Their sweetest, softest strain:  
They bring to me the olden time  
In visions once again.

On the whole he liked that better. So he sang it softly once more. He strolled down toward the portage. The solemn evergreens on either side of the road, the occasional glimpse through them of the lake and the mountains beyond, and the grand solitude and beauty of everything made him thoughtful. As if to remind him of his song, the clear notes of the 'Varsity bell floated through the forest. They announced the close of the last examinations. It was like a death knell to many a poor devil, vainly endeavoring to stretch his recollections of a term's work so they would cover several pages of a "blue book." But our Senior was not thinking of exams. He saw—

The olden time  
In visions once again.

In him was the true esprit du corps. He thought first of all of his Alma Mater. As a freshman he had found her hardly settled in the new location. There seemed to be an overpowering desire to enlarge the University's scope even as the campus had been enlarged from a ten-acre tract in the center of Seattle to the present



suburban paradise of 355 acres. The Senior thought it over, and felt happy. He saw the change in the attitude of the Regents, the vast improvement in the faculty, and unbounded enterprise and enthusiasm everywhere. He saw a changed student body. Out of a veritable chaos, he beheld the organization of "frats," the beginning of class spirit as it had never been known before, the use of debating clubs, the starting of the student bookstore, the addition of rowing to our sports, the broadening of intercollegiate relations along all lines. On the campus he saw the "dorms" spring up, and now every Chinook breeze whispers something about a new science hall. A feeling of unbounded satisfaction took possession of him. He was glad that his class had gone through the dark ages and had taken part in the renaissance. He was proud of the part he had played in many of the new student enterprises, and of the success with which they were crowned.

And then a touch of selfish regret came over him. He was going to leave it all. His life henceforth would not be interwoven with the purple and gold. He could not live on in the midst of the changed 'varsity life. He must view the development of his Alma Mater from a distance. No longer could he defend her colors on the gridiron, or argue for her in debate. And he was going to leave his friends, his classmates, his "fraters."

Tomorrow would come class day, then commencement—and the "cold world." The class of 1900 would soon be a part of history. "Life's golden dream is past." The Senior gazed out over the waters of Lake Washington. But there was nothing bitter in the landscape. The hazy blue foothills, the snowy Cascades, the fleecy summer clouds, and the deep azure of the sky, all suggested thoughts of peace and contentment. And as he stood there the old college spirit came over him—the spirit which resides in the golden rule. He thought of his four years, and of the privileges which he had enjoyed. He was happy that his departure meant the arrival of others who were as eager to enter as he was sorry to leave the charms of 'varsity life.



## *Law School.*

ABOVE all the departments which have been recently added to the University through the energy of President Graves, none is more important than the school of law, none for which young men with an honorable ambition will, in the future, have so much reason to be grateful to the man who labored so zealously for the establishment of the department. The State Bar Association of Washington, on various occasions, passed resolutions providing for something of the kind, but they remained resolutions only. When the proposition came finally to be considered, some of the most brilliant members of the King County Bar co-operated with President Graves in inducing the Board of Regents to set aside a certain sum for its maintenance. The old university building, within easy reach of the courts and law offices, was selected as the proper location for the new school.

When the President of the University and the members of the Board of Regents began to search for a suitable man to fill the office of dean, the names of many of the legal geniuses of the Seattle Bar were brought forward. From the first John T. Condon was the favorite, and he finally received the appointment. It is doubtful whether a better selection could have been made. Before his election to the office of dean, Mr. Condon received the degree of LL. B. from the University of Michigan, and later that of LL. M. from the Northwestern University. He afterwards became assistant professor in the department of evidence. He next removed to Seattle, where he entered upon the practice of law.

Mr. Condon is a tireless worker, remaining with his studies often until midnight. In the classroom he is the lawyer from the beginning to the close of the class period. He is an affable gentleman, and endeavors to make the work of his students as pleasant as possible. When a question arises which Mr. Condon's learning and experience does not cover, he frankly tells the class the weight of authority on either side. These qualities pre-eminently fitted Mr. Condon to be the first dean of the law school of the University of Washington.

In addition to the services of the Dean, the law department has had the good fortune to have a series of lectures delivered by Mr. George McKay, of the King County Bar. Mr. McKay is perhaps the most profoundly learned man in civil





Photo by  
BOYD

Engraved by  
Rogell & Fuller

#### FACULTY.

1. Chas. E. Shepard

2. James Hamilton Lewis

3. George McKay

4. John T. Condon, Dean

#### STUDENTS.

- 5. Clark Davis
- 6. John Stringer
- 7. William Dwyer
- 8. George Thompson
- 9. S. J. Williams
- 10. W. McD. Austin
- 11. E. F. Doby

- 12. Adella Parker
- 13. Othilia Gertrude Carroll
- 14. Walter B. Beals
- 15. W. S. Bell
- 16. August Toellner
- 17. Charles McCann
- 18. Vivian M. Carkeek

- 19. George R. Tennant
- 20. Walter M. French
- 21. J. T. Cowles
- 22. Roy W. Yawger, A. B.
- 23. G. E. Stiner
- 24. W. H. Raymond
- 25. Belle Weretnikove

- 26. Henry R. Harriman
- 27. Jay Monroe Latimer
- 28. Nicholas Shmitt
- 29. W. F. Elwell
- 30. Eugene Childs
- 31. W. S. Osborn
- 32. A. W. Brinker



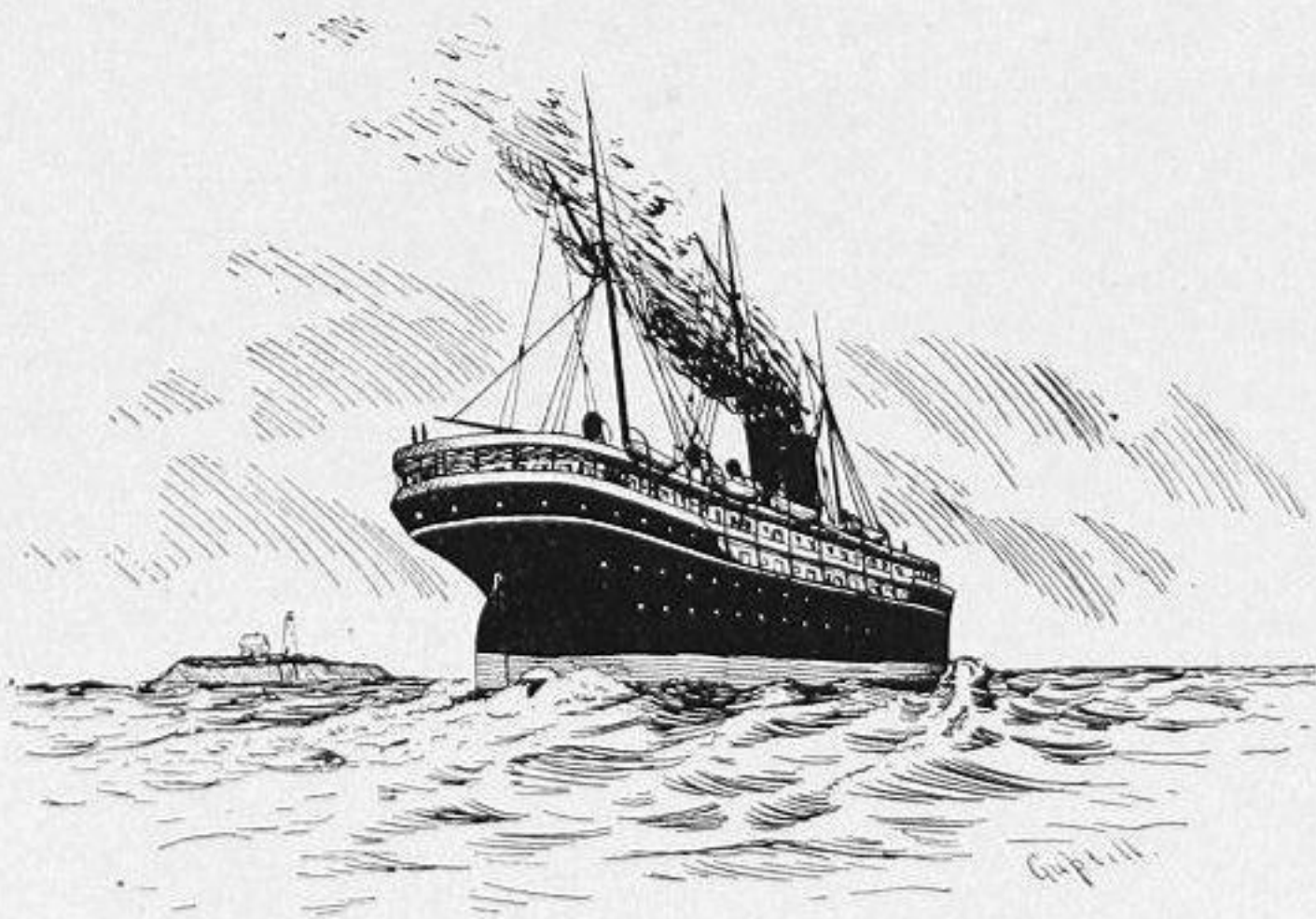




law on the Pacific Coast. He is the author of a number of books upon different phases of law, and enjoys a large and valuable practice in Seattle.

Other prominent lecturers have been Charles E. Shepard and James Hamilton Lewis, whose services have been thoroughly appreciated by the law students.

The law class is composed of about forty students, and is of a very cosmopolitan character. Native sons, Germans, Irishmen, a representative from Japan, and three young women are among its members. Next year will see a large increase in the number of students, for, together with all the other departments of the University, it must grow and flourish as the young and evergreen State grows and flourishes.





## *Extracts from the Inaugural Address of President Graves.*

DELIVERED NOVEMBER 30TH, 1898.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A**N INSTITUTION of higher learning that has for its sole object the promotion of the scholarship of its teachers, or the accumulation of a large library, or the erection of large and handsome buildings with commodious libraries and classrooms, while it fails to take an interest in its students, or neglects to consult their highest good, is not effective nor a real necessity.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the appropriation is large enough, it is our desire to extend the session through the entire summer. If there were a constant demand for the products of a factory, it would be the supremest folly to shut it down three months of the year, even if the force of workmen had to be increased. The University of Chicago and several of the state universities have seen the value of continuous sessions. They have provided for the increased term by adding one quarter or more to the teaching force, but the increased attendance and the enlarged reputation have doubled the value of those institutions. They have arranged matters so that a professor can take for his vacation any one term of the year, or if he chooses to teach all four terms for four years, a year of absence on full salary is granted him. \* \* \* No college or university that I have seen has a more desirable or attractive site than ours, and you may be surprised that I think it has its drawbacks. Perhaps I would better say that we are not in a position to avail ourselves of all its natural advantages. Many students are obliged to have their homes in the city, and our present car service, to put it mildly, leaves much to be desired. Then, too, every year at least fifty young women, and nearly as many young men, are kept from coming here by the lack of dormitories. This want the legislature should speedily supply.

But when we build these dormitories and the engineering building and other structures that must come before long, it should not be without a definite plan.



Otherwise we may regret, as do Harvard, Yale, and other old institutions, that the grounds have not been studied and that there is no relation in the location and architecture of the buildings. Our spacious and beautiful campus should be protected from lack of harmony and usefulness by a plan that shall determine the method of improvement for the next one hundred years.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another matter that I have at heart is that of church dormitories, which I hope to see erected near at hand by the various denominations, and affiliated with the University. In this way the old quarrel between church and state can be obviated and the demand for additional colleges will be met. By thus erecting substantial dormitories, and putting in charge of them and their ethical instruction good, religious men or women, who understand young people, any denomination can obtain from the State University at one-twentieth of the expense every advantage that can be secured from a sectarian college. Why, then, should the teachers of languages, of mathematics, of sciences, of engineering and of other subjects be many times multiplied over the actual demand at so evident a loss in money, concentration of effort, power, and consequent result? Every object sought in Christian education can be fulfilled and the effectiveness quadrupled by means of the church dormitory, tributary to the State University.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hope to see before long the establishment of a regular mill tax by the Washington Legislature for the support of its state institutions. By this means, as the State grows in population and wealth, the resources of its State University will grow in proportion, and not be left to the tender mercies of each succeeding legislature.

\* \* \* \* \*



## In Memoriam.

John J. Lindsay.

Victor Schmidt.

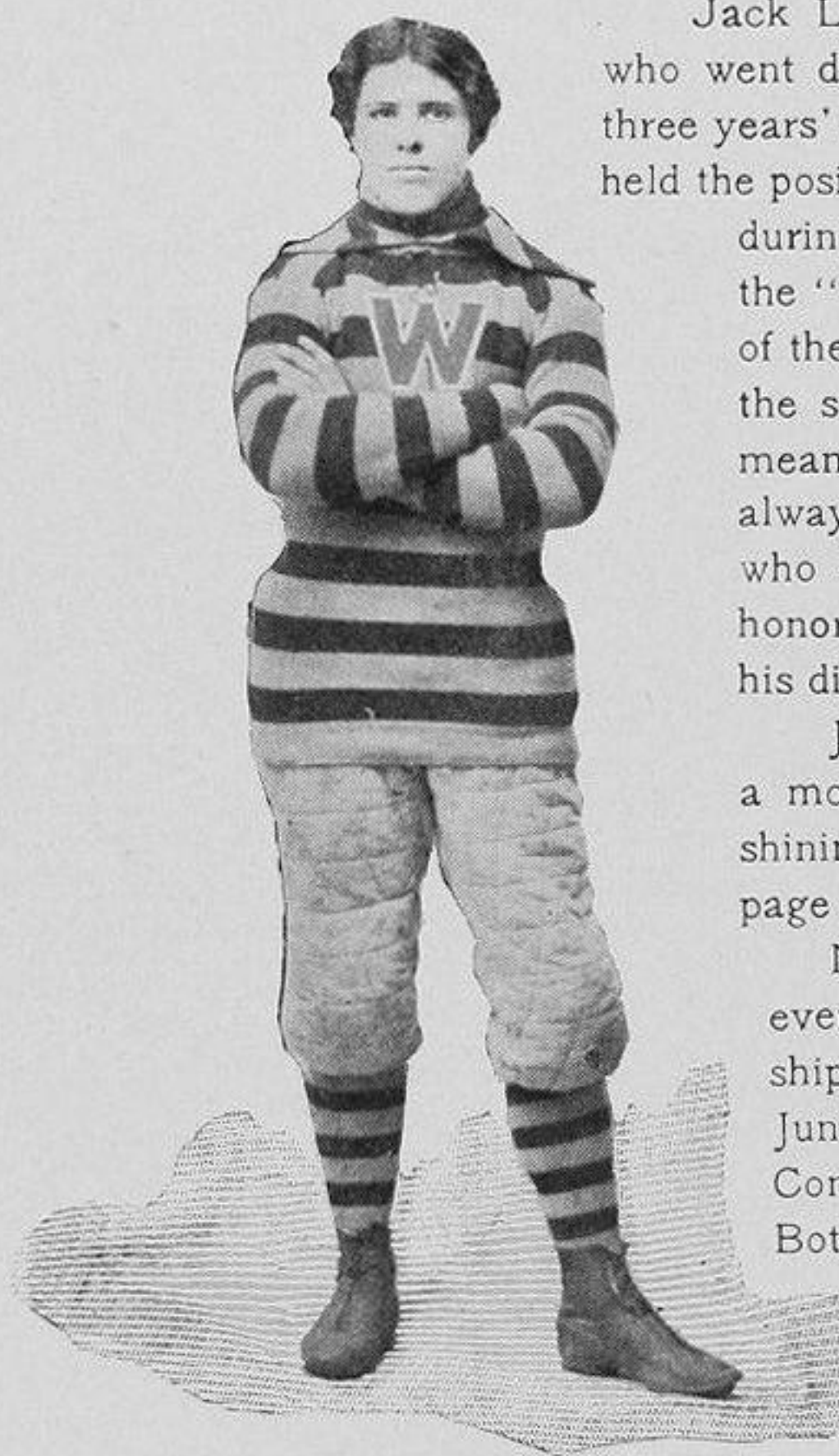
Conrad Schmidt.

Clara Bailey.



## *The Jane Grey Disaster.*

**W**HEN the waters of the Pacific closed over the schooner Jane Grey, the lives of three University boys were ended. John J. Lindsay, Victor and Conrad Schmidt joined Col. Ingraham's Kotzebue Sound party, and sailed away in high spirits. In less than a week came the terrible news of the sinking of the Jane Grey.



John J. Lindsay

Jack Lindsay was the best known of those who went down in the ill-fated ship. During his three years' attendance at the University he twice held the position of captain of the football team, and during his last year was business manager of the "Pacific Wave." Lindsay was the idol of the athletes, a most popular fellow among the students, and in his classes he took no mean place. To his intimate friends he was always showing some new trait, and those who shared his closer friendship, and were honored by his confidence, alone knew of his difficulties and his high ideals.

Jack Lindsay was, is, and will be for years a model for the students. His memory, shining clear, stands in bold relief upon the page of our college recollections.

No better men than the Schmidt boys ever attended our University. In scholarship they were well up, Victor being a Junior at the time of his death, while Conrad was a special in engineering. Both were members of the foot ball team of '97; both were ever ready to lend their aid to further any student enterprise, and by their actions became known as loyal students.

All who enjoyed the friendship of these men know that the purity of their intentions was not to be questioned, nor the gaining of the final goal doubted, but that each said to himself—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chambers in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



## *The School of Pharmacy.*

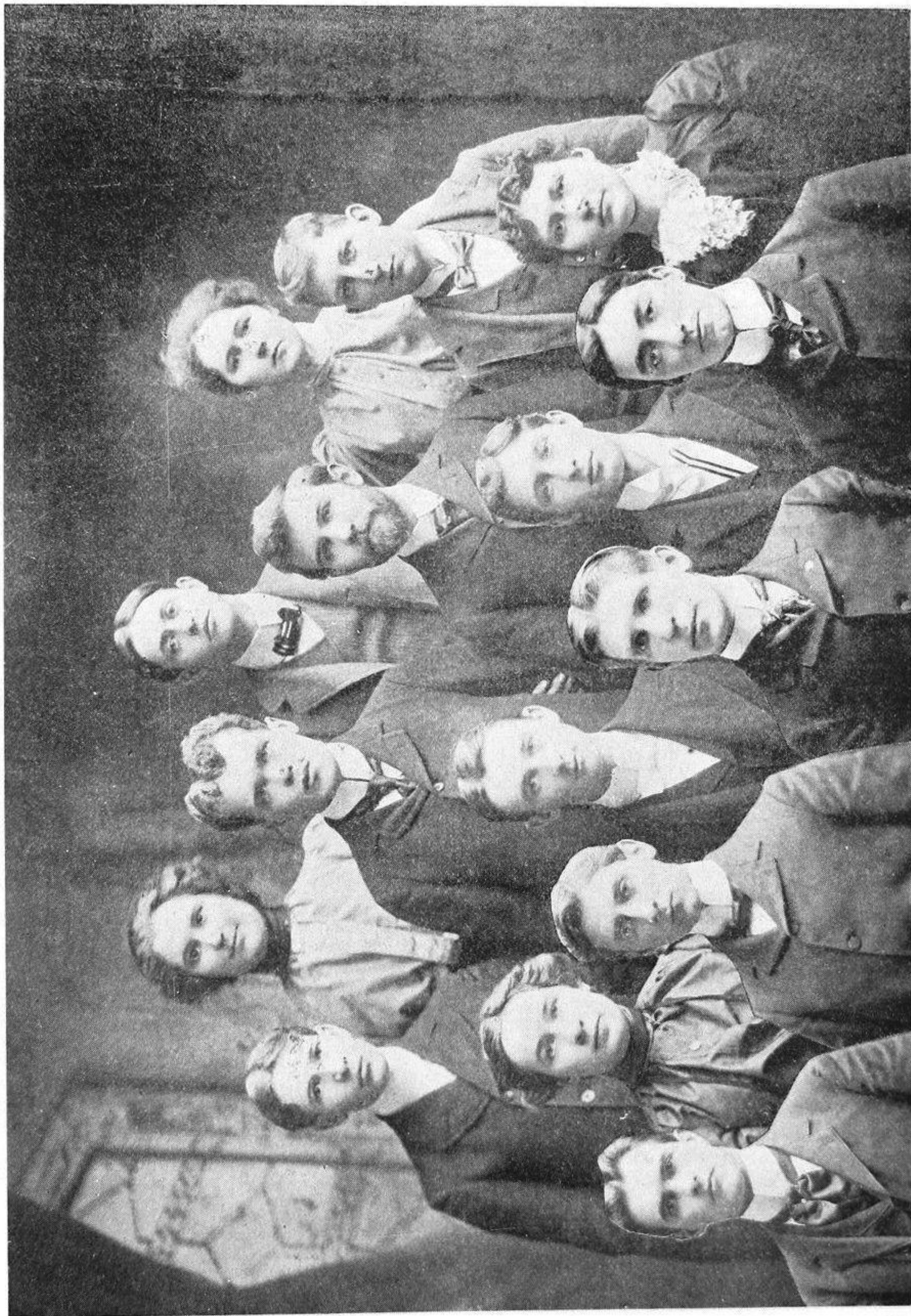
UPON the recommendation of the State Board of Pharmacy, and but one week before the beginning of the fall term, the School of Pharmacy was re-established in the University, with Professor Byers, of the department of chemistry, as dean. A course was mapped out and circulars sent to applicants a few days before the opening of the college year. Now that the school is well established, there will doubtless be a large increase in the number of students who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to take a thorough course in pharmacy. This school is the only one in the state west of the Cascade mountains.

The course consists of two college years, and a graduate of this department receives the degree of Ph. G. after his college work has been supplemented by at least two years of practical experience. His diploma is then recognized by the State Board of Pharmacy, which, upon its presentation, grants a certificate of registration without further examination.

In connection with the department is the Pharmaceutical Society, composed of the members of the School of Pharmacy. A large number of pharmaceutical magazines are put at the disposal of the society, whose aim is to keep posted upon the subject.

The class is composed of seventeen members. Mr. M. J. Bridenstein is president, Mr. Glenn Fetterman is vice president. Mr. George W. Swift was chosen to represent the department in the representative council.





THE PHARMACY CLASS







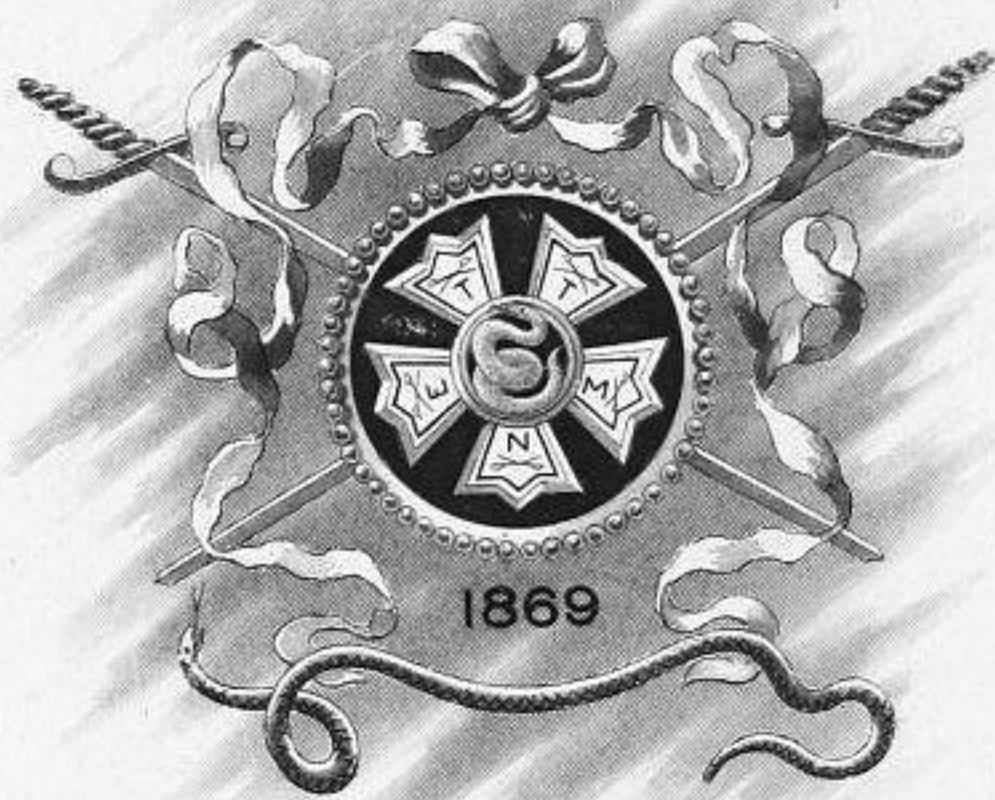
# ≡ Fraternities ≡











*BLUNT PHILA*







## *Sigma Nu.*

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869.

### YELL.

Hi Rickety Whopty Doo!  
What's the matter with Sigma Nu!  
Hullabulloo! Terragahoo!  
Ausgezeichnet Sigma Nu!

### COLORS.

White, Black and Gold.

### FLOWER.

The White Rose.

### PUBLICATION.

The Delta.

### ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Beta, University of Virginia.	Kappa, Nor. Georgia A. and M. College.
Lambda, Washington and Lee.	Beta Omicron, University of the South.
Psi, University of North Carolina.	Beta Lambda, Central College.
Beta Tau, North Carolina A. and M. College.	Iota, Howard College.
Theta, University of Alabama.	Beta Delta, Drake University.
Phi, Louisiana State University.	Epsilon, Bethany College.
Beta Theta, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.	Beta Pi, University of Chicago.
Upsilon, University of Texas.	Delta, South Carolina University.
Zeta, Central University.	Beta Beta, De Pauw University.
Omicron, Bethel College.	Beta Zeta, Purdue University.
Sigma, Vanderbilt University.	Beta Eta, University of Indiana.
Rho, Missouri State University.	Beta Upsilon, Rose Polytechnic Institute.
Beta Mu, University of Iowa.	Beta Nu, Ohio State University.
Beta Xi, William Jewell College.	Beta Iota, Mt. Union College.
Nu, University of Kansas.	Gamma Beta, Northwestern University.
Pi, Lehigh University.	Gamma Epsilon, La Fayette College.
Eta, Mercer University.	Gamma Delta, Stevens Institute of Technology.
Xi, Emory College.	Gamma Gamma, Albion College.
Beta Sigma, University of Vermont.	Delta Theta, Lombard University.
Gamma Alpha, Georgia School of Technology.	Beta Chi, Stanford University.
Mu, University of Georgia.	Beta Psi, University of California.
	Gamma Chi, University of Washington.

### ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Dallas, Texas.	Charlotte, N. C.	Bessemer, Ala.
Belle Plains, Ind.	Columbus, O.	Seattle, Wash.
New York City.	Shelbyville, Ky.	Nashville, Tenn.
Atlanta, Ga.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Montgomery, Ala.
Kansas City, Mo.	Baton Rouge, La.	Cleveland, O.
San Francisco, Cal.	Brookfield, Wis.	Louisville, Ky.
Vincennes, Ind.	Athens, Ga.	Chicago, Ill.
	Greencastle, Ind.	



## *Sigma Nu—Gamma Chi Chapter.*

Chartered 1896.

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### CHARTER MEMBERS.

John J. Lindsay.	John B. McManus.	George L. Andrews.
Arthur P. Calhoun.	Robert W. Abrams.	Herbert B. Ostrom.

### FRATRES IN URBE.

Jacob L. Gottstein.	John B. McManus.	Lucius O. Veser.
George L. Andrews.		Scott Calhoun.

### FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Edmond S. Meany, B. S., M. S.,	Harry C. Coffman, B. A.,
Professor of History.	Librarian.

### FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

#### GRADUATE.

Charles Arthur Fowler.

#### UNDERGRADUATES.

1900

Walter Ferguson Morrison.	Harold James Manning Baker.
John Cowan Storey.	

1901

Guy Haviland Robertson.	Ralph Murdock Johnson.
Glen Henry Trout.	

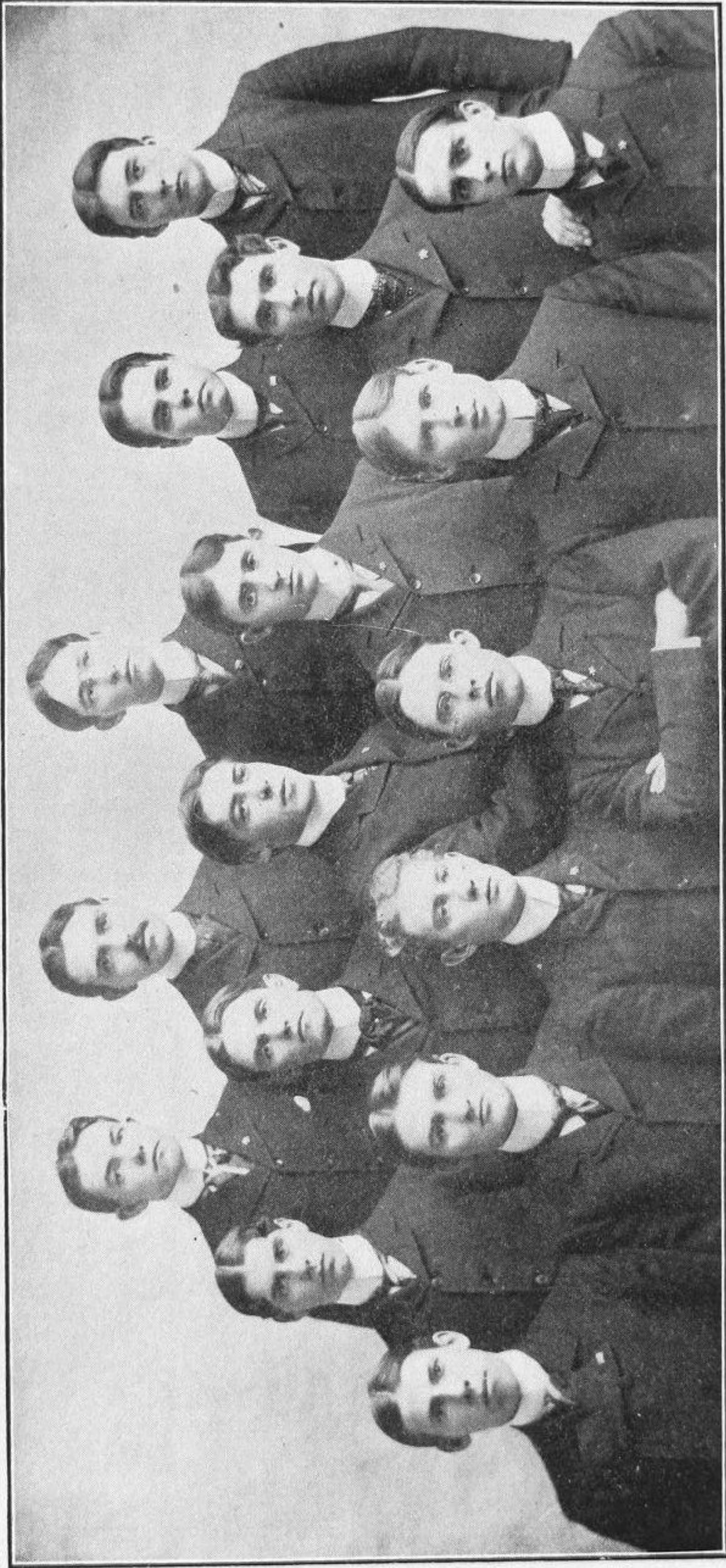
1902

John Garfield McGlinn.	Willis Hiram Corson.
Alton David Remington.	George Ellis Dodson.
Howard G. Cosgrove.	Edward Allen Duffy.

1903

Donald David McDonald.	Edward Blinn Stevens.
Frank Joseph McKeown.	George Curtis Ellsbury.





GAMMA CHI CHAPTER OF SIGMA NU



## *Gamma Sigma.*

(LOCAL.)

Established February 15, 1899.

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### GRADUATES.

1899

Frank Price Giles.  
Clarence Melrose Larson.

Ross Chesnut.  
Henry Lindley Reese.

### UNDERGRADUATES.

1900

Ernest William Schoder.  
Tony Marvin Barlow.

Sterling Bryant Hill.  
Warner Thomas Lough.

Climie Eugene Hill.

1901

Edgar James Wright.  
Carl H. Reeves.

Glenn Whitman Caulkins.  
Walter Tiedeman.

1902

William Tell Laube.  
Fred Chesnut.

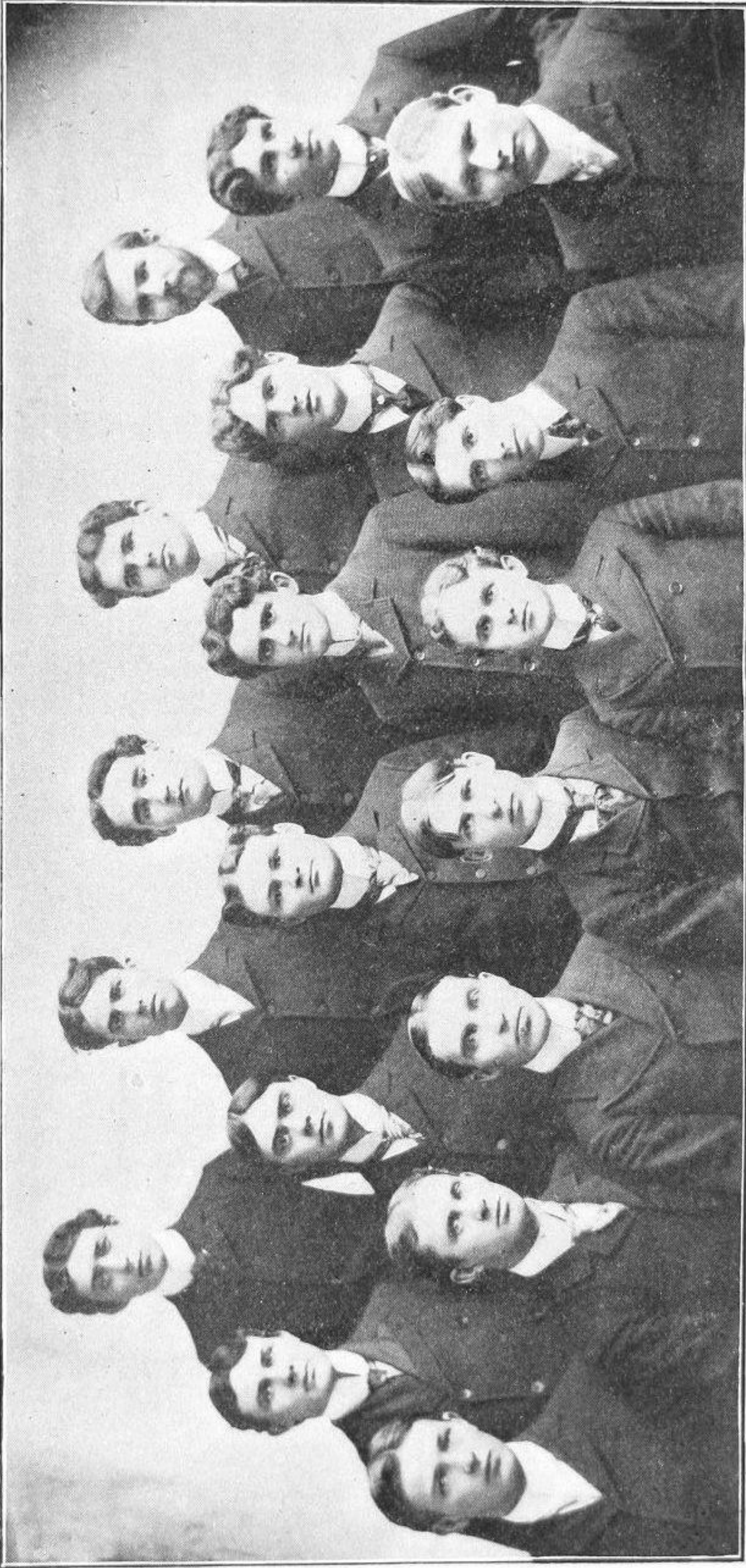
Henry Knight.  
Richard Huntoon.

Kenneth McPherson.

1903

Edward Eugene McCammon.  
J. Y. C. Kellogg.





GAMMA SIGMA



## *Delta Phi.*

( LOCAL. )

Organized December 1899.

---

1901

Charles Ernest Gaches.  
Carl Emerson Morford.

Lyman Elanson Thayer.  
Daniel Appleton Millett.

1902

Frederick John Ceis.  
William Winslow Blain.

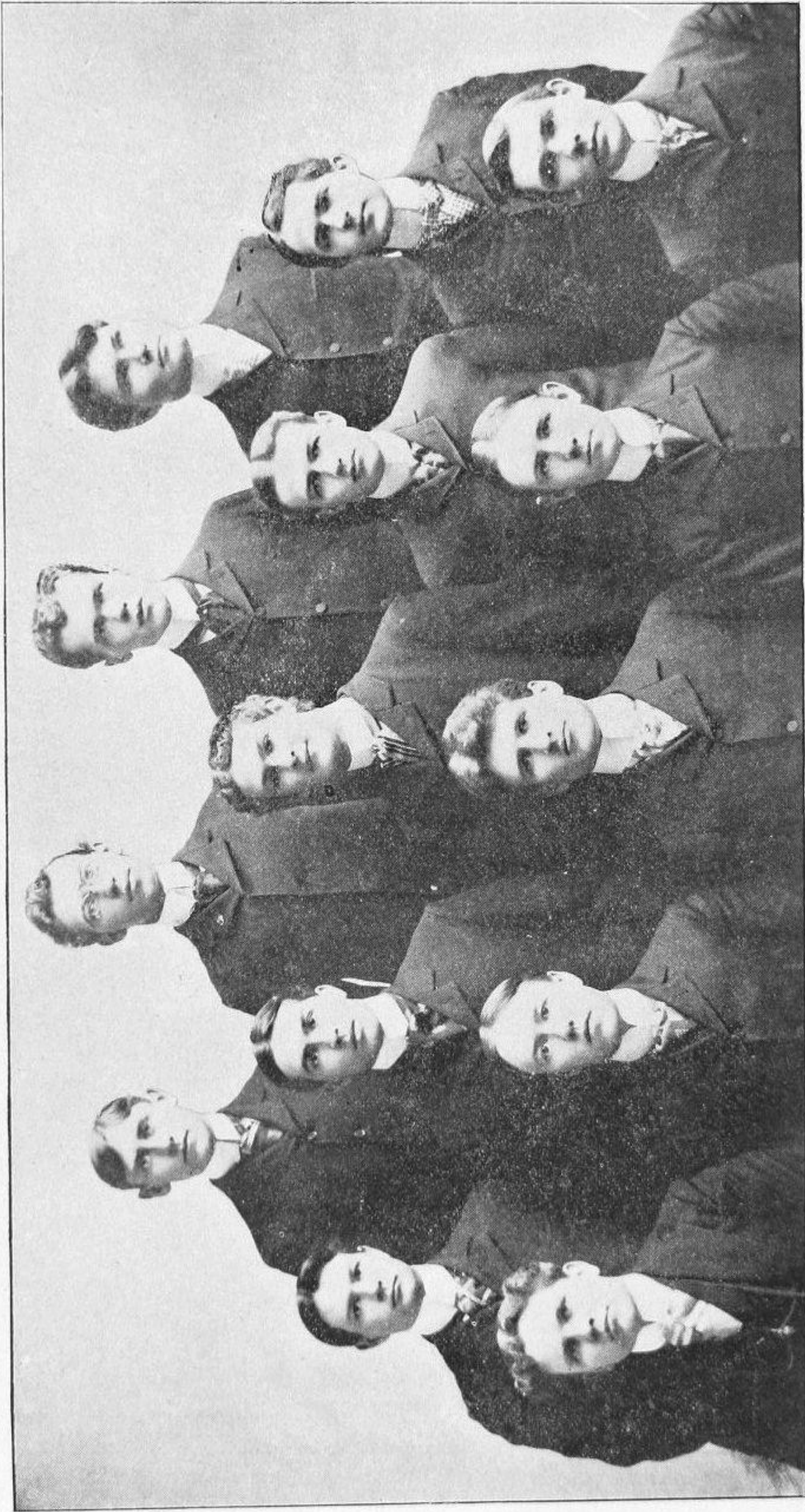
Garfield Arthur Minkler.

1903

Frank Emerson Brightman.  
Carl Dudley Eshleman.  
Edwin Field Earl, jr.

Howard Arthur Hanson.  
Shurley Manning Treen.  
Richard Braman Ober.  
Otto Diedrich Rohlf.





DELTA PHI



## *Alpha.*

( LOCAL. )

Organized Nov. 3, 1899.

---

1899

Elizabeth Frye.

Augusta Williams.

1900

Ethel White.

1901

Edith Prosch.

Zoe Kincaid.

Charlotte Blodgett.

1902

Emily Sumner.

Ruby Brown.

Alma Delaney.

Blanche Winsor.

1903

Ava Dodson.

Alice Gardner.





ALPHA



## *Alpha Kappa Gamma.*

(LOCAL.)

Organized Feb. 7, 1900.

---

1900

Annie Mitchell.

Helen Huntoon.

1901

May Thompson.

Sadie Kellogg.

1902

Amanda Fleischer.

1903

Jeanne Caithness.

Aimee Farnsworth.

Florence Pearson.

Marion Pearson.





ALPHA KAPPA GAMMA







## *Class Officers, '99-'00.*

---

### SENIOR.

President,	Grace Glasgow
Vice President,	Thomas Lough
Secretary,	Kathryn Case
Treasurer,	John Storey

### JUNIOR.

President,	Walter Tiedeman
Vice President,	Edith Prosch
Secretary,	Zoe Kincaid
Treasurer,	Glenn Caulkins

### SOPHOMORE.

President,	Frederick Ceis
Vice President,	Ruby Brown
Secretary,	Fred Chestnut
Treasurer,	Emily Sumner

### FRESHMAN.

President,	Frank Brightman
Vice President,	Edward Stevens
Secretary,	Sara Reeves
Treasurer,	Frank McKeown



## *The Deserter.*

BY WILLIAM W. REINHART.

THIS is a short story of a soldier—one who, actuated by the noblest impulses, answered his country's call for men to uphold the old flag's honor. His beginning was worthy of an American; his end was dishonor. Brave men may fall in a moment of temptation, and James Hayes was a brave man. Never shirking his duty, he could be depended upon by those in authority. His comrades admired him for his fearlessness in battle. He was well educated, and his cheerful disposition made him well liked in his company. Among his comrades was a young fellow named Darrow, and the two young men formed a warm attachment for each other. An army friendship is of the deepest character, for in no other place can a man so learn to judge of another's virtues and faults. Facing dangers together, fighting side by side, they endure hardships that bring to the surface all that is best in them.

Their regiment was one of the first to be sent away. The days on the ocean passed slowly, for the men were looking eagerly forward to new and exciting scenes. At last the harbor of Manila was reached, and the men were happy when the old city could be seen in the distance. At this time the Spanish troops held the city, and much caution had to be exercised in landing our men. Some time after arriving in the harbor, the troops were put ashore at Cavite, a city about nine miles from Manila, there to await reinforcements before beginning the assault on the Spanish strongholds. The men suffered the greatest hardships, sleeping upon the ground with only a shelter tent to keep off the tropical rains. Outpost duty was not, at the time, regarded as hazardous. The Spaniards were not anxious to venture forth in the drenching downpour. The roads and rice fields were submerged, which fact made it impossible for any advances to be carried out successfully.

During this period the American and Filipino soldiers did trench duty together, and it was here that our soldiers learned the insurgent tactics in warfare—a knowledge that served them so well some months later. Soon followed the days that are history now of the first battle on the Island of Luzon. The attack on Manila was the first fighting these troops had experienced, but they stood the test like men.

Hayes had had a presentiment that he would not live through the battle, but he was not one of the few who were called upon to lay down their lives that day.



Afterward he was made a corporal for distinguished bravery in action. Hayes was much surprised at the honor conferred upon him, and also at the fact that he had survived the battle. In a letter to his mother he had expressed these sentiments: "I feel that I shall never see you again. Do not worry for me, mother, a soldier's duty is to obey, and die if necessary. I can conceive of no more honorable death, but then it is hard to think of dying so far from those I love. At any rate, I cannot die a coward."

Hayes became more cheerful after the battle; his letters home expressed more hopefulness. The first battle with the Spaniards was the last, and the troops soon settled down into a quiet, monotonous barrack life in the city, with nothing to do but spend their time as best they might. There were no American residents with whom they could associate, so they accepted the hospitality of the Filipinos. This state of affairs made the men careless in action and speech. The good in man is brought to the surface by the refining influence of society. Here that influence was entirely lacking. The interval between the battle with the Spaniards and the later Insurgent outbreak, as far as it concerns us, can be told better in a few extracts from Darrow's letters home:

"Last night, Hayes and I were on guard together. Our quarters are only a short distance from a large powder magazine. This magazine is just inside the wall of the city. It is necessary to guard the place, as the Filipinos are suspected of taking the powder. Just across the street from the magazine is a small fruit stand, owned by an old Filipino woman and her daughter. She is the brightest and prettiest native I have ever seen. James was over talking with her most of the time we were on guard. We came off guard at nine o'clock this morning, and James has been at the fruit stand ever since: it is now almost five o'clock."

Some time later, Darrow sent another letter home, which closely follows the last in purport:

"I cannot understand James. You remember that I wrote to you about his flirting with a native girl whose mother kept a fruit stand. Well, from his actions now I should say that he was very much infatuated with her. I can't say in love with her, because I really don't believe a man raised and educated as James has been can love a girl of different color. He does all his company duty, but not so cheerfully as before. Before, he was anxious to go home, and was continually saying that this country was no place for a white man. Now he says that if we do go back to the States we will soon want to return. I don't know how he will turn out if he continues his present course much longer. His actions are the talk of the company."

The Filipino soldiers were not in the city, but had a line of military posts extending around the suburbs. From the first, when the American authorities had refused to let them plunder the city, they had shown a slight unfriendliness to the Americans, and as time passed their fancied grievances grew. Our men were ill-treated and insulted by them. Everyone hoped to prevent the two forces from



coming into conflict, and to await a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of the difficulties. But very soon after the new year it was thought by most people that hostilities would begin at the first favorable opportunity. The troops on the outskirts of the city were being called out almost every night. The natives in the city would shut and bolt their doors upon seeing troops hurrying by. Soldiers were not allowed to leave their quarters.

One evening toward the middle of January, Hayes was found absent from retreat roll call. Next day he remained away, and on the next morning a patrol was sent out to hunt him. The patrol went to the fruit stand where Hayes had spent so much of his time. The old woman told them that Hayes had gone into the country with her daughter, whom he had married some time before. The patrol returned to quarters and reported their information to the captain. Nine days passed, at the end of which Hayes was declared a deserter. The men in his company would not talk of him; they did not want his actions to become known among the other regiments. His name and deed were almost forgotten in the period of excitement that followed closely upon his desertion. It was only a question of time when the first gun would be fired that would precipitate a conflict between the two armies.

Neither the Americans nor the Insurgents wished to begin the fight. But on the evening of the fourth of February some Insurgent officers would not halt at the command as they approached an American sentry, and were fired upon. The firing alarmed both armies, and in a short time the two opposing trenches were filled with men eager for the engagement they knew could no longer be delayed. Upon some slight pretext the Filipinos commenced the firing, and the Americans were not long in replying. The battle started in front of the Nebraska camp at about 9:30 p. m., Feb. 4, but by two o'clock in the morning the firing line extended from the bay on the north of the city, around the city, to the bay on the south—a distance of twenty miles or more. The Insurgents fought well in this first battle. When the victorious Americans charged their trenches, they did not retreat, but fought and died like men.

The first battle was over, our troops were in possession of a field abandoned by all except the fallen. A burial party from the California regiment found the body of a white man dressed in an Insurgent officer's uniform—a bullet had passed through his brain. His face was recognized as one who had once been a comrade of theirs. He died, a traitor to his country, by a death too honorable for one so low. They tossed him into a shallow grave, and placed at his head a rough board, bearing the inscription: "Here lies James Hayes, Deserter and Traitor."











## *Junior Class Roll.*

THE personnel of this class is made up of many brilliant stars. Among the members may be found future jurists, pedagogues, chemists, civil, electrical and mining engineers, eminent divines, literary geniuses, and a few whose usefulness is still undetermined. They have distinguished themselves in the class room, covered themselves with glory in debate, and won shining honors in athletics. Being a remarkable assemblage, they possess some striking characteristics.

Walter Tiedeman's "bench work" during the last year was entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned, and as president of the Junior class his example has had a large following.

May Thompson's acquaintance with Bible lore is remarkable, especially her knowledge of "Paul."

Ralph Johnson is chiefly engaged in tooting his own horn. He finds no difficulty in conjugating the verb "aimer." He gracefully occupies the chair of President Graves during the latter's absence, and strikes terror into the hearts of many preps.

Trout, the ladies' favorite, the well-known comedian, both on and off the stage, the player of large instruments, has made a failure as an historian.

Le Sourd, the model young man, is far too modest. He wears a sanctimonious smile, and tan shoes.

The affections of Charlotte Blodgett are not with the Junior class. She is the champion sprinter among the "gym" girls, and is a swift current in more ways than one.

Thayer, the curly-headed hammer-thrower from Everett, does not have faith in any of the co-eds. He worships at the shrine of a Seattleite.

Caulkins, the champion broad-jumper of the North-West, has been dubbed "grasshopper" by his affectionate associates. His work lies principally along the line of fish-traps and North-Western history.

Charles A. Ruddy, the man of the iron will, the long head, and the book store, puts in most of his time on the rock pile. By a well-managed blowpipe graft he has obtained the position of assistant in geology.

Goldie Evans is frequently seen holding conferences with our class president. Her particular delight is digging Latin roots, and eating fudges.

"Duck" Gaches, the wonder from La Conner, the would-be pole vaulter, likes military science and tactics. Don't say "Guides Post" to him; it might make him angry.

Carl Reeves, the tallest man in the class, is the most deep-dyed villain in the University. Statistics prove that his jokes have killed more men than did the Philippine war.



Dan Millette, the would-be politician from Chehalis, the red-hot debater, wears a broad grin, and a red tie. Quite a prominent feature in dormitory life.

Vice President Edith Prosch, one of the girls composing the Juniors' "Sweet Bunch of Daisies," is the proprietor and manager of the "Proschie gang," and chief conspirator. She is one of the most versatile grafters in the institution.

"Judge" McCann, president of Stevens debating society yesterday, today, and forever, is Irish, but he don't look it. He has lately published a book—"Con. Talks with Book Agents."

Guy Robertson, leader and politician, returned from the north to go into partnership with "Proschie" as a grafter. His second ambition is to swing a quill, and get into trouble. Read his reflections on chapel. He is distinguished by his height, and flowing red hair.

George Page, being the class hero in the Philippine war, occupies a full page by himself, so here is confined to a few lines.

Zoe Kincaid likes to run things, so she was made Editor. It can be easily seen where her preference lies by looking at her staff. She has literary genius, but don't tell her so.

Alton Lane is a long lane which has no turning. He re-"Joyces" often.

Edgar Wright is all right, but many people don't know it. Out of his mouth flow words of wisdom. By accident he became editor of the "Wave." He has been nicknamed "Cupid" by his loving friends.

Morford, the running machine. His principal followings are track athletics and Miss Fleischer.

Otillie Boetzkes is distinguished principally for her artistic ability and her unpronounceable name. Her ambition is to cultivate the youthful mind.

Clarence McDonald, the high tenor and baseball player from the Ohio Wesleyan, is chiefly remarkable for the facility with which he handles Dr. Colegrove's syllogisms.

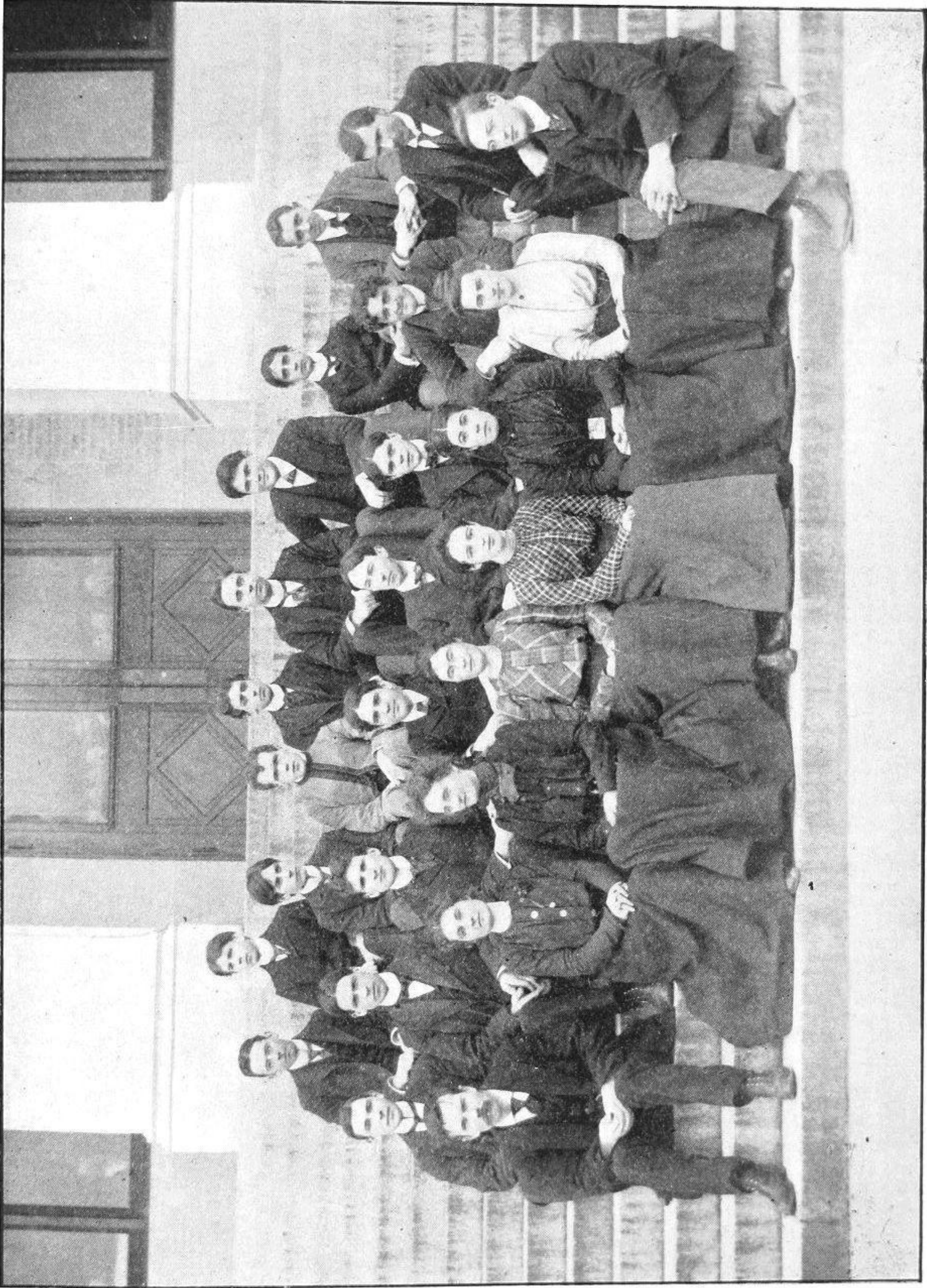
Paul Hopkins, the chemistry fiend, is working for an assistant professorship below—at making sulphur.

Charles Lindberry twangs a double-jointed guitar. He comes from Whatcom, and lives at North Hall. The latter is a sufficient guarantee of his character. His particular pride is his shoulder straps.

Thomas Wilgus and Sylvester Bethel are degenerate mining students, spending most of their time with Ruddy on the rock pile.

Horace Phillips wants to go to Berkeley, but cannot be spared by the girls. He plays the typewriter and the mandolin to perfection.





JUNIOR CLASS







## *'Varsity Song—“The Purple and Gold.”*

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

(Written in 1896.)

SHE'S circled by mountains, by forest, and sea,  
Her lakes smile upon us, and loyal are we  
To the mother that guards us, as eagle her nest—  
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West!  
Then fondly we'll greet her, wherever we be,  
With Hip! Hip! Huzza! repeated by three.

The colors she wears are those that of old  
Adorned only kings—the Purple and Gold.  
Yes, royal are they which she wears on her breast,  
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West!  
Then fondly we'll greet her, wherever we be,  
With Hip! Hip! Huzza! repeated by three.

No mordaunt of man's e'er set their rich dye,  
But painted were they on mountain and sky;  
And proudly we seize them, to grace her fair breast—  
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West!  
Then fondly we'll greet her, wherever we be,  
With Hip! Hip! Huzza! repeated by three!

The mountain's soft purple, the sunset's red gold,  
In Love's pure alembic are riches untold;  
And rich is the robe in which she is drest—  
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West!  
Then fondly we'll greet her, wherever we be,  
With Hip! Hip! Huzza! repeated by three!

Her girls and her boys, the shy and the bold,  
Will aye gather under the Purple and Gold.  
New jewels they bring to lay on her breast—  
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West!  
Then fondly we'll greet her, wherever we be,  
With Hip! Hip! Huzza! repeated by three!

As long as life lasts—aye, when we are old—  
We'll gladly return to the Purple and Gold.  
Her heart throbs to feel, as we lean on her breast—  
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West!  
Then fondly we'll greet her, wherever we be,  
With Hip! Hip! Huzza! repeated by three!



## *The Library.*

IN NO place has the general development of the year been so noticeable as in the library. Even after the removal of the University to its present site, though this in itself accomplished much for the advancement of every department, the condition of the library was far from satisfactory. The shelving was enclosed within railings, so that free use of the books was in a measure restricted. Under the management of Clark Davis a great improvement was made in the condition of the library. He made admittance to the shelves entirely unrestricted, and arranged convenient chairs and study tables, so that the student would be tempted to spend his time among the books.

But a great part of the library's progress is due to the efforts of our librarian, Harry Canby Coffman. Upon receiving the appointment he made special preparation for his work at the University of Wisconsin, and entered upon his duties as librarian in the fall of '99, having been assistant librarian the two previous years. He has imparted a new life and impetus to the library and its use.

At present there are some ten thousand bound volumes in the library, and as many more pamphlets. Complete files of current publications are, as far as possible, being carefully kept, and every effort is being put forward to increase the number of bound volumes. Seven hundred gift books alone were received during the past year.



## *The Legend of the Painted Rocks.*

BY AVA E. DODSON.

WE had been hunting and fishing along the Natchez river for several days. It was the last morning of our vacation. The sun beat down unmercifully. However that could not keep us idly in camp. Wandering about in search of something to kill, we suddenly came upon an Indian camp. It seemed sheltered from the rays of the sun in the shadow of a high cliff of rocks. Passing by the camp my attention was attracted by the bright red color of the rocks. Upon going nearer I saw that they were intended to represent faces and figures of Indians in many different positions. There were about twenty of these rude paintings, or rather stainings, none of which were very large. Although they bore the appearance of having been there for many generations, they were still clear and distinct. One could easily recognize them as the work of the Indians.

My curiosity was aroused. Why were these pictures here? Had the Indians this secret of coloring before the white man had come? Were these pictures trying to tell some story of Indian bravery? Perhaps these, if interpreted correctly, might throw some new light on history. Turning to my friend I asked if he could throw any light on the subject. Laughing at my curiosity, he replied that he had heard some ancient legend concerning these pictures, but deeming it of very little importance, he had entirely forgotten it. However, my curiosity was not so easily appeased. Observing an old Indian chief lazily sunning himself in the shadow of his wigwam, I approached him. Pointing to the pictures, I asked, "Who painted those? Some of your people? Why are they there? What do they mean?" The small black eyes in the old wrinkled face brightened as he looked in the direction I was pointing. After waiting a few minutes in silence, he motioned me to sit down beside him. In his broken English he told me the following legend:

"Many, many moons ago, before the pale face had come here to take our lands, our hunting grounds and our homes, my people lived among these hills and rivers. They were happy, very happy. All the lands were theirs to hunt in. All the rivers theirs to fish in. They were brave, brave. My people, the mighty Yakimas, knew no master. They had one deadly enemy, the Columbias. The mighty Columbia flowed between their lands and held the two tribes apart. But



once let the Columbias cross the river and it was war, ceaseless war. Such were my people once. Now they are no longer worthy to be called Yakimas. The white man makes squaws out of our braves." The old chief's head dropped upon his breast. For a while he sat silent and motionless as if overcome with this great sorrow. A slight movement on my part awakened him from his reverie, and he resumed his story. "For a short time, peace has come between the Columbias and Yakimas. A great pow-wow is being held. All the neighboring tribes smoke the peace-pipe in the great wigwam of Mattawawa, my people's mighty chief. Why should they not smoke the peace-pipe?"

"Mattawawa is happy, very happy. He does not want war. He wants all to be happy, too. Old chief Multonomah, the great chief of all the tribes, has given Mattawawa his daughter for a wife. Modoc, the young chief of the Columbias, smokes the peace-pipe too. There is no sign of war. All is at peace. One great feast is being held. All eat much, all drink much. All dance around the big fire, dance through it. The daughter who is to be Mattawawa's "squaw" is there. She is very beautiful. Modoc has no wife. He sees Wandaso and wants her for himself. Soon all grow tired, all grow sleepy. The drink was strong. One by one they fall down and sleep. But not so Modoc. He drinks very little. When in the morning Mattawawa awakes, Modoc and the Columbias are gone. But that is not all. The beautiful Wandaso, she too is gone. Mattawawa is sharp, is keen. He soon understands. He is very angry. He puts on his war paint, his feathers, his weapons. All his braves he calls around him and tells of the treachery of the Columbias. Swift messengers he sends out among the hills to call all of the braves to his side. Peace is forgotten. War, war is on every tongue. The hills and valleys echo and re-echo with the awful war cries.

"Before the sun has set Mattawawa with his savage followers are in hot pursuit. For two days they ride like the wind. By the end of the second day, they have crossed the wide Columbia. Here for the first time they rest.

"Seeing a thin smoke rising from among the trees, not a great distance from them, Mattawawa takes up his bow and arrow and goes toward it. As he approaches, he sees it is a camp of some kind. Stealthily he crawls along on his hands and knees to within a few yards of the camp. It is late evening of a long summer's day, but by the light of the campfire he can see everything distinctly. Everything is in commotion. The camp is preparing to move. All the men are at the water's edge loading the boat. Sitting by the fire is a maiden. Can it be? He looks again. Yes, it is his lost Wandaso.

"Mattawawa knows not fear, yet he hesitates. Shall he go back for his followers? He is surely outnumbered. Yet, if he goes back, they will move on while he is gone. He might then lose Wandaso forever. Concealed by the underbrush, he moves to within speaking distance of the girl. The slight movement of the bushes causes the girl to look around. Two bead-like eyes are glaring at her. She is greatly alarmed. But, a true Indian maiden, she betrays



no emotion. She remains perfectly still with her eyes fixed on the spot. By a sign, he reveals himself. The men are still busy with the boat, but she is still being watched. Yes, she will risk it. Even death itself would be far more welcome than a life of captivity. Slowly, so as to arouse no suspicion, she moves from the fire and silently glides away.

"But soon she is missed. The alarm is given. The Columbias follow her immediately. Mattawawa has joined his followers and with their precious burden they flee down the Columbia. Through the enemy's country they travel only at night. All day they remain concealed.

"The Columbias, gathering their tribes about them, as they pass on through their own country, follow in close pursuit. Down the Columbia to Pasco they go, across the Yakima river, through the Simcoe mountains, and up through Ahtahnam valley. For weeks they continue the chase. Now the Columbias gain, now they lose, but never overtake the Yakimas. After crossing the Cowitche river and the hills beyond, the Yakimas are finally driven on to a small plateau. Too late they remember that this plateau terminates in a precipitous cliff of rocks two hundred feet high. The Columbias are coming nearer and nearer. Slowly, but surely, the Yakimas are being driven to certain death. In front of them yawns this awful precipice. Behind are the Columbias, outnumbering them six to one. They must fight, and fight they did. For there, stranger, above those rocks on which are painted those pictures, was fought the bloodiest battle in the record of history. For three days and three nights they fought. My people were brave, and fought well, but the Columbias were many. Only Mattawawa and his beloved bride lived to see the sun set on the third day. Just as the last brave warrior fell, Mattawawa clasped his bride in his arms and both went over the precipice together.

"There, at the foot of those cliffs, they are buried. They are together with the Great Spirit in the happy hunting grounds. You, stranger, know that my people—the brave Yakimas—are dying, are dying slowly, but surely. There is no longer room for us to live. The white man has our homes and our land. His ways are not our ways. We must leave.

"Before many moons have come and gone, nothing but those pictures will remain to tell the pale faces what once the red man was and did."







# ATHLETICS.

## *The Athletic Association.*

President,	S. B. Hill
Vice President,	R. W. Huntoon
Secretary,	G. Troutt
Treasurer and Manager,	A. D. Remington

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

S. B. Hill.	R. W. Huntoon.	E. J. Wright.
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### FACULTY ADVISERS.

Dr. A. F. Bechdolt.	Dr. J. A. Smith.	Prof. A. H. Fuller.
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### ALUMNI COMMITTEE.

H. L. Reese.	C. M. Larson.	R. D. Nichols.
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### COMMITTEE ON EMBLEM AWARDS.

S. B. Hill.	A. F. Bechdolt.	H. L. Reese.
R. W. Huntoon.	J. A. Smith.	C. M. Larson.
E. J. Wright.	A. H. Fuller	R. D. Nichols.



## *The '99 Football Season.*

THE '99 football season was the most successful season, both in regard to the number of games played, the character of the games, and the make-up of the team, that the University of Washington has ever seen. From the first the spirit of success seemed to be infused into everything.

In the first place, the selection of captain had been a wise one. Captain Hill had all the good qualities of a captain, strength, strategy and ability, very happily combined. Besides these acquirements his sterling character and reputation gave him great popularity with his men.

The value of skillful management was never so truly seen as in the season of '99. The painstaking endeavors of Manager Barlow to equip the team and secure games is worthy of the highest mention. In addition to doing something never done by a previous manager—that is, bring a team across the mountains—he left the finances of his office in excellent condition, considering the factors he had to contest against.

The third element of the year's success was the almost unanimous support of the students and faculty. An excellent Rooters' Club, under the efficient leadership of Mr. D. A. Millett, gave support to the team at all the games, and when on any occasion the students were asked for financial support they invariably gave it. In the last regard the faculty deserve special praise for the way in which they aided the team. Whenever the professors do come to the aid of an enterprise they scarcely ever receive credit for it. This is not as it should be. The commendable way in which the faculty guaranteed the success of the championship game merits the acknowledgment of all the students.



### *The Season's Work.*

A SHORT resume of the games played will be of interest to those in the college who did not attend all of them, and to those outside readers who are interested in this branch of college sport. On October 14th a team from the Port Townsend High School made a visit. Score 16 to 0 in our favor. Two weeks later our team returned the call, but meeting the Port Townsend Athletic Club this time. The score was 11 to 0 in their favor. One week later we had the pleasure of a delightful trip to Everett in order to cross swords with their athletic club. Score 33 to 0 in our favor. This victory seemed only to whet the appetite of the manager, for within three days we had lined up against an all-Seattle team. The day was the occasion of the arrival of the home-coming volunteers. The referee declared a draw. Score 5 to 5. On November 18th we entertained the good people of Seattle by a game with Wilson's Business College. The 'varsity survived long enough to wade through the mud across their opponents' goal twice. Score 11 to 0. The Thanksgiving game was played with Whitman College for the championship of Washington and Idaho. We are the champions by a score of 6 to 5.



## *'Varsity Football Team of '99.*

Captain,	S. B. HILL
Manager,	T. M. BARLOW
Coaches, {	A. S. JEFFS
	R. D. NICHOLS

### LINE-UP.

Right Tackle,	L. D. Ryan, '02
Right Guard,	H. L. Reese, '99
Center,	F. Field, '03
Left Guard,	K. McPherson, '02
Left Tackle,	P. C. Harper, '02
Right End,	C. E. Hill, '00
Left End,	S. B. Hill, '00
Right Half,	C. M. Larson, '99
Full Back,	E. W. Schoder, '00
Left Half,	R. W. Huntoon, '02
Quarter Back,	E. J. Wright, '01

### SUBSTITUTES.

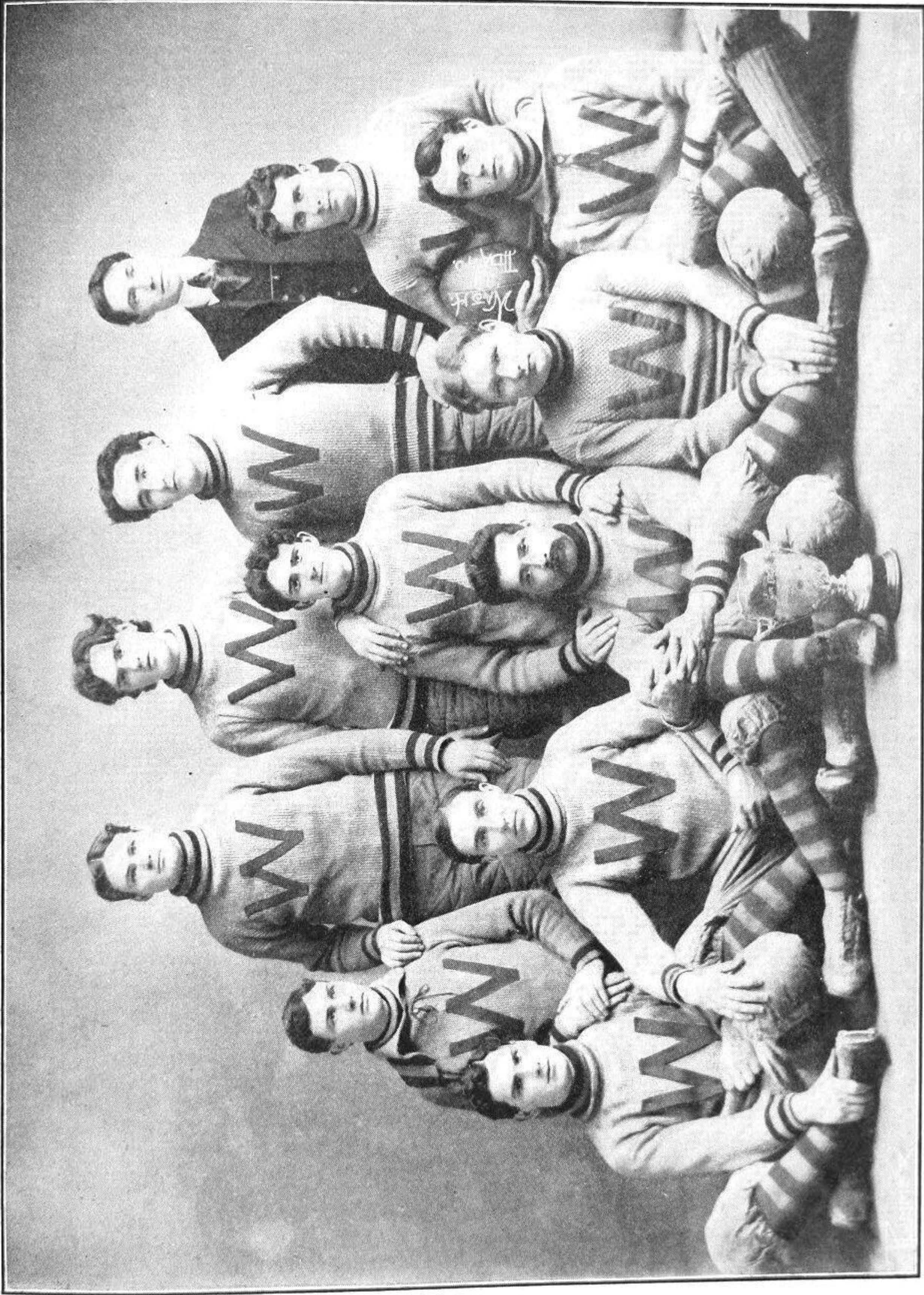
G. H. J. Corbet.	C. E. Morford.	E. Duffy.	G. A. Minkler.
E. Crandall.	H. G. Cosgrove.	E. E. McCammon.	

### SCHEDULE.

U. of W.	vs.	P. T. H. S.	Score 16 — 0
P. T. A. C.	vs.	U. of W.	Score 0 — 11
U. of W.	vs.	E. A. C.	Score 33 — 0
U. of W.	vs.	All Seattle	Score 5 — 5
U. of W.	vs.	W. M. B. C.	Score 11 — 0
U. of W.	vs.	W. C.	Score 6 — 5

Champions of Washington and Idaho.





'99 FOOTBALL TEAM



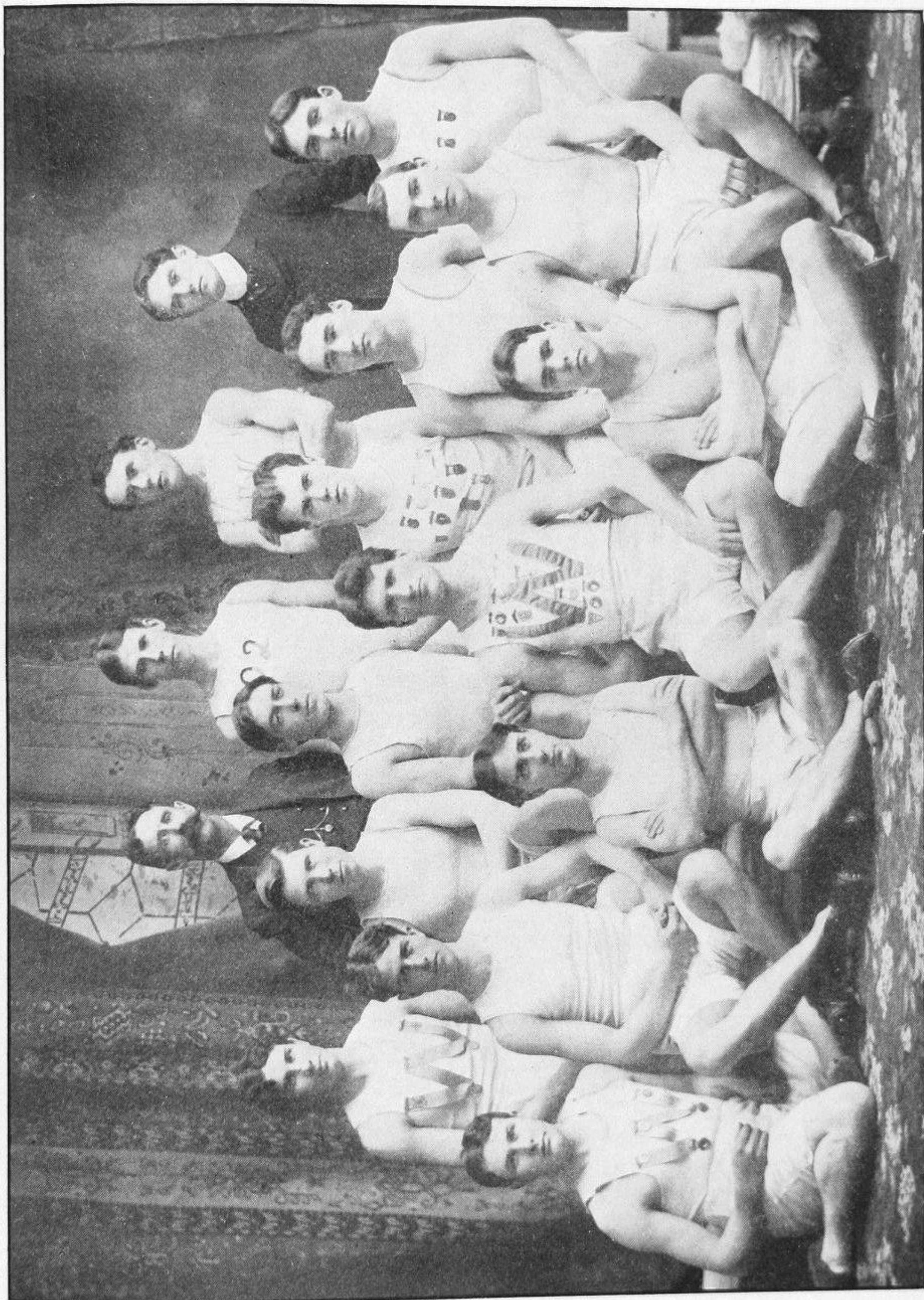
## Track Team.

E. A. Duffy.	A. E. Davis.
Paul Harper.	C. E. Hill.
S. B. Hill.	Fred Chesnut.
Guy Nichols.	A. D. Remington,
W. H. Corson.	Manager.
L. E. Thayer.	H. G. Cosgrove.
R. W. Huntoon.	Chas. E. Gaches.
G. H. Trout.	Carl Morford.

## RECORDS.

EVENT	HOLDER OF RECORD	RECORD	YEAR
50-yard Dash.	J. J. Lindsay	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	'96
100-yard Dash.	L. O. Veser	10 $\frac{1}{5}$	'97
220-yard Dash.	L. O. Veser	23 $\frac{1}{5}$	'97
440-yard Run.	C. Weatherwax	53 $\frac{3}{5}$	'97
880-yard Run.	C. Morford	2 min. 9 sec.	'97
Mile Run.	C. E. Hill	4 min. 53 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.	'97
120-yard Hurdles.	D. H. Palmer	17 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	'97
220-yard Hurdles.	D. H. Palmer	27 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.	'97
Running High Jump.	J. Muldoon.	5 ft. 8 in.	'97
Standing High Jump.	J. B. McManus	4 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	'97
Running Broad Jump.	G. Caulkins	21 ft. 3 in.	'99
Pole Vault.	D. H. Palmer	10 ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	'97
Shot Put.	R. Abrams	36 ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	'96
Hammer Throw, 16 lb.	L. Thayer	100 ft. 2 in.	'99
Discus Throw.	L. Thayer	96 ft. 10 in.	'99
Relay One Mil.	Palmer, Veser, Sutton, Morford,	3 min. 45 sec.	'97





TRACK TEAM



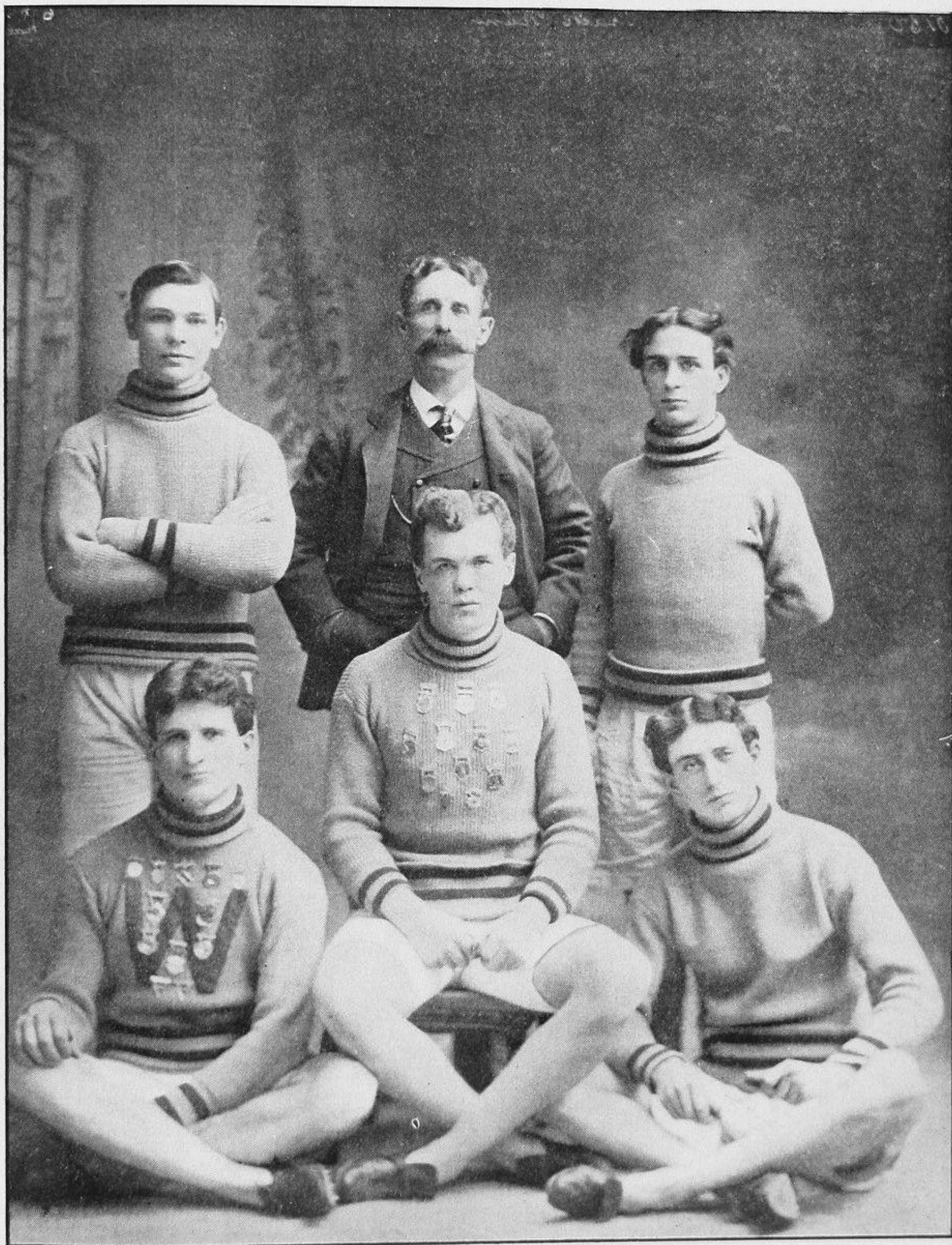
## *The Football Team.*

COMPARISONS are odious. To say that the '99 football team was the best ever turned out by the 'varsity would be an injustice to those valiant warriors who have defended the purple and gold since the game of football was established in the Northwest. To say, however, that the team was not up to the standard of former ones would show a lack of appreciation. Individually, the men played their positions without fault. The team-work, up to the final game of the season, was not up to the standard. A lack of enthusiasm and proper coaching were doubtless the cause of this. In the championship game, however, the team worked together like a machine, and it was largely due to this and the rigorous training to which the men had been subjected that won the game.

Captain S. B. Hill, in his position of end, showed especial skill in advancing the ball. His frequent end-skirtings were the cause of many gains for the 'varsity. He gave signals well and exhibited excellent judgment in managing the team. His brother, C. E. Hill, and partner at end, rivaled him in advancing the ball, and was undoubtedly his superior in breaking up interference. C. M. Larson and R. W. Huntoon, as halfbacks, are a pair which would be the pride of any institution. The former, a veteran of four years, has played his last game. He can undoubtedly lay claim to the honor of being the 'varsity's greatest halfback. As fullback, E. W. Schoder was proficient, especially at heavy line bucking. In the all-Seattle game he went through our opponents' line for a run of sixty yards. As quarterback E. J. Wright handled the ball well, making but two fumbles during the whole number of games. Our line this year, considering the lack of coaching, did wonderful work. Fields at center, McPherson and Reese at guard and Ryan and Harper at tackle, always played the game.

Of the men who are left to compose next year's team little can be known. Fields, McPherson, Ryan, Harper, Huntoon and Wright will all attend college next year. Of the promising second team men, Corbet, Duffy, Minkler, Thayer, Gaches, Boyce, McGammon and Fletcher deserve special mention. Corbet will no doubt make a strong effort for the team as end or quarterback. W. H. Corson, our new captain, a first team man, was hurt early in the season, and did not play in the final games. His record, though brief, was brilliant, and we expect great things from him next year. The prospect is bright. The new intercollegiate arrangements will ensure a number of games, and the advance reports of the number of promising freshmen who will enter next year gives a prophecy of a glorious future for football in the University of Washington.





JUNIOR CONTRIBUTION TO ATHLETICS



## *Aquatics.*

FOR several years past there has been vague talk about taking advantage of our beautiful location between Lakes Union and Washington and developing the rowing side of athletics. But until this year the proposition was never taken up in earnest by the Students' Assembly. Even last fall, when the question was put before the Assembly, there seemed to be no responsive chord among the students. But what a change! We are now the possessors of a beautiful boat-house and have two four-oar working gigs, and the students are so roused up that "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" will secure a racing shell next year. We will then engage in intercollegiate racing with the four British Columbia teams, Oregon and California. Just as soon as we have our reputation fixed on the coast, Wisconsin will be more than eager to compete with us. In the near future, Cornell, Cambridge and Oxford will appear on the horizon.

How did all this happen! The long and short of it is, that the 'varsity has a friend, who is a friend. Mr. E. F. Blaine, of the Denny-Blaine Land Company, who has so staunchly supported us in our oratorical work, started the ball rolling and pushed it along until it has so increased in size that its rumbling along the pathway of progress causes all, from the youngest "prep" to the bewhiskered regent, to be seized with an eager desire to take part in the enterprise.

Seriously, the University is Mr. Blaine's protege. The days that he has worked to get the business men of Seattle and the state interested in our new sport, and the money that he himself has spent, can only be accounted for by thinking of him as a man who has the true college spirit. The boys who went out in logger's costumes to get logs for our float alone can form a just estimate of the man who left his business and worked with them, nothing loath to saw, chop, or drive a wedge. Only the committee of the Students' Assembly can properly see Mr. Blaine's greatness of heart. They know with what deep interest he examined every detail of the plan proposed for the boats and the boat-house. They know how he influenced the citizens of Seattle to advance money. They know how he watched, helped and suggested, always belittling his part in the work, always hiding himself in the background, and yet controlling with a master hand the whole proceeding.





Chief Spieler, . . . . .	D. A. Millett
Wearisome Wailer, . . . . .	G. H. J. Corbet
Choir Leader, . . . . .	G. McGlinn
Angel of the Water Pail, . . . . .	Riley Allen
King of the Rubbers, . . . . .	Ed. Hawes
Knight of the Plug, . . . . .	H. G. Knight
Most Merciful Medical Attendant, . . . . .	"Tony"



### *The Alki Tennis Club.*

I N the spring of 1899 the Alki Tennis Club was organized in the University of Washington. Prior to the organization of this club there had been a strong desire among the students to have a tennis court, but no satisfactory arrangements as to providing for it could be effected. Finally Professor Landies and Dr. Myers, taking the initiative, had a court made, which they turned over to this club on condition that it be kept in order.

The membership of the club was limited to twelve, the charter members being: Professor Henry Landies and Dr. H. C. Myers, honorary; R. M. Johnson, president; John C. Storey, secretary; Walter F. Morrison, Glenn H. Trout, Willis H. Corson, L. O. Vesper, Horace Phillips, Harold Baker, H. R. Harriman, and Paul Harper. The vacancies by members having left the University have been filled by Dr. Colgrove, honorary, H. G. Cosgrove, Edward E. McCammon, and W. T. Laube.





ALKI TENNIS CLUB







## *The Gym. Girl.*



THE pensive girl with the dreamy eyes  
May sit in the corner and pose,  
But give me the girl that plays basket-ball,  
With her cheeks the hue of the rose.

Her step is light, and her eyes are bright.  
She studies and works with a vim,  
And it all is due to the exercise  
She takes at the dear old gym.

Then here's to the girl in the navy blue!  
With her steps so light and free;  
With the golden wealth of her matchless health—  
Oh! she is the girl for me.



## *The Women's Athletic Association.*

THIS association was organized with much enthusiasm in December, 1895, with the following officers: Jessie Hanford, president; Ina Pratt, vice-president; Mabel Ward, secretary, and Miss Ames, treasurer. A constitution was drawn up and the following yell chosen:

“ He, Ho, Hi!  
He, Ho, Haw!  
Konamox, Klatawa,  
Skookum Squaw! ”

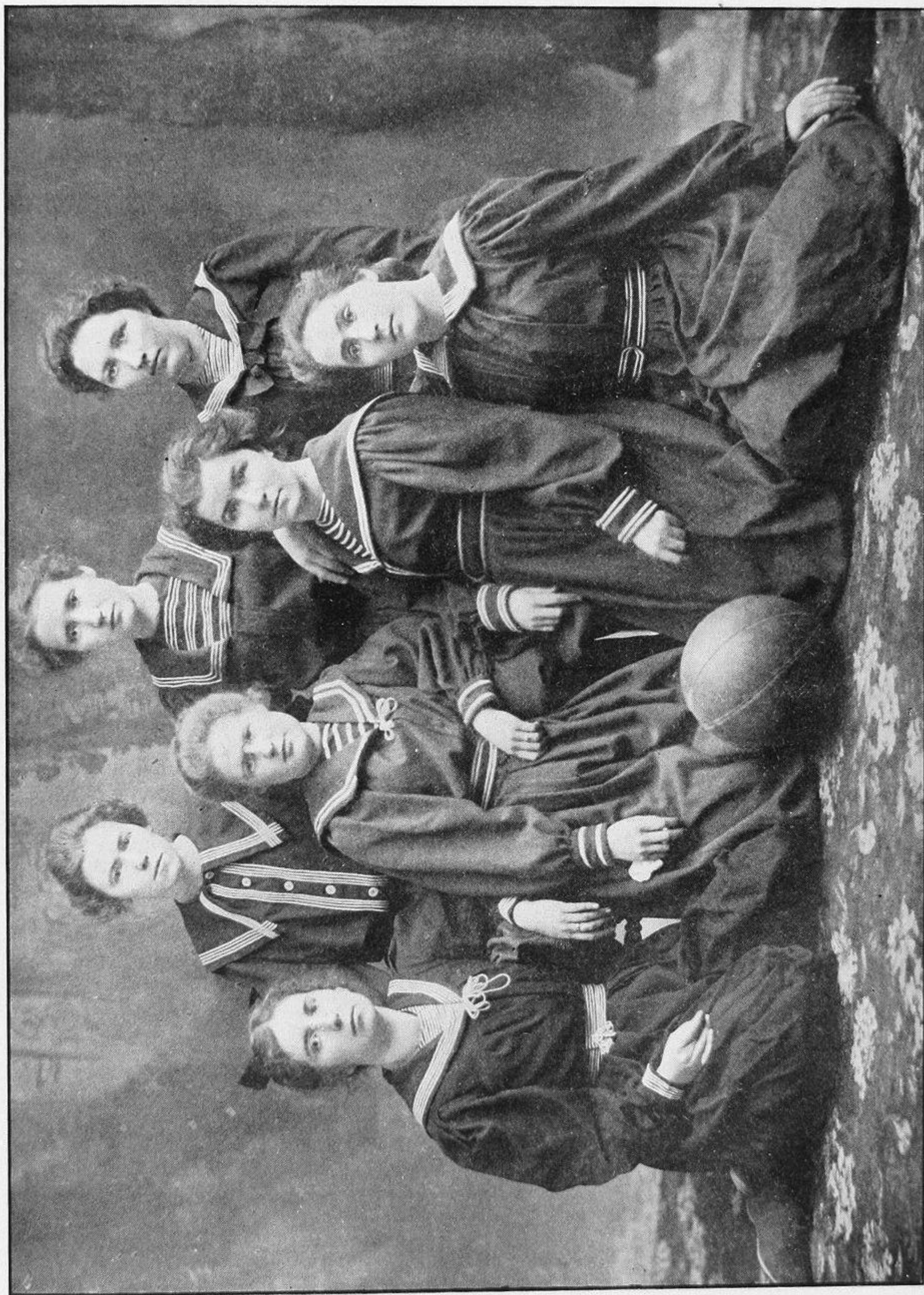
Several games of basket-ball have taken place with outside institutions since the organization of the association. The first was that with a team from the Ellensburg Normal School in 1896. Great interest was shown in the game, about six hundred people having been present, men being present for the first and last time. The score was 6 to 3 in favor of the University. A game was played with the Seattle Athletic Association in 1896, with a score of 14 to nothing; also one with the Y. M. C. A., 16 to nothing—both being in the University's favor. In 1898 a game with the Everett High School resulted in the first defeat of the University team, the score being 10 to 7. The same college year occurred a game with a team from Victoria, B. C., which was beaten; score 12 to nothing. During this year, also, a series of games was played between the Seattle High School and the University second and third teams. They did not succeed in winning a game from the college “gym” girls.

Several hand-ball tournaments have added to the interest of gymnasium work. The winners of “doubles” and “singles” being awarded prizes.

Of the many successful athletes among the “gym” girls must be mentioned Mabel Ward, captain of the basket-ball team for four years; Mae Goodman and Louise Iffland, the finest guards that have ever been in the University; Mary Button, Ora Brown, Edna Ames, Marion MacDonald, Bertha and Josephine Young, basket-ball players. Those who have made records as runners are Mame Andrews, Lillian Metcalf, and a particular star from the Junior class, Charlotte Blodgett. Bessie Street is looked upon as the best all-round athlete who has yet made an appearance among the “gym” girls.

So far this season no games have been secured except practice games with the S. A. C. The basket-ball team, however, is a good one. The captain, Jessie Barlow, is cool and level-headed, and Anne Mitchell, Bessie McDonald, Blanche Winsor, Stella Brintnall and Winnie McGrath are all excellent players.





BASKET BALL TEAM







*In the Superior Court of the Law School of University  
of Washington,*

IN EQUITY.

THE LAW STUDENTS, Complainants,

vs.

THE REGENTS AND FACULTY, Defendants.

} ss.

TO THE HONORABLE READERS OF THE JUNIOR ANNUAL:

Humbly complaining, sheweth unto your honors the complainants, the Law Class of the University of Washington, that the Law School was regularly organized and incorporated as a part of the University at a meeting of the Regents of the University held some time during the first three months of the year 1899 and that certain articles were written and put into the catalogue of the year 1899-1900 and the said articles were to the purport and effect following, that is to say "It is important to those who study the law with the view of becoming advocates that they should give attention to the subject of public speaking, the better to equip them for the performance of their duty as advocates.

"The Junior class receives instruction in vocal culture, articulation and pronunciation; position and gesture; quality and force of voice"—as by the said catalogue, to which the complainants crave leave to refer, it will appear.

And the complainants further show that they each individually paid to the Registrar the sum of \$25.00, the full amount required by the defendants for all those benefits which it may appear by reference to the above-named catalogue the complainants should enjoy.

And your orators have accordingly, both by themselves and their agents, applied to and requested the defendants to furnish such instruction in oratory as is



hereinbefore set forth; and your orators well hoped that such, their just and reasonable requests, would have been complied with, as in justice and equity they ought to have been; but now so it is, may it please your honors, that the defendants, combining and confederating together, absolutely refuse to comply with your orators' aforesaid reasonable request.

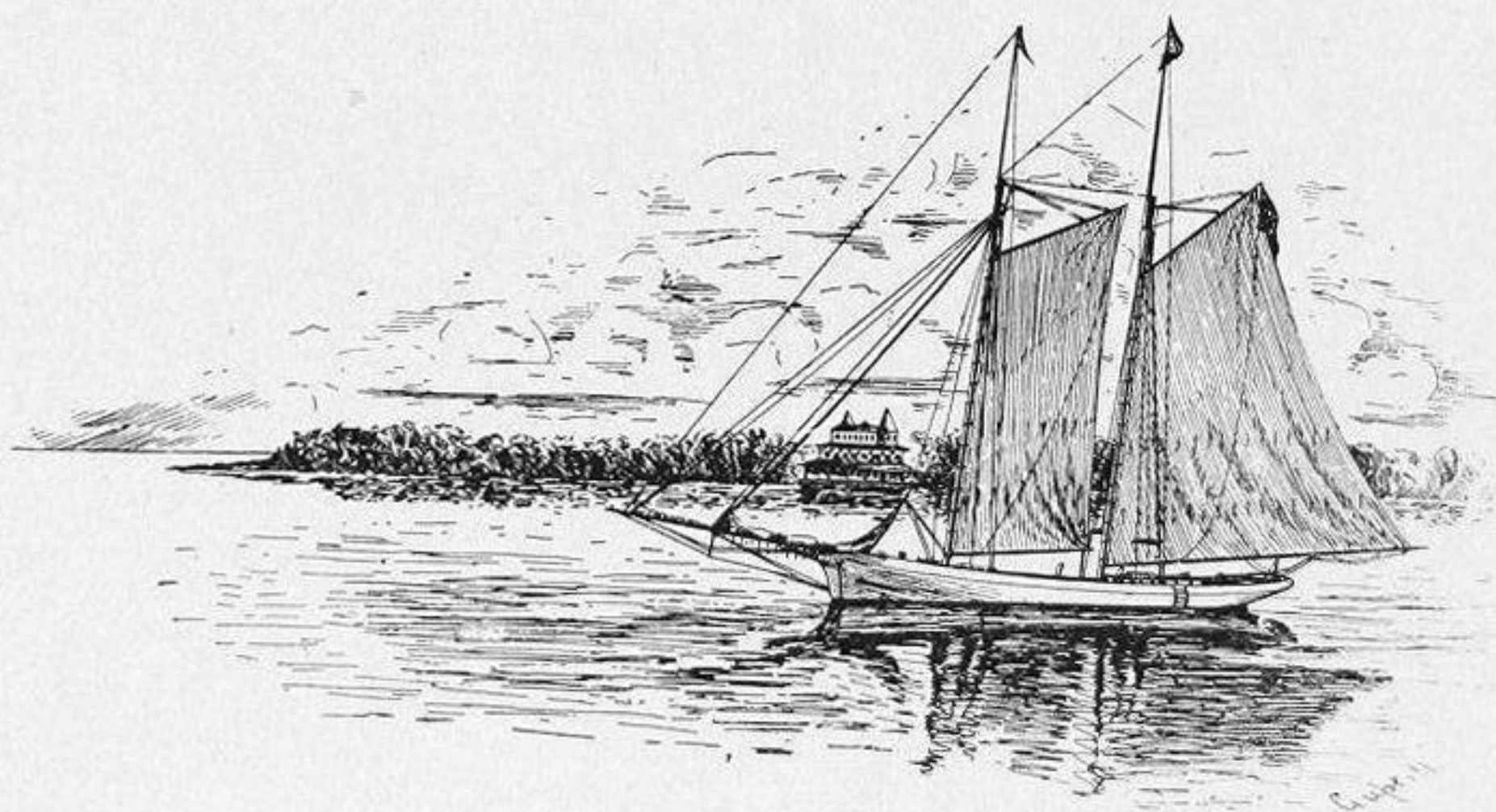
And to countenance such, their unjust conduct, they sometimes pretend that the extra amount of time spent by the class on Latimer's "Constitutional Law," Beal's "Domestic Relations," Harriman's "Legal Fictions," and McKay's "Remote and Proximate Causes" fully occupy the time of the class, whereas your orators charge the contrary to be true and that there is ample time for the above-named course of oratory; and further, they sometimes pretend that James Hamilton Lewis will in the future give his second lecture on Criminal Law, whereas your orators charge the contrary to be true and that the one lecture given by Colonel Lewis was delivered for the sole and express purpose of having his picture appear as one of the lecturers of the Law School. All of which actings, pretences, and refusals of the said defendants are contrary to equity and conscience, and tend to the manifest wrong and injury of your orators in the premise. In consideration whereof, and forasmuch as your orators are without relief in the premise at common law, and cannot have relief except in this court, where such matters are properly cognizable and relievable, to the end that the said defendants may true and perfect answer make to the best and utmost of their several and respective knowledge, remembrance, information and belief, to all and singular the matters aforesaid; and more especially that the Regents may answer and set forth whether at their last meeting, instead of discussing the aforesaid matters, they did not vote to buy a "Century Digest," useful only to lawyers of experience and long standing; have a lecture on "Modern Journalism, as Exemplified by the Times," by Colonel Blethen, and close with a solo, "I Left My Happy Home for You," by Dean Condon; and if not, what reason had Registrar Davis for coming out denying the following:

When Billie Bryan's President,  
You bet I won't be here,  
For he's my wife's cousin, don't you know?  
I'll pace the ocean steamer  
While I smoke a big cigar,  
When I'm going to my place way down in Cairo.

And that the said defendants may be compelled by this honorable court to grant such relief as to your honors shall seem meet and this case may require, may it please your honors to grant unto your orators not only a writ of injunction, issuing out of and under the seal of this honorable court, to be directed to the



defendants in this case, to restrain them and their privies from saying or causing to be said that anything contained in this bill is scandalous or impertinent; but also may it please your honors to grant unto your orators a writ of subpoena, to be directed to the Faculty and Regents of the University of Washington, thereby commanding them and each of them, at a certain time and under a certain penalty therein to be limited, personally to appear before your honors, and then and there full, true, direct and perfect answer make to all and singular the premises. and further to stand to, perform, and abide such further order, direction and decree therein as may seem agreeable to equity and good conscience.

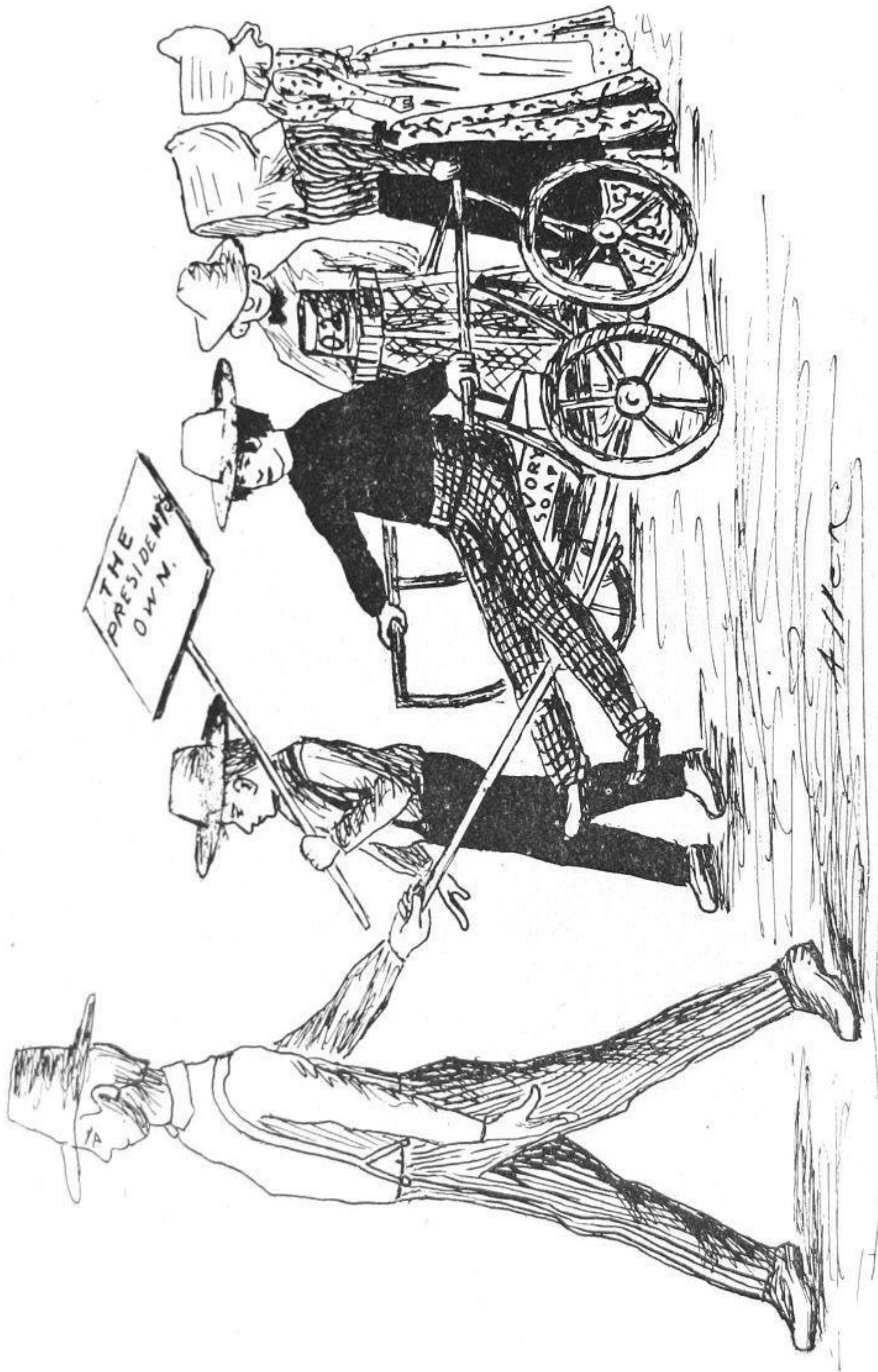




## *The 'Varsity Bell.*

DING, dong, they come at my call:  
Ding, dong, I'm monarch of all.  
Long before you all were born,  
In a sailing-ship I rounded the "Horn."  
Mine was the first bell tone that broke  
On the startled ears of the Siwash folk.  
Of young Seattle I was the soul,  
I antedated the totem pole.  
I called to the wedding, I tolled for the dead,  
I rang when the fire-fiend's banner was spread.  
I broke the spell of the Sabbath quiet,  
I roused the town in the Chinese riot.  
Ding, dong, they run at my song,  
Sometimes they're right and sometimes they're wrong.  
I rang for breakfast the other day;  
As soon as they heard me they hurried away—  
Professor and student, sire and son,  
The whole population was on the run;  
Some were dressed and some were—well,  
I'll never tell,—I'm only a bell.  
They found it wasn't a fire, so,  
Sadder and wiser they homeward go.  
Said one to the other, with chilly stare,  
"I only came out to take the air."  
Said the other to him, with careless shrug,  
"I just was hunting a tumble-bug."  
Who they were I never will tell—  
Ding, dong—that's all—farewell.





THE SOPHOMORES

Allen







## *'02 Chronicles.*

IN THE year of our Lord eighteen-hundred-ninety-eight there were gathered together from the four corners of the land a body of people who journeyed to the temple of learning in a distant city to sit at the feet of F. Pierrepont, surnamed Graves, the widely renowned in learning. But the way was rough and the climbing weary, and some fell by the wayside.

This tribe was held in high esteem by F. Pierrepont; he favored it above all others who sat under him. They were people after his own heart, and when, as it chanced one day, he was stricken with a dire disease, it was this tribe of the "Naughty-Twos" who brought unto him offerings of rare flowers to cheer his sick-room.

Now it came to pass that early in the history of this band it was noticed that in brain power and in will power, and in all the powers that in mortals dwell, in this tribe dwelt mightiest and strongest of all. On the athletic field many laurels were won. In oratory they were rivaled by none, and in scholarship they were the first in the temple.

Their great brain power showed them that they must go down into the annals of the human race under a name by which all the world might distinguish them from the lesser tribes, of which there are multitudes. So they were known as the tribe of the "Naughty-Twos," and for an emblem they chose a covering for the head made of the finest black cloth and richly embroidered in purple and gold and brought from the far east.

Time wore on, and it came to pass that during the first days of the second year, it entered the minds of a neighboring tribe, they of the "Naughty-Ones," to imprint their sign upon a structure near unto the temple walls, and they said among themselves, "Whosoever doeth this thing first shall be chief among the various tribes."

So they went up in the dark of the night and printed thereupon their sign. On the morrow it was observed of all men, and after much counseling together of the various members of the tribe of the "Naughty-Twos," it was decided that the tribe of the "Naughty-Ones" must be brought low and humiliated. Therefore the next night there rose up many lion-hearted men of great stature and went forth and scaled the structure and inscribed thereupon the mystical sign '02, but

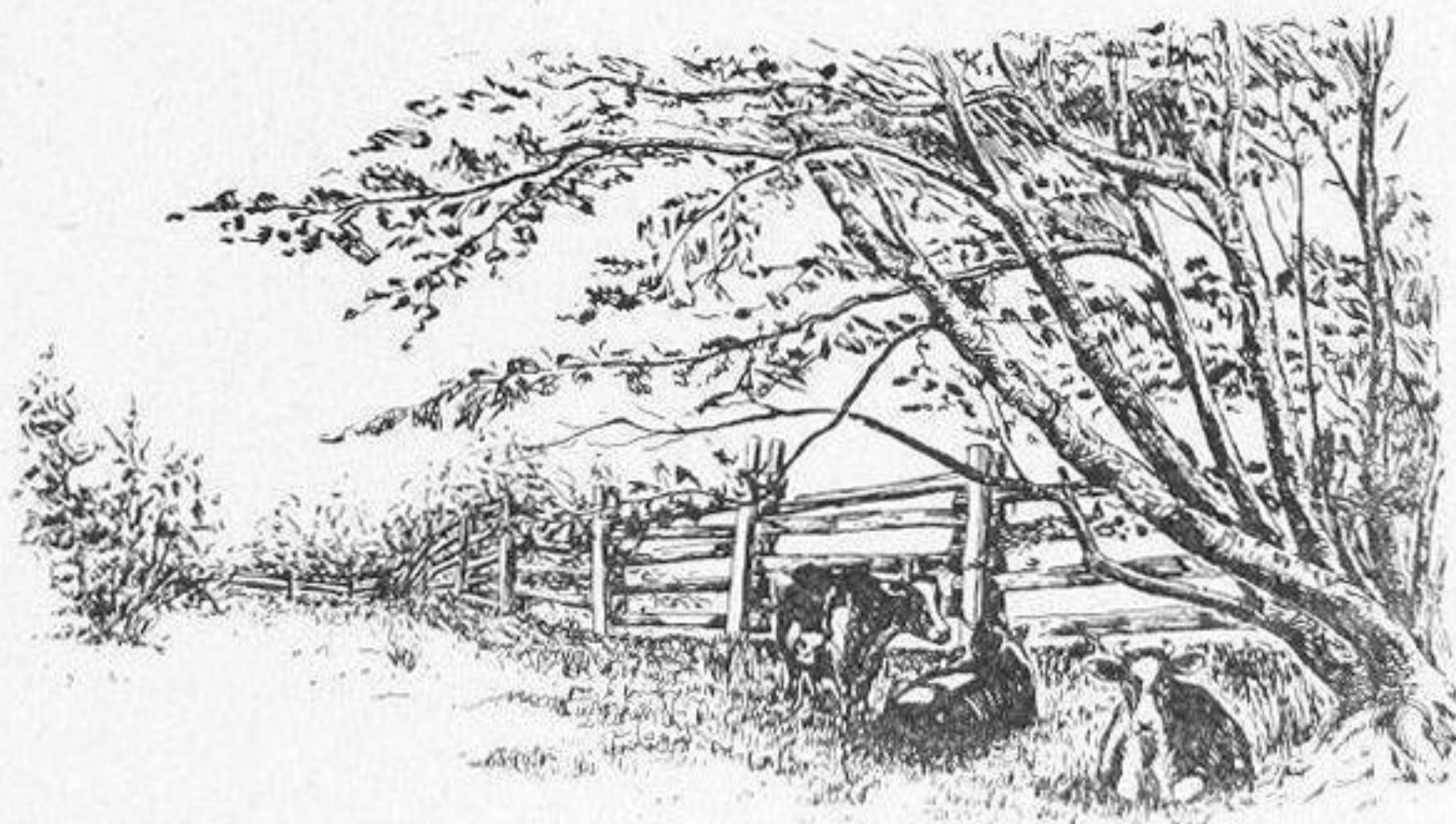


many valiant men were slain, for there fell upon them another band of mighty warriors who fought them till the break of day, but victory was with the tribe of '02.

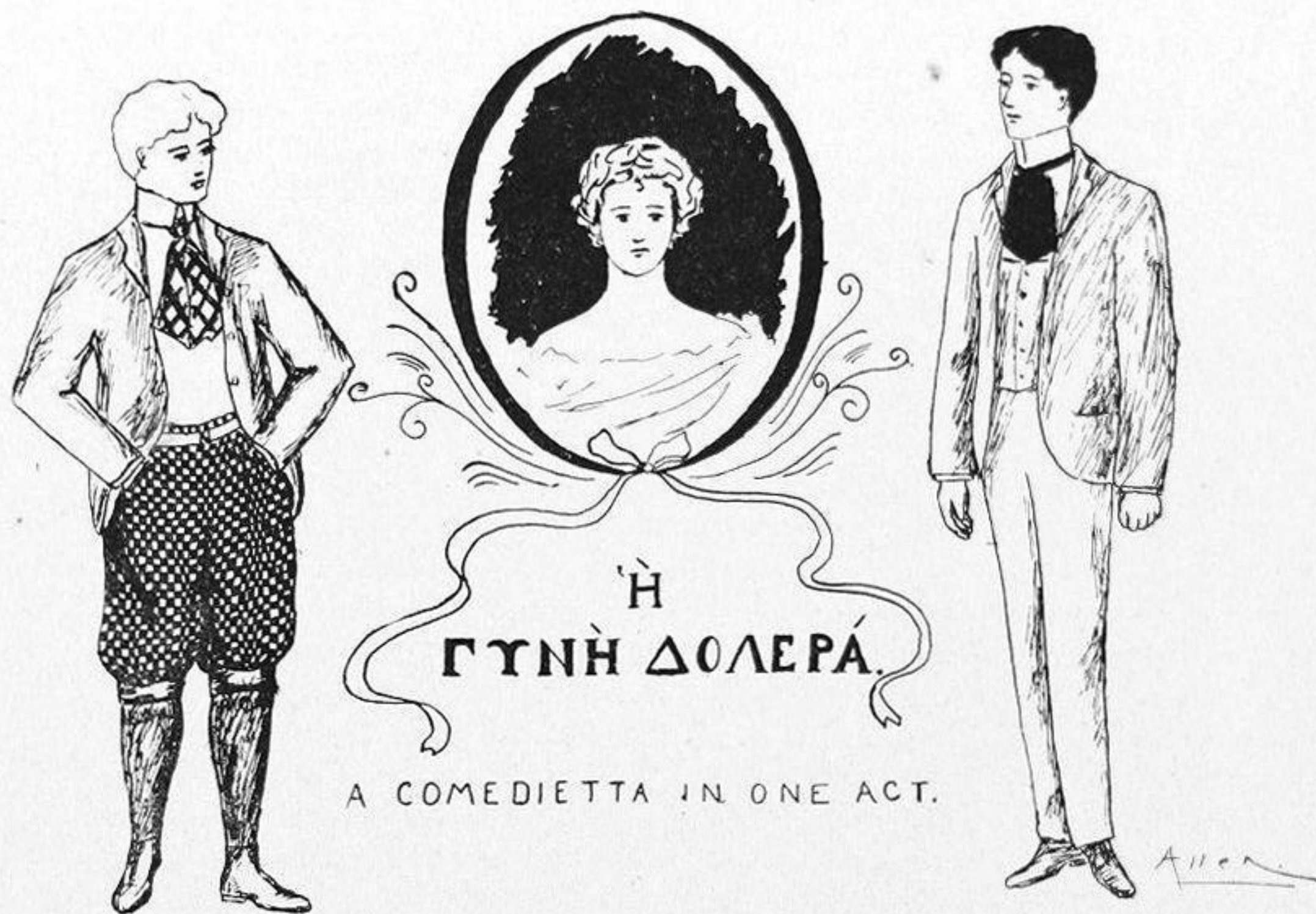
And in the temple this combat caused great excitement, and much praise and glory was bestowed upon the victors. F. Pierrepont, surnamed Graves, summoned together the band and brought and placed in the midst of them a small tank, which he had caused to be builded of fine wood, as a reward for their valor in overcoming the powerful enemy. It was like unto the great one in all respects, and he charged them to guard it with their lives, and ever keep it safe from harm.

Affairs rest thus at the present time. What changes the years may bring forth none can tell. But hearken ye, my people, unto the voice of thy servant who hath spoken these words unto thee; and that these words may be verified, behold the learning, the wisdom, which hath descended upon them! Henceforth and forevermore let thine eyes rest upon this tribe of the '02; keep it ever verdant in thine memory that thou mayest ever observe their mighty works among the children of men, for of all the tribes of this temple of learning, this is the mightiest!

E. W. S.







BY ELLA B. ALLEN.

### PROLOGUE.

(Room in Girls' Dormitory. Edith Forest and Maysie Maybrook talking.)

Maysie—I certainly pity you, Edith. It must be a horrid nuisance to have four boys in love with you.

Edith—Yes, and the worst of it is, they are chums and room together, and I have a terrible time keeping them from getting jealous of each other. I expect to hear any morning of a duel at dawn on the campus and a fallen hero. Maybe that would be the best way to get rid of them, though—let 'em kill each other off until there was only one left, and then I'd give him the G. B.

Maysie—Unless it was Frank Grant. How you blush!

Edith (with dignity)—Don't jump at conclusions, my dear.

Maysie (sighing)—You are a fortunate girl to have so many admirers. Do refuse the poor things as soon as possible and put them out of their misery.

Edith—I don't know how I can arrange it. I hate the—the disagreeability of saying "No" outright, and it is hard to give a hint.



Maysie—Well, I can't help you there. I'm no good at breaking things gently : I smash 'em and done with it. By the way, your new stamp pictures are cute.

Edith—Oh, I have a splendid scheme! And since the boys room together, I think I can make it work. I musn't tell you about it now; wait until all is over, and then I'll confess.

Maysie—I think, if it wasn't for giving you people a holiday, I would expire of curiosity. But I must go and write a horrid essay, so au revoir. (Exit.)

(Curtain.)

## SCENE I.

(On University stairs. Edith and Ted Bromley standing.)

Ted—What have you got in that envelope? Official documents or hairpins?

Edith—Neither, inquisitive youth. This contains some microscopic likenesses of the great and only Edith Forest.

Ted—You—don't—say! Oh, ain't they sweet! Seraphic smile and all that. I shall place one in my watch and wear it forever over my heart.

Edith (sweetly)—I wouldn't let EVERY man carry my picture in his watch.

Ted—Neither would I. Much obliged—only I wish I had the original too. But I must go. I've had six cuts already, and old Sharp will be on the warpath, thirsting for my scalp. Fare thee well. (Exit.)

Edith—That was a narrow escape, but I'm glad it's over, if the others are only as easy. Now I must study. These boys do take so much time.

## SCENE II.

(Same, five minutes later. Edith and Georgie Meyers seated.)

Edith—See my new stamp pictures, Georgie. Aren't they flattering?

Georgie—Yaas, indeed; vewy flattering—oh—ah—I mean vewy good indeed; but they don't do justice to youah beauty, bah Jove! Might I have the oveh-powahing pleasure of putting one in my watch?

Edith (archly)—I wouldn't be willing for EVERY man to have my picture in his watch.

Georgie—Naw? Then I am to be the—ah—the only pebble, bah Jove! You are an awfully deah girl, Edith. I sometimes think—I do, bah Jove—

Edith—No!

Georgie—Oh—ah—yes, awfully good joke, weally. But I sometimes wondah if you would evah—

Edith (hurriedly)—Oh, there comes Professor Harris. Where's my history?

Georgie (taking the hint)—Cwuel girl! Well, I won't trouble you. Goodbye. Much obliged for the picture—ah—bah Jove! (Exit.)

Edith—One more safe. Dear me, why won't mothers keep their boys at home until they reach years of discretion?



### SCENE III.

(Same, ten minutes later. Enter Henry Johnson with football suit under arm.)

Edith—Whither away, O lad so fair?

Henry—To football practise, of course. Do I ever go anywhere else?

Edith—Yes, to dinner.

Henry—Haw, haw! Very funny! Yes, you're right. Haw, haw!

Edith (aside)—Reminds me of an elephant trying to dance.

Henry—Haw, haw! You're a remarkable girl.

Edith—I am. And to prove it, I'm going to give you one of my pictures.

Henry—Really? Excellent likeness, only they forgot the wings. Haw, haw!

Edith (aside)—More elephant!

Henry—I'm going to put this in my watch.

Edith (shyly)—I wouldn't let EVERY man have my picture in his watch.

Henry—It will remind me that time is fleeting, by recalling my wasted opportunities, haw, haw! (Presses her hand.)

Edith—Ouch!

Henry—Didn't mean to hurt you—only depth of feeling—haw, haw! But, seriously, I wanted to ask you—

Edith—Oh yes, about the play.

Henry—Who cares anything about plays? That wasn't what I meant. I—

Edith—Mr. Johnson, you must excuse me. I am due at class in ten minutes and I haven't looked at my lesson.

Henry—Now, don't say it's a case of "too much Johnson." I've heard that chestnut until I wish the first Johnson had never existed. Haw, haw! Well, I'll be going. (Exit.)

Edith—Only one more left, and the worst one. I hope he won't appear before class.

### SCENE IV.

(Same, one minute later. Enter Frank Grant, singing.)

Frank—Just one girl, only just one girl.

There are others, I ——

Oh, good morning, Miss Forest.

Edith (without looking up)—Good morning.

Frank—Still angry?

Edith—N-no.

Frank—I'm going to take you to the Soph Frolic tomorrow night.

Edith—No, you're not!

Frank—Alright; I'll take Mabel, then. What have you got there?

Edith (reluctantly)—Oh, just some pictures.

Edith—Here they are.

Frank—Not very good of you, but I want these two.

Edith—They're—I'm sorry, but they're all promised.

Frank—I suppose you gave one to Ted Bromley.

Edith—I did.

Frank (angrily)—I might have known it! Goodbye. (Exit.)



SCENE V.

(Room in Boys' Dormitory. The four boys seated.)

Henry (pulling out his watch) — Well, my friends and brothers, it's time we got to digging. Greek quiz coming off tomorrow. (Contemplates watch lovingly.) I've got something pretty here; haw, haw! Yes, I've got the picture of a mighty nice girl. (Georgie and Ted make involuntary movements toward their watch-pockets.)

Georgie (in fond aside)—Angel!

Ted—Here, Johnson, let's see her fair features.

Georgie—Yes, who's the unhappy creature, bah Jove?

Henry (slinging inkstand at him)—Somebody you adore.

Georgie—Not Edith, I know!

Henry—Yes, Edith, I know.

Georgie—Bah Jove!

Ted—The dickens!

Georgie—Let's see. Well, I'll be—blest!

Ted—So will I. Just look here. (Shows picture of Edith in watch. Frank Grant scowls.)

Georgie—Here, too. (Shows picture of Edith. A gleam of intelligence dawns on their faces. Stage direction—If this is impossible, substitute smiles.)

Ted—She said she wouldn't let every fellow carry her picture in his watch.

Henry—Told me the same.

Georgie—Me, too, bah Jove!

Frank—Serves every one of you idiots right.

Ted—Well, boys, its plain she has been making fools of us—or rather, she is trying to let us down easy. Fickle damsel! (Sighs and casts picture on floor.)

Henry—Where do you get off at, Grant? Why do you sit in the corner and chew your thumb amid this scene of revelry, like the Death's Head at the feast?

Frank—Did he chew his thumb?

Henry—Don't know, I'm sure. Haw, haw! Don't you have one of Miss Forest's pictures, too? (Ted picks up picture from floor and replaces it carefully in watch.)

Frank—Let me alone, will you? I've got a headache and you fellows are becoming hilarious over your misfortunes.

Ted—Our youthful Hamlet waxeth melancholic. Methinks concealment, like a worm i' the bud, is preying on his damask cheek.

Frank—It is praying for you, then. You certainly need it.

Henry—We don't blame you, Frank, for being cross. Haw, haw! All the world loves a lover, but how would it get along with three rejected ones?

Georgie—Come, boys, let's swallow ouah disappointment, and dwink a bumpah of this sparkling Shasta watah to the health of the fair and false. If she be not fair for me, I don't give a hang how fair she is.

(All drink.)

(Curtain.)



## EPILOGUE.

( At the Sophomore Frolic. Edith and Frank on verandah in moonlight.)

Frank—Miss Forest, I saw your picture in a man's watch last night.

Edith—Indeed? In Mr. Bromley's?

Frank (sternly)—Yes, and Mr. Meyers' and Mr. Johnson's.

Edith—Poor boys, they did like me a little bit, and I was so sorry I couldn't reciprocate that I tried to make their awakening easy.

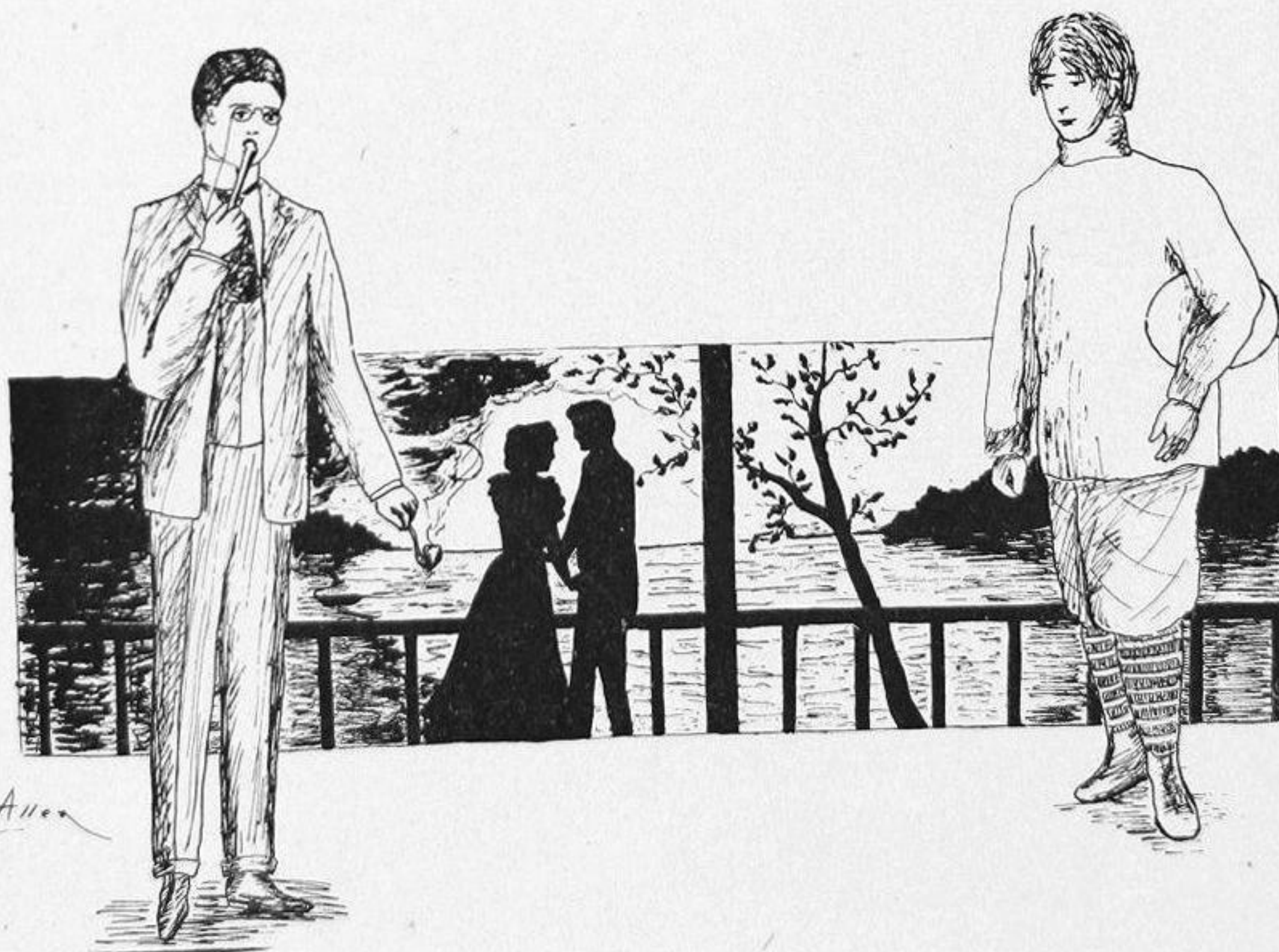
Frank—Why didn't you give me a picture too, then?

Edith (looking out into the moonlight)—Because I didn't want you to awake.

Frank—And that means that you—does it? Can it, Edith? That means that I am—

Edith (softly)—To have the original.

( Curtain, )







### *The School of Mines.*

HERE is no place in the United States which holds out, and will continue to hold out, such numerous and enticing opportunities along the line of mining engineering as does our State of Washington. This is a rich mineral state, and to the mining engineer will be referred its exploration and the discovery of its natural resources. He will have the designing of machinery for penetrating the earth, and for the extraction of minerals from their ores. All this will demand men who are prepared by a thorough technical education. It is to meet this demand that the School of Mines has been established. The course of instruction has been modeled after that of the best mining schools of the country, and requires four years of collegiate work for its completion.

Among the many warm friends of the University, it gives us great pleasure to mention the name of Hon. Fred Rice Rowell, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Rowell is especially interested in the University School of Mines. He believes, as does President Graves, who said in one of his first interviews after assuming his duties as President of the University: "I do not believe that anything except good citizens can do more for the welfare of Washington than trained assayers, metallurgists and mining engineers."

If evidence had been needed of Mr. Rowell's interest in the University, and in this department in particular, he showed it in generously giving of his time to conduct, during the winter term, a course of lectures before the students of mining on the mining laws of the United States and the State of Washington. Such kindly interest is very encouraging, and we hope that the mining people of the state and all others interested will follow the good example set by Mr. Rowell, and give to their School of Mines of the State University the same hearty support and co-operation.





THE FRESHMEN







## *The Naughty Threes.*

**A**MONG the students who thronged the halls of the University at the beginning of the year were to be found a class of individuals who conducted themselves neither as timid "preps," nor as dignified seniors, nor yet as the little green freshman of college song and story. Nevertheless, if you had questioned them they would have answered that they were members of the class of 1903; and an interesting throng they were, for they were made up of all kinds of people, from Mr. Stevens and Mr. Wright, of the short species, to the tall and dignified class to which belong Mr. McDonald and Mr. Hanson. And does not the freshman class claim, with one exception, the two tallest girls in the University?

After the newness of things had worn off somewhat, the class met to consider the great question of who they should choose to look after their interests. It had seemed a very simple matter to nominate and elect officers, but when it came to the point, these freshmen found, much to their surprise and dismay, that people do not agree. And, would you believe it?—these young people who had entered upon their college career with so many good resolutions, threw them all to the winds and began their very first term with a genuine fight—a tongue fight, to be sure, but nevertheless a fight. For a time it raged fiercely, and, judging from the arguments brought forth and the orations delivered, we may hope to see some of our number making themselves famous in the halls of congress in the future.

Now that we are settled down to work, we are getting along famously, and we would not for the world have any other president than our jolly friend from Whatcom, for we feel that no other could quite fill his place, although two might. At any rate, he has been good to us, and the secretary has tried to keep a faithful and impartial record of all proceedings, and the vice-president has presided in the absence of the president; our representatives have represented us to the best of their ability, and our track captain has been on hand at all the meets, and we are not ashamed of our athletic record.

Our class, too has been the first freshman class to attempt anything so elaborate as the "glee" given in February. Indeed, we feel the Fates have left it to us to become a model for freshman classes in years to come. In our display of class and college spirit we have rivaled any other class, and the great stride we



have taken in this, our first year, gives promise of greater loyalty to our college as we pass up the ranks each year.

So much for the past. It is the future which concerns us now. Imagine how interesting and attractive a group we will be when we wear our caps and gowns! But we must not let thoughts of glory to come occupy our attention so entirely that we forget our present insignificance. For we are very insignificant—any senior will tell you so, and seniors are all wise. Although our big brothers and sisters delight in introducing us as "My brother John," or "My sister Mary, a freshman at the University," yet we feel that it is a question of but a few years until we will be willing to endure even the insults heaped upon poor freshmen, if only we might live over again the happy college days. And so let us join in the cry with such heartiness that the echo may resound through the years to come, "All hail to the purple and the gold, and the class of 1903!"

S. R.





*To My Pipe.*

**M**Y briarwood friend,  
From thee I send,  
The silk smoke reeling  
Toward the ceiling.  
The gray line swerves  
In graceful curves  
Before the light.

Each fragrant draw,  
Like Nature's law,  
Brings to my mind  
For all mankind  
A feeling kinder,  
As a reminder  
To do the right.

My pipe, my life,  
More to me than wife.  
Thro' life's empty bubble,  
My friend in trouble.  
Let all depart!  
In truth thou art  
My other part.

JUNIOR.



## *Old Memories.*

A WESTERN slope looking toward Sound and mountains, a grove of firs and maples, and in the midst a building with a front of fluted pillars—this is the scene familiar to the old students of the University. Few years have passed since college classes met within these walls, and yet the hand of time has left its impress. We who were students here in the early nineties, walking through the grove, notice with sorrow that the firs are dying. Looking across the campus we miss the moss-grown "boarding-house" which stood behind the maple. The fence about the grounds, the turnstiles below the hill, are gone; the tennis-court is abandoned; the president's house, alas! is painted red. North Hall hill stands aggressive, like the famous crowd who dwelt there and achieved renown in the military rebellion. Widely scattered is that coterie, now, but its members will not be soon forgotten.

Except for a change of color the old building looks the same. Within, the rooms are somewhat altered, but fancy restores the old partitions and revives the scenes of yore. Entering by the rear porch, the president's room is on the right. Here we read from Horace and from Plato, wept with Dido, triumphed with Prometheus. Here, too, we formed the syllogism, tampered with the tariff and fathomed the mighty mystery of soul. Across the hall, in a long and narrow room, lighted by two windows at the end, we threaded a labyrinth of rates, logarithms and cosines. The sunny southwest room recalls the gracious presence of our preceptress and our first lessons in the difficult art of Browning and the buoyant verse of Burns.

Climbing the staircase, we come into the roomy, upper hall whose many windows overlook the campus. Well we remember the seats at either end and the cosy chats with finger in a book. Crossing the hall, we enter the chapel and find it hung with the same blue shades. Attendance was compulsory in our day. All took their places in the high-backed benches, the boys on that side, the girls on this—seniors at the front. After the psalm and song, the president's brief, trenchant speech was closely followed. In this room the joint debates were argued (valiant Alethenonians!) and those dramas were presented which always made a match or broke one. Again they cross the stage—the gallant Ingomar,



the beautiful Cordelia and the graceful heroine of Howell's farces. Here Thisbe tripped (now playing heavy parts), and here the noble Cassius raved and tore.

The biological class-room on the left brings back the wonted odor of stale fish and the long-forgotten terms again spring up in memory, cattus, gadus and damolichthys. The laboratory in the corner, twelve by eighteen! The entrancing confusion of that room! The merry crowd jostling each other over the experiments! Who will forget the first trial of the blowpipe, the stubborn precipitates that would not fall, the keen jest of the teacher? Here we made the barium bead, caught the strontium flame, learned the vivid green of copper and potassium's subtle blue. We dipped into the mystery of things that are and found new meanings in the universe.

A steep, dark, winding stairway leads up to the belfry. This was the rendezvous of lovers. The dates of the inscriptions indicate that most of them were here in '85. The sweet-toned bell is gone. Across the lake it rings out over a broader campus, linking forever the old life with the new. Long years hence, gray-haired men and matrons, hearing that bell's clear tone, will once more call to mind the belfry dome, and with it the vision of a sweet girl's face or the treasured memory of a manly voice.

Doves fly in and out of the dome. The western glow from the mountains deepens the gloom of the firs. Gazing down on the budding maples, their wide-spread boughs and high-tossed branches more than all the rest tell of the flight of years. In their majesty of growth we read the meaning of all change, and find therein a symbol of the change the years have brought to our beloved school. Broader the scope, higher the ideals, deeper the purpose as time slips away. In this grove the firs are dying, but between the lakes they stand in virgin splendor rooted in the soil of the primeval. Long may their spires point heavenward, an emblem of a school which shall fulfil the prophecy of the old and the promise of the new.

"'93."



## *The Preps.*

A GROUP of preps one day did stand  
And talked on all their prospects grand.  
As to their ills and future bliss  
The thread of discourse ran like this:

“ The prep department, don't you see,  
Was organized for you and me.  
What care we preps if seniors tall  
And juniors great and freshmen small,  
And other men throughout the state  
Philosophize about our fate?  
Did not the Prexy make the plan  
By which our college course began?  
And is it not a fact that he  
Was prompted by necessity?  
And don't our fathers raise the funds  
On which this institution runs?  
Thus on these grounds we know our right,  
Which we'll maintain with all our might,  
But we'll compare our work as well,  
That you may of our standing tell.  
The charge that others can well do  
More work than we can is not true;  
For when the exams we pass in glee  
The others often get a C.  
Our dresses, too, they view and scan  
As though 't were looks that make the man.  
The old-maid seniors look awry  
On us poor girls they call small fry.  
But as for beauty, girls, beware,  
We little preps are just as fair.  
We are as gay and often flirt  
With sophs who from their work do shirk.  
The shafts of cupid hit more preps  
Than seniors on the college steps.  
The horrid things that some folks say  
Would make the darkest hair turn gray;—  
The saying that the alcoves free  
Are turned into a nursery;  
That girlish preps with years to grow  
Went riding in a wheel-barrow;  
That we in Webster night and morn  
Have sought to find when Christ was born;



That preps who fear a midnight bath  
Appease with work the classmen's wrath;  
That our good boys with passion storm  
Because denied the uniform.—  
These things of course are all untrue;  
So, what's the use to make ado?  
We'll end our discourse for today  
Resolved to labor while we may."

Now when the sun was sinking low  
The preps in concert moved to go.  
Their thoughts expressed, 'tis plain to see,  
Their faith in their longevity;  
That in the race of lore to run  
They hope to win one well begun,  
Trusting the future to bestow  
A recompense for all their woe.





### *To the Meadow-Lark.*

SWEET voice of pleasant meadow lands,  
Of clover fields and sunny days,  
To thee, campestal laureate,  
I'd sing a song of praise.

I think no lay of nightingale  
In moonlit bowers of roses hidden,  
No springtime call of cuckoo-bird,  
Could match thy song unbidden.

I have not heard the rhapsody  
Of Southern mockingbird, nor yet  
The pæan of the bobolink,  
Nor linnet's canzonet,

But I have heard the hedgerow thrush  
Above his nest in spring, elate,  
And blackbirds in the reedy marsh,  
Their bird-joys celebrate.

And many another: but not one  
I've listened to could e'er express  
For me, so well as thou hast done,  
A heart-filled happiness.

No pining for forbidden joys,  
No envious, carping jealousy,  
No vain regret makes harsh thy song,  
Thy joyous melody.

"Sweet, sweet, oh, life is sweet, is sweet!"  
You carol morn and night and noon.  
"The day is long with happiness,  
The dark night passes soon;

"The world is full of purest bliss,  
The meadow grass is fresh with dew,  
Oh, life is sweet, is sweet, is sweet,  
The sky above is blue.

"No clouds, nor rain, nor March winds chill,  
No autumn frost nor summer heat  
Can long endure; the sun shines bright,  
And life is sweet, is sweet!"

—WILL J. MEREDITH.



### *The Pacific Wave.*

I N 1885 a stranger appeared among the students attending the University of Washington—a long-looked-for and much-discussed stranger. This was the "Washington Visitor," the first college paper ever issued in Washington. It had a broad field in which to work, and the students were eager for its success, but the numbers were so few that the paper could not be maintained; so after a few issues the paper ceased publication.

Knowing of the failure of the "Washington Visitor," and conscious of the weakness of their numbers, several years passed before another paper appeared. Then, in 1891, the students, under the leadership of Mr. F. Otto Collings and Mr. Edward McClellan, arranged for the publication of a college journal devoted to the interests of the students of the University. The name chosen for the paper was the same that it now bears, "The Pacific Wave." Mr. Collings was the first editor and Mr. McClellan the first business manager. After a few numbers, no issue appeared until 1893, when it reappeared under the management of Mr. Collings and Mr. D. A. Ford. In May, 1893, the first annual commencement number was issued. Although it was but a very small sheet, the earnest support which it received from the students was an indication that it filled a long-felt want.

The publication of "The Pacific Wave" continued from 1893 without interruption, changing hands as the old students retired from the University and new ones took their places. In the fall of 1895 a rival appeared, "The College Idea," with Mr. Marion Edwards as editor. The field was not extensive enough to support two papers; so, after continuing several months, it was absorbed in the spring of 1896 by the Pacific Wave. At the same time that paper was adopted as the official organ of the University students, who now choose the editor and business manager at a meeting of the Student Assembly.

Mr. Thomas W. Mitchell '00 was elected editor of the paper for the year 1899-1900. He proved himself to be a conscientious worker, and was never known to be lacking in his duty. Mr. Mitchell resigned from the position in March, and his place was filled by Edgar J. Wright, '01.



*Staff of the “ Pacific Wave.”*

*’99-’00.*

---

Editor in Chief,	Thomas Warner Mitchell, '00
Literary Editor,	Zoe Rowena Kincaid, '01
Athletic Editor,	Edgar J. Wright, '01
Exchange Editor,	Emily Weston Sumner, '02
Society Editor,	T. M. Barlow, '00
News Editor,	Carl H. Reeves, '01
Sociological Editor,	T. T. Edmunds, '00
Alumni Editor,	Frank P. Giles, '99
Associates, {	Aubrey Levy, '00
	E. W. Schoder, '00
	Bella Weretnikove, '00
	E. E. Brightman, '03
Assistants, {	W. T. Laube, '02
	Ella Allen, '00
	Pearl McDonnel, '02
	Joseph Bird, '03



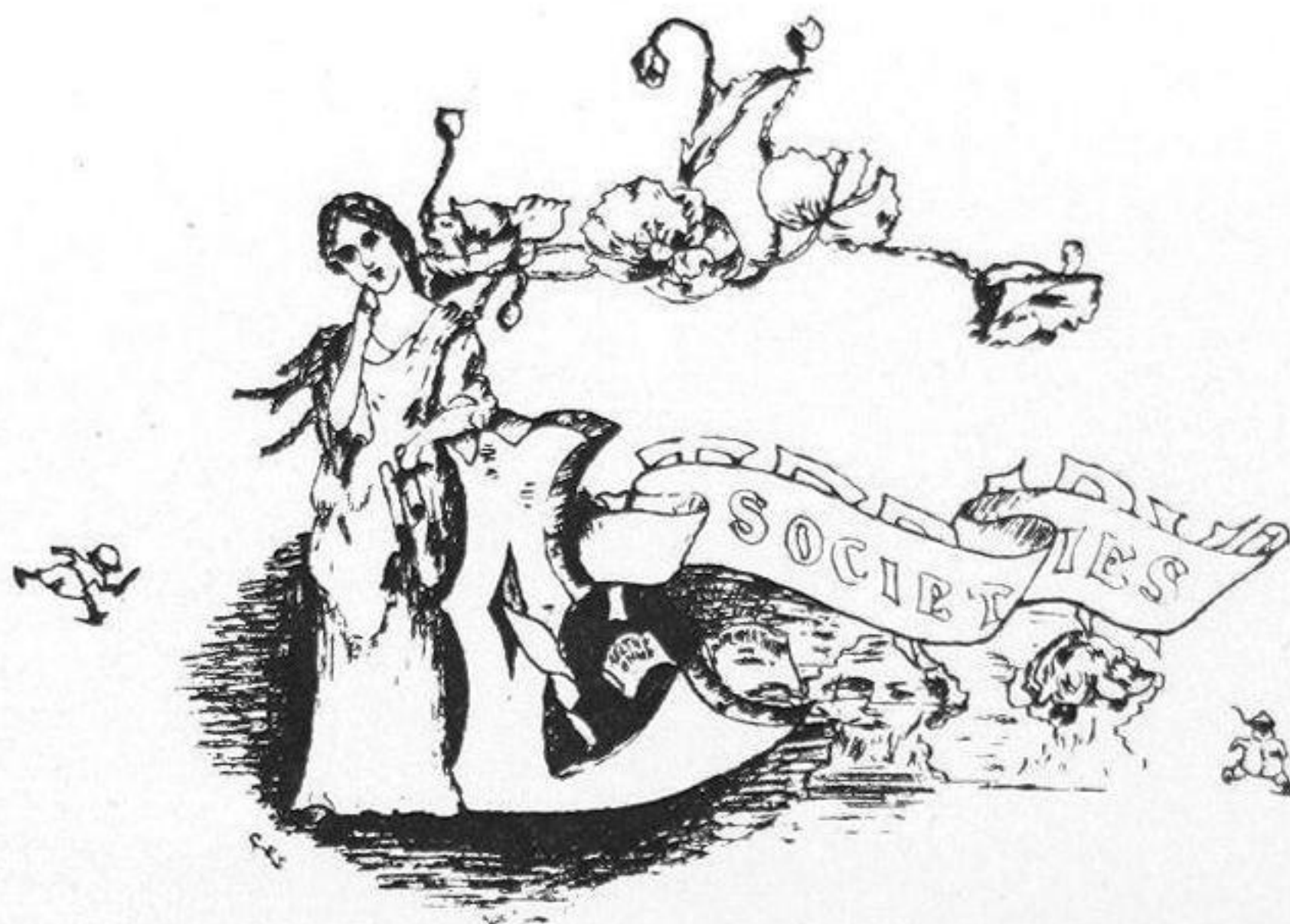


PACIFIC WAVE STAFF









THE history of literary societies in our institution is not of one or two permanent societies, but of many comparatively short-lived ones, until we come to the time when the new buildings were first occupied. At that time there were two rival societies: the Aletheuonian and the Philomathean. These societies were conducted upon the same general plans. The meetings were at first well attended; but gradually the attendance fell off until the Aletheuonian society ceased to exist. The Philomathean was in danger of extinction; but its members bravely kept up its organization by changing the time of meeting from evening to afternoon. Gradually interest in the society died out, and the Philomathean went the way of the Aletheuonian.

In November, 1897, Professor Meany called upon several students to assist him in the formation of a debating society. This committee organized a society and, upon Professor Meany's suggestion, the society was given the name of the Stevens Club, in honor of Governor I. I. Stevens, first governor of Washington Territory. The meetings of the club were held in the evening; but owing to the fact that the great majority of the students lived in town, no great interest was taken in the society and, as a result, it was not revived the next year.

During 1898-99 only one society existed; but with the opening of the present year increased interest has been shown in this line, both on account of the large number of students and because dormitory life has made it possible that more time be given to literary work. At the present time there are four societies in good condition. Two of these are for men; one for women, and one for the students of the Preparatory department.



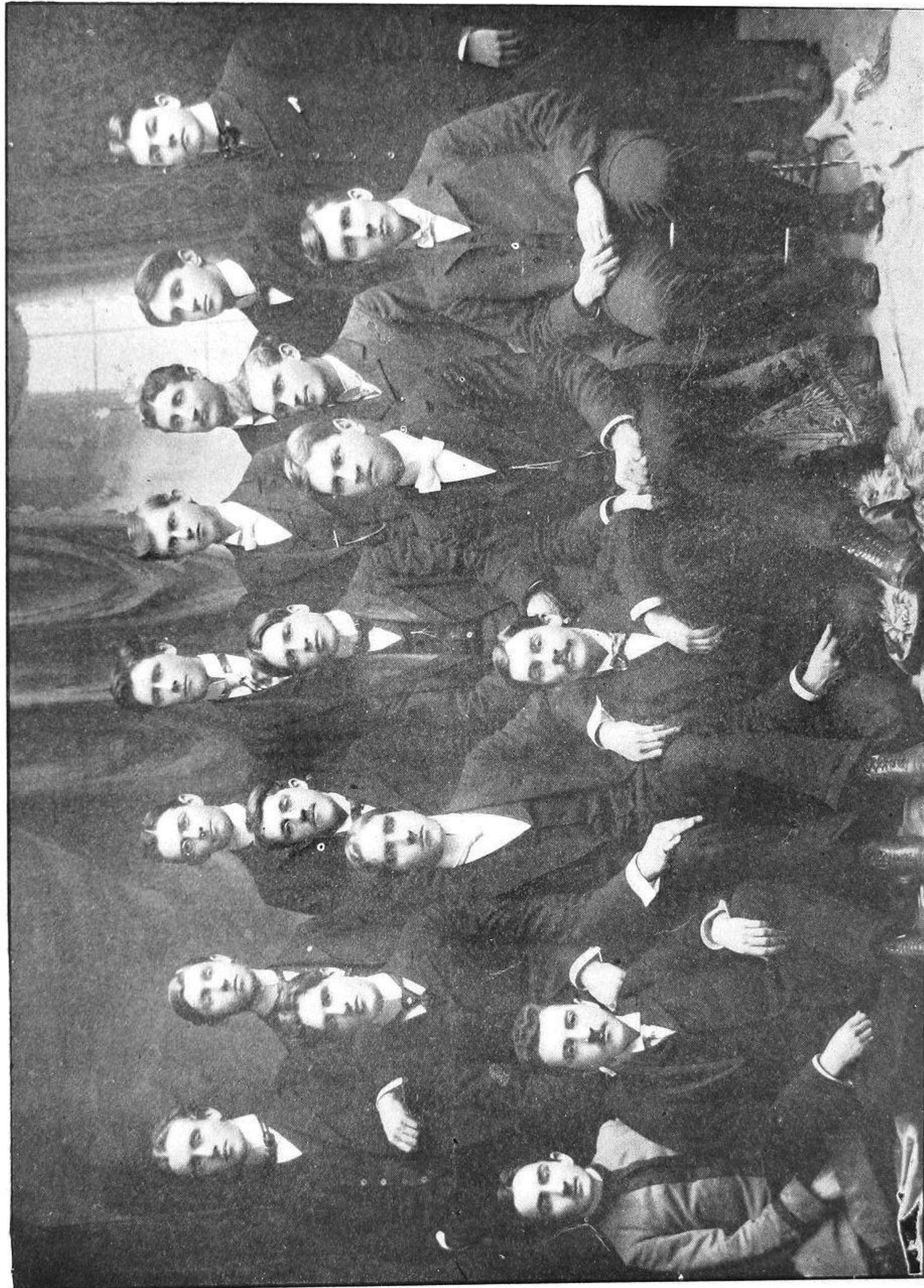


### *The Stevens Debating Club.*

Charles McCann,	President
E. W. Schoder,	Vice President
Aubrey Levy,	Secretary

THE Stevens Debating Club was organized in November, 1898. The membership was limited to twenty; only male students were eligible. Charles McCann was chosen president and has been re-elected at every election. Though smaller than the Badger, the Stevens men try to make up in quality what they lack in quantity.





STEVENS DEBATING CLUB







## *Inter-Club Debate.*

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BADGER DEBATING CLUB vs. STEVENS DEBATING CLUB.

Denny Hall, March 9, 1900.

---

### QUESTION :

Resolved, That combinations in restraint of trade should be so restricted by national law so as to promote competition.

Affirmative—Stevens—

Charles McCann  
E. W. Schoder  
E. J. Wright.

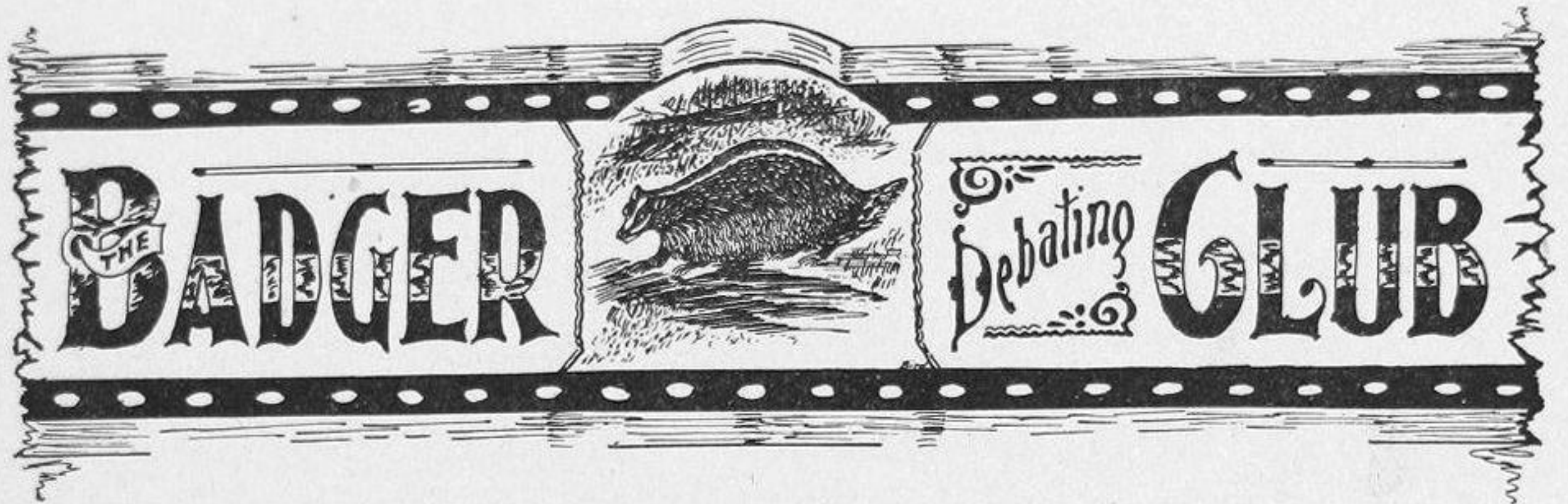
Negative—Badger—

D. A. Millett  
H. A. Hanson  
W. T. Laube.

---

Won by Badger Debating Club.



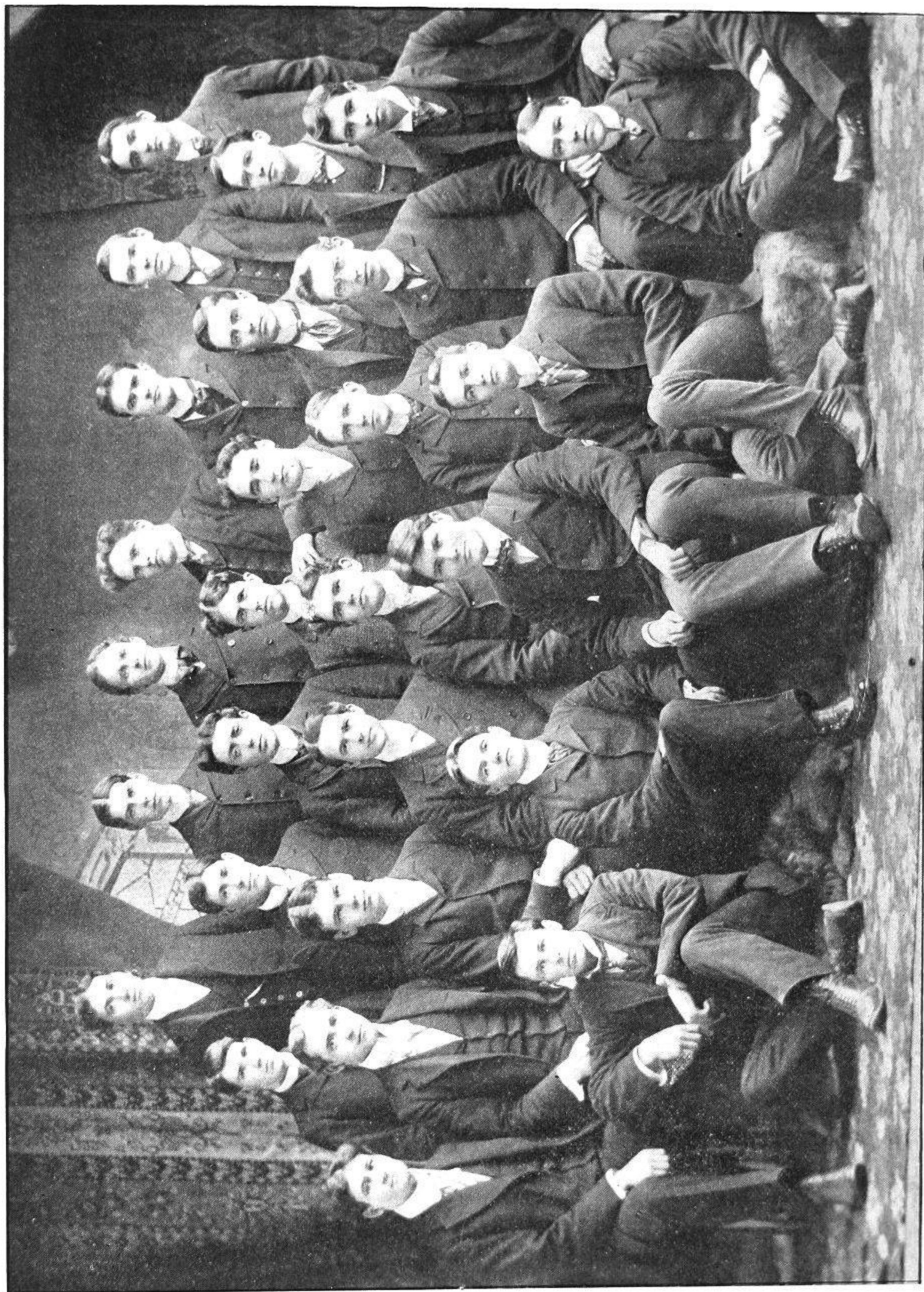


#### OFFICERS.

T. T. Edmunds	President
J. Y. C. Kellogg	Vice-President
A. D. Remington	Secretary
C. D. Eshelman	Treasurer
D. A. Millett	Sergeant-at-Arms

EARLY in the year Professor Priest called a meeting of the men students for the purpose of organizing a debating club. An organization was effected, and the name "Badger" was adopted in honor of Professor Priest's native state. The club is in a prosperous condition, and is a keen rival of its older fellow. The fact that there are many applications for membership shows that the club is on a firm basis. The membership is limited to thirty. In the matter of officers no man is eligible for re-election, thus giving every one an equal chance.





BADGER DEBATING CLUB







## *Intercollegiate Debate.*

### FIRST ANNUAL DEBATE.

University of Washington vs. Washington Agricultural College.

Denny Hall, University of Washington, May 11, 1899.

#### PRESIDING OFFICER.

Judge F. A. McDonald.

#### JUDGES OF THE DEBATE.

Hon. A. R. Heilig	.	.	.	.	Tacoma
Hon. S. A. Calvert	.	.	.	.	Whatcom
Prof. W. J. Hughes	.	.	.	.	Fairhaven

#### QUESTION.

Resolved, That the government of Great Britain is more responsive to public opinion than is that of the United States.

#### Affirmative—U. of W.

Charles McCann, '01  
H. L. Reese, '99  
T. W. Mitchell, '00

#### Negative—W. A. C.

Leo Totten, '01  
F. F. Nalder, '02  
Arthur Wells, '01

Won by University of Washington.



## *Intercollegiate Debates.*

FRESHMAN CLASS vs. PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL.

Denny Hall, April 14.

QUESTION.

Resolved, That immigration to the United States should be restricted to those persons who can read and write the Constitution of the United States in some language; provided, that adequate provision be made for the admission of those immigrants dependent upon qualified immigrants.

Affirmative—Portland High School.

Negative—Freshmen.

Benjamin C. Day

James Edmunds

Frank Hayek

H. A. Hanson

Raymond W. Steel

Don McDonald

Won by Freshmen.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON vs. WASHINGTON AGRICULTURAL  
COLLEGE.

Pullman, May 11.

QUESTION.

Resolved, That combinations in restraint of trade should be so restricted by national legislation as to promote competition.

Affirmative—W. A. C.

Negative—U. of W.

L. L. Totten

D. A. Millett

F. F. Nalder

E. J. Wright

C. A. Cordiner

W. T. Laube

Won by — — —.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON vs. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

Denny Hall, May 18.

QUESTION.

Resolved, That government ownership and control is the best solution of the railway problem.

Affirmative—U. of W.

Negative—U. of O.

Won by — — —.





Charles McCann, Captain.

Henry L. Reese.

Thomas Warner Mitchell.

CHAMPION DEBATERS FOR WASHINGTON AND IDAHO, '99.







### *The Women's Debating Club.*

Miss Ellen Allen	President
Miss Weretnikove	Vice-President
Miss Fanny Sylvester	Secretary

HAVING been barred from the Stevens and Badger Clubs, the young ladies resolved to form a club of their own. Accordingly, a meeting was called, and the young ladies organized the Women's Debating Club. The club is limited to twenty members, and it meets every two weeks. Much interest is shown by the club members, and no efforts are spared in making the debates both interesting and instructive.

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### *The Crestomathean Society.*

Miss Ella Saylor	President
J. G. Fletcher	Secretary

THE students of the Preparatory department are not behind in literary work, for they have the Crestomathean Society, with a membership of thirty. In the weekly meeting a part of the program is given over to debating questions of local and national interest. All the members take an active interest in the work, thus promising that future members of the regular societies recruited from the ranks of the Crestomathean Society will take first places.



## *Oratorical Association.*

WHEN the department of oratory was added to the University upon its removal to its present site in 1894, the Oratorical Association was organized, and now is one of the oldest and most active of the student organizations. The President and Registrar offered gold and silver medals respectively to the two best orators. An intercollegiate association was organized, and the University has always had an enviable record. The King County Bar Association gave an added impetus to interest in oratory by their offer of a yearly prize of one hundred dollars.

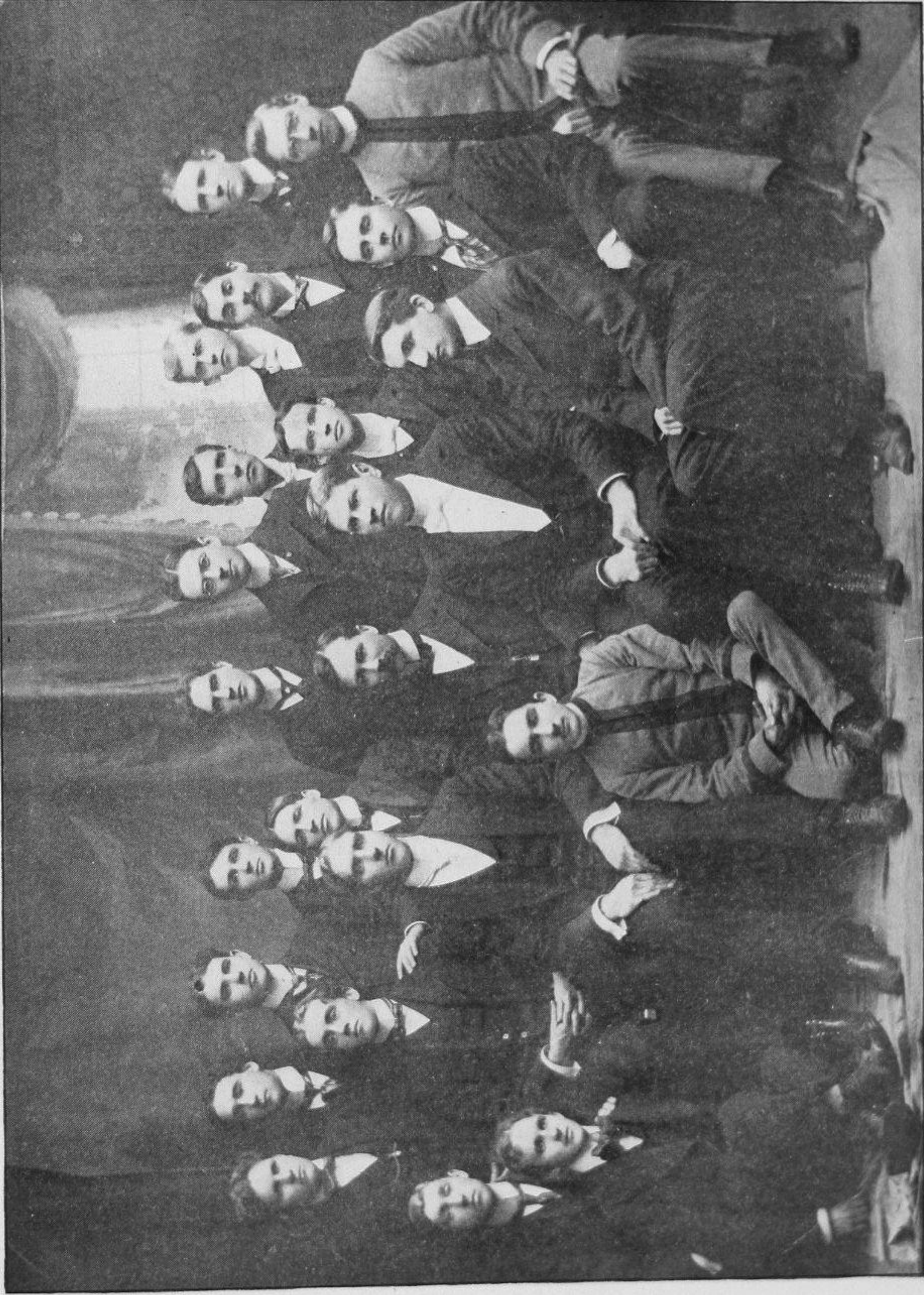
At present the association is in most prosperous condition. This year marked a large increase in membership, in unanimity, and in enthusiasm. Mr. H. M. Korstad presides over the meetings in his dignified manner as president; Mr. Stephen Griggs, the ever-ready humorist and cartoonist, is vice president; Thomas T. Edmunds for two years has been the scribe; Mr. Edgar J. Wright, the rustler, has managed the correspondence; while Judge McCann, the well-known financier, has held the funds in trust. Last year the president of the association was the accomplished Jinta Yamaguchi, of Tokio, Japan.

Many students still remember such celebrities of former days as John Ponder, Seldon Burrows, Bartie McElreath; the lamented John Haan, the "Sage of Big Bottom;" Ralph Nichols, Thomas Alderson, Charles Steffen, Thomas F. Murphine, Martin Harrais, and our once Deacon—but now Professor—H. L. Reese. The old-timers remember all these brilliant stars, and hope they will be glad to know that the association is becoming stronger in its old age. The coming of Professor Priest from Wisconsin—the oratorical center of the Middle West—has greatly strengthened the work of the association. His enthusiasm, experience, valuable advice and conscientious training have been of great benefit. Thus, with the students' assembly, the debating clubs and the Oratorical Association all working together in perfect goodwill, we may confidently expect great accomplishments in that grandest of all arts—oratory.

The winners of the local medals in 1899 were Mr. H. C. Harriman, who subsequently won the intercollegiate medal, and Mr. Richard Bushell.

At the Bar Association contest the speakers were Clarence Larson, "Another View of Reform;" Miss Audrey Souder, "The Crown of Israel;" Mr. E. J. Wright, "Teddy Roosevelt, a Typical American;" Thomas T. Edmunds, "Our Disfranchised Citizens;" Jinta Yamaguchi, "A Plea for Peace;" Richard Bushell, "Whither Are We Drifting?" The last two were adjudged the winners.





THE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION







## *A Crabbed Quartette.*

(A long way) After Whittle.

---

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

—BY—

BILLY SHAKSPEARE.

London: Johnson, Boswell & Co.

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAIA	.	.	.	.	.	A Vestal Virgin
GRATIA	.	.	.	.	.	Another Vestal
COSSIUS	.	.	.	.	.	A Gladiator
GAFFIO	.	.	.	.	.	One of the Pretorian Guard
A VOICE	.	.	.	.	.	Soldiers

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENUS—Approach to the Temple. Tempus Meridianus. Maia discovered leaning against the balustrade.

Maia—Bright shines the sun; truly 'tis a poetic hour :—  
The spot, the great temple conduce  
To harmony and sweet thought. But alas!  
He who ruleth the temple and the priests  
Sees not the beauty round us, but demands  
The musty words from books.  
O, for some brave youth to sit  
At my feet and while away the tedium of the hour,  
Indulging in pleasant nothings. And,  
If I mistake not, here he comes;  
For, in the distance I do hear  
Footsteps approaching on horseback.



( Enter Gaffio. )

Loquitur—Greetings, gentle Maia. Whither goest thou? Perchance  
Wilt stay and josh a while; for it doth much  
Delight my soldierly mind  
To jolly up the maidens who the goddess serve.  
But why this pensive air? Of what  
Art thinking?

Maia—Of man's inhumanity to man; or, rather say,  
The burdens by the priests imposed  
'Pon their disciples.

Gaffio—Too true, fair maid; perchance too truly true.  
Eke have they not respect for a brave man;  
'Twas I they sought to flunk.

Maia—But enough talk of work. From the dorm  
The wind doth bring to me the scent  
Of cabbage.

Gaffio—Of cabbage! O, Tempore!  
The food for cattle!

Maia—'Twere  
Only yester that I wished some dainty dish—  
Some oysters.

Gaffio—Often when as a boy I used to dwell  
In the home I loved so well,  
In my boyhood's happy days  
Down on the farm, have I sat upon the bank,  
And watched the toothsome clam  
And wily goe-duck disport themselves,  
While the subtle perfume of the flats  
Pervaded my very being.

Maia—Ay, me too, most noble Gaffio. I  
Once lived upon a farm. And there,  
For we were near the ocean's roar, did we  
Catch the festive horny-fingered crab,  
And cook and crack him; ah, and then  
Did feast to cause almighty Jove to sigh,  
Because, forsooth, he 'd naught to eat,  
Save ambrosia. Knowest thou this  
Pleasure, Gaffio?

Gaffio—Ay, that do I, fair Maia, and yet more,—  
For just within the city's gates I know  
A joint where I can purchase this  
Most succulent crustacean for the sum  
Of ten sestertii. Jove, but thy words  
Have made my mouth to weep;  
But I will hence and buy the crab, and then  
This very night we 'll crack him,  
Roll up both sleeves and then wade in.  
But stay. Methinks, most gracious Maia,  
We had better have two crabs.



Maia—By all means, Noble Gaffio ; even more,  
For in the distance I descry  
My sister vestal, Gratia, with the gladiator, Cossius,  
And if they be not bidden to the feast  
Cossius may get sore and then  
Clean out the bunch, as did his sires  
At old Thermopylæ. Dost thou  
Get next to this, O valorous Gaffio ?

Gaffio—I do ; and I will hence, procure the crabs,  
But soon return. See, the chariot  
Approaches ; fare thee well. Four crabs,  
Some salt and pepper, and a pack  
Of cigarettes. I'll not forget. Again  
Farewell.

(Exeunt, Gaffio, l. u. e., singing "Just one crab" ; Maia,  
r. w. e. to meet Cossius and Gratia.)

(Curtain.)

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENUS—Abode of the vestals. Time, just as the sun went down. Gaffio and Gratia discovered reclining at a small table. Enter Maia, r. e., with a tray bearing the crab, and Cossius, l. e., with an ax.

Gaffio—How now, Cossius, what the dickens  
Dost thou with the ax ?

Cossius—To crack the crab, forsooth.

Gaffio—Get next. Brace up and then  
Come down.  
Fair Maia hath just brought in  
The crab already cracked.

(Cossius throws back his toga and takes his place. A loud knock is heard at the outer gate.)

A Voice—Hallo, within there !

Gaffio—What's wanted ? Who is there ?

The Voice—A messenger from her who hath  
Dominion over all the vestals.  
She commands that there shall be  
No feasting in these halls ; and that  
All gladiators and pretorian guards  
Caught hanging here around will have  
The sacred bulldog on them set,  
And yet besides shall suffer death.  
By command of our gracious lord,  
The emperor. See ?

Gaffio and Cossius (chorus crescendo)—

D——— !

Maia and Gratia (looking shocked and putting their hands over their ears)—  
Oh, boys !

(Curtain.)



## ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENUS I—Bedchamber of vestals. In media nocte. Gratia and Maia preparing for rest. Both shedding tears as big as duck-eggs. Both with faces as long as a mule's in a graveyard.

Maia—Behold I told you so. Verily 'tis a throw-down.  
Could she have been later with her summons  
But five short minutes, the deed  
Would have been done. But now  
The laugh will be on us.

(Lets fall a tear which floats one of the rugs away.)

Gratia—Even I, the champion jawbone artist  
Of all the vestals, I am at a loss  
For words at this great insult.

(Also lets fall a tear, which, striking on the table near the crab, catches that unfortunate crustacean in its flow and washes it to the floor. It is rescued by Maia.)

Maia—'Twas never thus for me before. But vain  
Regrets must cease. Let us retire.  
I say let us to bed. But first,  
Let's place the luckless cause of all our woe  
Without the sacred precincts of our chamber.

Gratia—I'll place it here upon the window-ledge,  
That eke, perchance, mayhap, belike  
(stolen bodily from Whittle)  
In the morn we will feel more inclined  
Toward disposing of the delicious  
Morsel as was intended.

(She does so, and while leaning out of the window loses another tear, which falls and explodes with a loud report on the ground below. They both retire, and with a last long wail in F sharp, there falls the

Curtain.)

SCENUS II—Camp of Pretorian guards. In media nocte. Spears, shields, swords, daggers, etc. Gaffio discovered gesticulating wildly and tearing his hair. Cossius lying fast asleep, foaming at the mouth.

Gaffio—By the powers of Hades, but it's shameful  
To be kicked out like a dog—a prep.  
They surely don't remember who  
I am. I, Gaffio, the crack  
Orderly catcher of the whole pretorian guard.  
I, Gaffio, the champion ladies' man in Rome!  
The only Gaffio, who can hold  
Four aces to a four-card draw!

(Enter Vulgus.)

1st Soldier—How now, friend Gaffio, hast to the city been?  
2nd Soldier—Most noble Gaffio, what troubles thee,  
And, too, our friend the gladiator, Cossius?



Gaffio—Go to, ye dogs, leave me. I have been  
Most shamefully insulted.  
Think they the tender youth of Skagit,  
Of years ago, hath not yet grown a man  
Whom e'en the vestals do admire,  
And that he will upward pass this bluff  
Without calling for a show-down for his white chip?  
Not on your tintype. I will have  
Revenge. Some one will beg—  
Beg on his bended knee for mercy. Loose  
The dogs of war. My Irish up, 'twill be  
Off with my insulters. When  
I'm revenged there'll be blood. I'll  
Do murder. I'll—I'll—Bow-wow-wow. B-r-r—ow—!—!!—!

(Red fire and curtain, with Gaffio in a paroxysm of rage, frothing at the mouth and tearing his hair. All to the music of the vulgus singing "They'll never go there any more.")

FINIS.

C. B. R.





## *An Opal.*

**D**EEP down in its heart of crimson and gold  
Lurk shadows of amber and green,  
Like the glow of a great red rose unrolled,  
And the glint of the ocean's sheen;  
Sweet, tremulous quivers of sky-bright blue,  
Like gleams from the unseen world:  
The imprisoned drops of sun-kissed dew  
In the depths of a dream impearled.

—MAY THOMPSON, '01.



## *Orchestra.*

---

### OFFICERS.

Leader,	Prof. E. Thalburt
Manager,	G. H. Trout, '01

### MEMBERS.

Piano,	G. G. Fadden, '02
Clarinet,	Hugo Schneider, '03
First Violins, }	Prof. E. Thalburt
	M. J. Smith, '03
Cornet,	R. M. Johnson, '01
Trombone,	G. H. Trout, '01





PROFESSOR G. P. ANDREWS, LEADER

## *Glee Club.*

President, C. M. Larson.

Manager, A. D. Remington.

### FIRST TENORS.

C. McDonald  
C. McKinnon

F. E. Brightman  
A. W. Lane  
E. F. Earl

C. M. Larson  
A. E. Davis  
F. Johnson

G. G. Fadden  
C. W. Harris

### SECOND TENORS.

S. B. Hill  
F. Reasoner  
F. Moss

W. Densmore  
E. W. Schoder  
A. S. Seymour

A. D. Remington  
E. P. Boyce  
U. S. Griggs

### FIRST BASS.

H. L. Reese  
A. N. Johnson  
F. Sherwood

H. M. Korstad  
E. Duffy  
C. Eshelman

G. H. J. Corbet  
W. Ames  
L. R. Campbell

J. V. Bird  
C. E. Morford

### SECOND BASS.

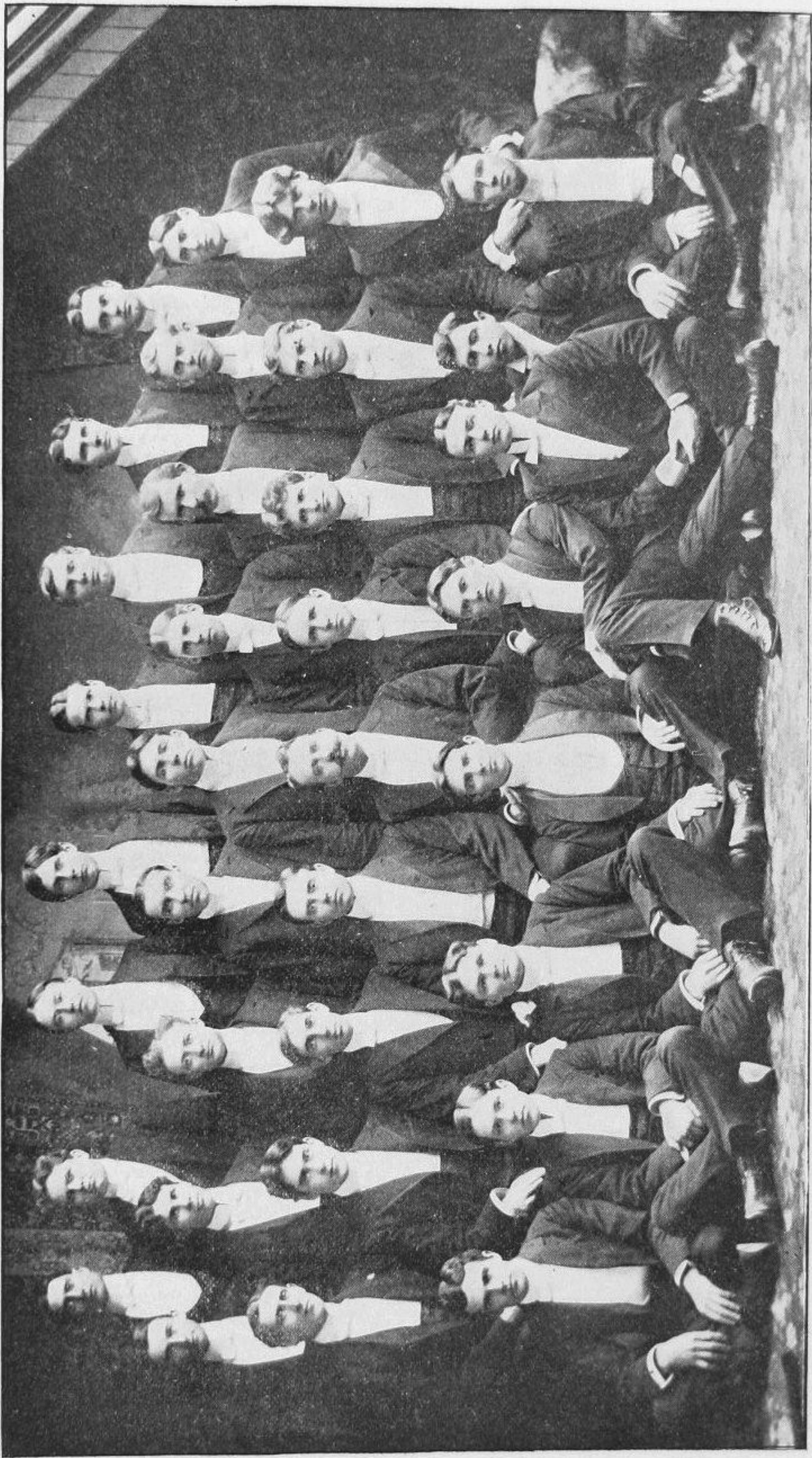
M. A. Wright  
C. Johnson

E. J. Wright  
J. W. Alexander  
J. E. Gould

W. W. Blaine  
P. Hopkins  
H. Hanson

A. T. Wanamaker  
C. E. Hill





THE GLEE CLUB



## *The Orchestra.*

THERE is perhaps no organization of which the University is more proud than the orchestra. It is safe to say that it has done more to advance student interests and college spirit than any other organization in the institution.

The orchestra was formed by Mr. Aubrey Levy at the beginning of the college year of '98-'99. Mr. Levy, who is one of the best violinists in Seattle, assumed the leadership, and under his direction the orchestra became an entire success. Among the first members were : Glenn Trout and Ralph Johnson, two musicians of ability, to whose efforts much of the orchestra's success is due ; Mr. Isadore Singerman, pianist, whose two-step, " Purple and Gold," dedicated to the class of '99, is played at every college dance. Mr. Levy's two compositions this year, " The Senior Hop "—a two-step—and " The Pacific Wave Waltz " bid fair to become very popular. It will fall upon Mr. Glenn Trout next year to honor the senior class with a musical composition.

This year the orchestra has been an indispensable part of assembly exercises, and their willingness to play when called upon has been very much appreciated by the students. An enjoyable feature of all entertainments has been the music they have furnished. The scope of the orchestra has also widened. It has been sought after for outside entertainments, and before another year the custom will be established by which the orchestra, glee, and mandolin clubs will make an annual concert tour of the state.





### *An Exceptional Case.*

**L**ITTLE WILLIE went to heaven—  
Funny thing, but true—  
At the gate he met Saint Peter,  
“ Say, I’m coming through ! ”

“ What good reason can you give  
Why you should enter here ? ”

“ One fine day I had a nickel  
And didn’t buy a beer.

“ In the worst exams at college  
I never once did flunk.”

“ Good boy, Willie, come up higher,  
You have earned a bunk ! ”



## *Mandolin Club.*

### OFFICERS.

President,	E. F. Earl, jr., '03
Vice President,	Walcott Ames, '02
Secretary,	Horace Phillips, '01
Business Manager,	J. Y. C. Kellogg, '03
Assistant Business Manager,	E. E. McCammon, '03
Leader,	Bert Kelly

### MEMBERS.

#### FIRST MANDOLINS.

Bert Kelly	Walcott Ames, '02
Horace Phillips, '01	

#### SECOND MANDOLINS.

J. Y. C. Kellogg, '03	E. E. McCammon, '03
-----------------------	---------------------

#### GUITARS.

George Prigmore, '03	C. E. Lindberry, '01
E. F. Earl, jr., '03	

#### CELLO.

G. H. Trout, '01
------------------

#### SOLO VIOLINIST.

Aubrey Levy, '00
------------------





MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB







## SOPHOMORE FROLIC '02

NOVEMBER 3, 1899

### ORDER OF DANCES

- |             |                   |
|-------------|-------------------|
| 1. Two Step | "Purple and Gold" |
| 2. Waltz    | "Robin Hood"      |
| 3. Two Step | "Hot Stuff"       |
| 4. Waltz    | "Don't Be Cross"  |

## FRESHMAN GLEE '03

FEB. 3, 1900

### DANCE ENGAGEMENTS

- |             |                             |
|-------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Two Step | "Purple and Gold"           |
| 2. Waltz    | "The Fortune Teller"        |
| 3. Two Step | "The French Coon Cake Walk" |
| 4. Waltz    | "Serenade"                  |

## EIGHTH ANNUAL LEVEE

FEB. 24, 1900

- |             |                   |
|-------------|-------------------|
| 1. Two Step | "Purple and Gold" |
| 2. Waltz    | "Zenda"           |
| 3. Two Step | "Charlatan"       |
| 4. Waltz    | "Robin Hood"      |
| 5. Two Step | "Whistling Rufus" |

# COMMITTEES

## FRESHMAN GLEE

J. Y. C. KELLOGG

ED. B. STEVENS

ED. E. McCAMMON

## SOPHOMORE FROLIC

PAUL C. HARPER

W. W. BLAIN

A. D. REMINGTON

## JUNIOR PROM.

RALPH JOHNSON

GUY ROBERTSON

CHARLOTTE BLODGETT

## SENIOR BALL

T. M. BARLOW

W. MORRISON

ANNE MITCHELL

## RECEPTION TO THE VOLUNTEERS

RALPH JOHNSON

CHAS. McCANN

ANNE MITCHELL

ZOE KINCAID

FRED CEIS

## CADET LEVEE

WM. REINHART

J. C. DODSON

W. W. BLAIN

P. C. HARPER

G. A. MINKLER



## *University Society.*

THIS year has seen many, and very pleasant additions to the social life among our collegians. At the beginning of the year the first social event was the annual reception of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. These receptions have been the main feature of the first month of each year, and are largely attended by the new students. The "Gaudeamus" dancing club, as usual, has contributed largely to the social events. Its monthly parties have been well attended and will long be remembered as among the pleasant features of 'varsity life.

The month of November was noticeable in the way of dancing. The class of '02 held their "Sophomore Frolic" on the 3d. This party was given in Denny Hall, and those who were fortunate enough to attend say that the class did itself proud. During the month the return of the volunteers from Manila gave the occasion for holding a reception and dancing party in honor of those university students who were members of the First Washington regiment. This delightful event was held in Denny Hall and, barring a short period of darkness, caused by an accident at the power house, was a very prominent social feature of the year.

The class of '03, resolving not to be outdone by the "naughty-twos," issued invitations for the "Freshman Glee." This party was given on the 3rd of February, and the large number of college people who attended place it up near the top among the successful entertainments of the year.

Following the "Glee" came the eighth annual Levee of the University cadets. This affair has become an established custom, and from the first of each year the cadets look forward to the time when it shall be their pleasure and honor to entertain their friends. The ball this year was no less enjoyable than any of its predecessors; and from the present prospects a pleasant future is anticipated by all lovers of a military ball.

The class of '00 last year introduced the "Junior Prom" to our college life; and the "naughty-ones" are taking care that the "Junior Prom" of this year will be a success. The Senior Ball will take place during commencement week, and, of course, promises to be the swellest thing of the year. Nor must be forgotten the reception given by the dormitory students when the two dormitories



were formally opened. It was perhaps the most brilliant reception that has been given in the history of the University.

Aside from the receptions and regular dancing parties, there have been very many other social affairs given by the professors and their wives, or by the students. Taken all in all, the social side of the year has been very full of enjoyment. At the time of writing there are being planned picnics and lunch parties upon our twin lakes, which will fill in every spare moment until the evening of the commencement ball. Then, as the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home" float upon the evening air, the year's social history will be finished, and the tired pleasure seekers will rest.





### *Gaudeamus Dancing Club.*

**D**URING the college years previous to '95-'96, there had been no general social organization of any description in the University, the only source of entertainment being the literary societies. The student body was divided into groups of personal friends, each intent on having a good time among themselves, to the exclusion of all students outside their own circle.

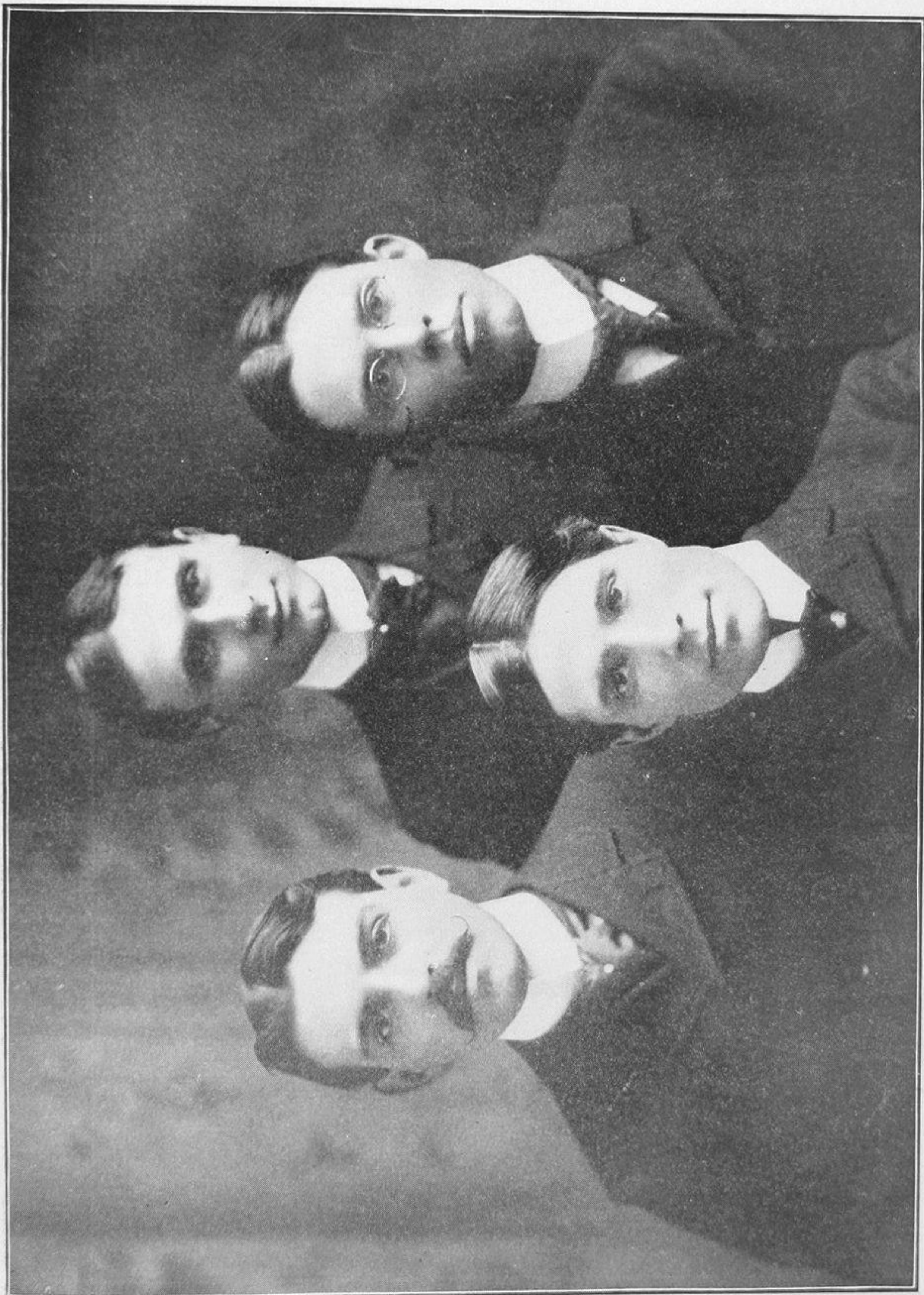
Five young men, in the year 1895-6, resolved to promote an enterprise in the social line—D. E. Douty, C. W. Sutton, F. W. Smith, H. C. Coffman and W. R. Coffman. Their parties were given once a month in Prosch's Hall and Morris' Hall, and here professors and their wives, students and their friends, "tripped the light fantastic toe," and learned to know one another better and to form friendships that time can never efface. At the close of the college year the club gave the last party of that season at East Seattle, across Lake Washington—a picnic, supper and dance at the hotel. It was the crowning success of the year.

The following year—1897-98—the same organization gave all its dances at Morris' Hall, the annual and final party of the year being held at Meydenbauer Bay, on Lake Washington.

The club was re-organized at the beginning of the college year 1898-99, on account of vacancies that had occurred, the members for the year being C. A. Fowler, W. R. Coffman, J. L. Gottstein, L. O. Vesper, T. M. Barlow, W. F. Morrison and H. C. Coffman. The parties were given in the Queen Anne Club House, and the name "Gaudeamus," meaning "Let us enjoy ourselves," was adopted. The parties were in true accord with the name—everybody did enjoy themselves—and the dances became the most successful social events of the year. Meydenbauer Bay was selected for the final celebration of the club this year.

Four of the old members returned to the University for the year 1899-00—C. A. Fowler, T. M. Barlow, H. C. Coffman and W. F. Morrison—and they have spared no effort to make the parties an entire success. When years have passed and college days seem but a dream of the past, first in that dream will be these bright social gatherings. The club will be continued next year, a member being selected from each of the several classes.





C. A. Fowler

H. C. Coffman

T. M. Barlow

GAUDEAMUS DANCING CLUB

W. F. Morrison







## *The Portage.*

COME with me, oh gentle reader, let me guide your willing feet  
Where Lake Washington so eager hastens on with footsteps fleet,  
Rushes down the path so narrow and Lake Union fair does meet.  
Come and view the lonely portage, where laments the evergreen,  
And amid the grass and mosses do the fragrant flowers teem,  
While below, in swift progression, dark and deep the waters gleam.

Years ago, in bliss together, did these fond lakes laugh and play ;  
Arm in arm, with happy faces, through the valleys did they stray ;  
And their lives were bright and cheerful as a peaceful summer's day.  
But Rainier, the mighty monarch, loved and wooed the younger queen,  
And with fiercest fire and passion filled her depths with glorious sheen ;  
Urged her with him to join fortunes in the heights of bliss serene.

But Lake Union, quite indignant, to his pleading would not hear,  
For Lake Washington, so gentle, to her heart was very dear,  
And without her loving sister life would be forever drear.  
Then Rainier, in jealous anger, that the lake his suit should scorn,  
Made an oath that, for her answer, broken hearted she should mourn ;  
For the one she loved so dearly from her side would soon be torn.

From his mouth came fire and thunder till he made the mountains start,  
And Lake Washington, in terror, clasped her sister to her heart,  
When the earth, with great upheaval, tore the loving pair apart.  
Long and loud did wail Lake Union and in vain did beat her breast,  
When her hands were rudely parted from the one she loved the best ;  
And from sobbing and from sighing her poor heart could find no rest.

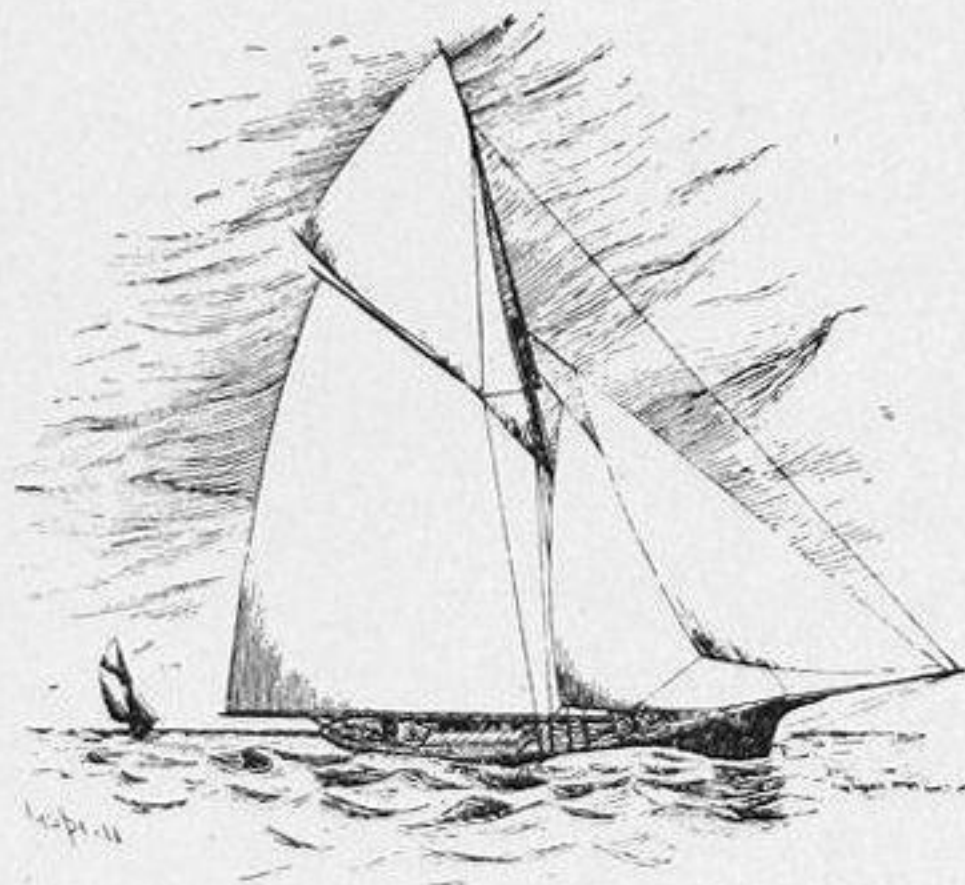
But the other, stung to madness, tossed about in wild despair,  
As the cries of pain and anguish from her loved one filled the air,  
And, with swelling heart, determined she should find her sister fair.  
Then, with all her strength and power, rushed she on the great divide,  
Forced her way into the hillside, threw the massive rocks aside,  
Taking only the direction where Lake Union sobbed and cried.



Slowly, surely, through the earthwork did the great lake force its way  
And unceasingly she labored thro' the long and weary day.  
While her sister, sad and silent, could but watch and wait and pray,  
Till at last, when through the hillside, down the passage-way she leaped,  
And, with hearts of joy and gladness, did their lips in kisses meet,  
As Lake Union to her bosom pressed again her sister sweet.

Old Rainier was broken-hearted and his hair turned white as snow;  
Never do his mighty thunders echo 'mong the rocks below.  
But he mourns for fair Lake Union, whom he loved long years ago.  
Thus we leave the loving couple, as in fond embrace they rest,  
And Lake Washington in rapture rests, her head on Union's breast:  
Thus we leave the lonely portage, with its charm and beauty blest.

—J. C. STOREY.





## *The Dramatic Club.*

WHEN the committee decided, in January, 1899, to render Goldsmith's popular play, "She Stoops to Conquer," and assigned the parts, some people smiled significantly, some wagged their heads knowingly, while yet others openly prophesied certain failure. The presumption of amateurs, some of whom had never been upon the stage, in attempting such a play, was thought too preposterous to be entertained. However, the parts were committed, the rehearsals were prosecuted, often under much discouragement, but with an abiding trust and vigor until the announcement was made that on the 7th of April the play would be staged.

When the curtain went up, the first actors on the scene found themselves in the presence of a very large audience of friends, whose encouraging applause at once assured confidence and gave token of a kindly wish for success. Again and again throughout the performance and at every curtain drop, did the astonished and appreciative audience express in no unstinted way their unfeigned pleasure. And well they might; for retirement, timidity, prejudice, and self, were alike forgot in the actors, who, with one accord, threw themselves into a most happy and natural interpretation of the various parts to which they had been assigned. "Success" was the watchword throughout the rehearsals, and "a decided success" was the awarded judgment of the audience.

The remembrance of that evening is still so fresh in the minds of students and friends that they are looking forward with happy anticipation to a certain treat which they know awaits them at the close of the present year—a treat which is already doubly assured.



INITIAL PERFORMANCE

OF THE

*University of Washington  
Dramatic Club*

IN GOLDSMITH'S CLASSIC COMEDY

*"She Stoops to Conquer"*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR ALEX. B. COFFEY

ASSISTED BY MISS JESSIE ALLEN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

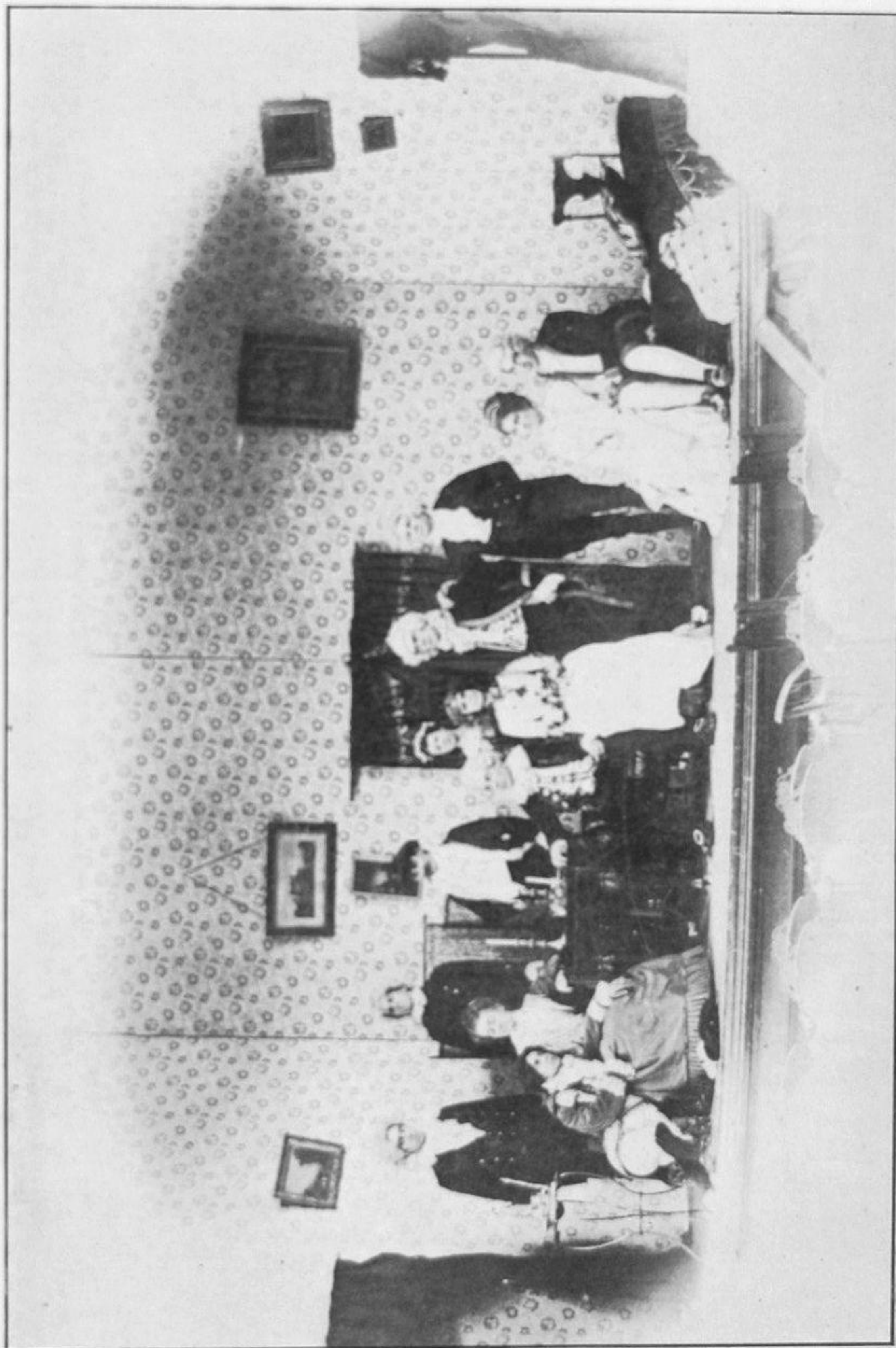
Sir Charles Marlow,	Clarence M. Larson
Young Marlow,	Frank Price Giles
Hastings,	James Worth Densmore
Mr. Hardcastle,	H. L. Reese
Tony Lumpkin,	Glen Trout
Diggory,	Edgar J. Wright
Landlord,	
Roger,	Stephen Griggs
Jeremy,	R. W. Fletcher
Mrs. Hardcastle,	Louise Iffland
Miss Hardcastle,	Olivia C. Peck
Miss Neville,	Ella R. Dougan
Dolly,	Euphrosyne Cotchett

DENNY HALL, UNIVERSITY

*Friday Evening, April 7th, at 8 o'clock*

1899





"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER," '99







## *Our Campus.*

IN MANY respects our campus is still a western solitude, hewn as it has been, out of the wild forest. Looking over lakes, with their wooded shores, and at white mountains showing through the firs, the impression one gains is that of a scene untrodden by man. The birds fill the groves with their songs, as if it had been a paradise made for them alone. In the depths of the woods squirrels play up and down the tree trunks, and the pheasants rise as one breaks through the underbrush. A boat gliding in among the lily-pads and reeds of some sequestered cove disturbs the gray heron, the haunter of the lakes.

Every vista is natural and could not be improved upon by the art of the landscape gardener. Now, it is Lake Union with its waters crimsoned by the sunset, again, Lake Washington flashing in the sunlight. Sometimes it is a sunrise all purple and gold, the gray morning clouds lifting like a curtain, revealing the purple peaks against a dazzling yellow sky, while clouds like molten gold lie in the dips of the mountains and in curls along their breasts. But the curtain rolls slowly down, and the glory fades into the light of common day.

Each season gives its beauty to the campus. Autumn brings the flaming tints of the dogwood and amber of the maple, contrasting with the fir and cedar. Springtime gives a thousand different shades of green to the landscape, while here and there the silver blossoms of the dogwood or the bright red trunks of the madrona are thrown up against a background of solemn firs.

Since we have observed Arbor Day a large number of trees have been planted, and within a few years our native trees will have as companions the chestnut, oak, linden, and elm. The possibilities of the campus are many. It is only a question of time until aquatics will change our lake margin from a tangled underwood to a beautiful promenade. Then, when Lake Union and Lake Washington are accessible, boating will be a pleasure which has so far been denied. Down, by the lakeside is a thickly wooded ravine in the form of an amphitheater. From a stump in the center the slightest whisper can be heard. Some day, perhaps, thousands of people may gather in this open-air amphitheater to listen to class-day exercises. We all have a dream of how the campus will look to the students of the future. Noble buildings will be erected. The oak will cast its shade upon the velvet sward stretching from lake to lake. Time and money may accomplish wonderful changes; still, we shall never forget the beauty of its rugged wildness as it is today.



It is associated with all that is best in college life. Impressions of sunny afternoons, sunsets, and the thousand moods of sky and water are entwined with our college friendships and our college work. We remember how we sat on the steps with our chums, watching the shadows lengthen across the campus and the glow upon the mountain ranges. The spring days when we hunted the yellow violet and the trillium, or gathered the pink blossoms of the wild currant. Our summer rambles through the woods, when we picked blackberries from vines trailing over fallen logs. Those autumn walks, can we ever forget them? when the air was crystalline and full of the aroma of the forest, and we heard the crescendo of the wind in the tree-tops.

The thoughts and ideals which came to us while wandering over the campus, together with our impressions of college and campus, must form the brightest portion of our lives.





## *The Student Assembly.*

WITH the great changes in our University has come a change in the nature of the organized student body. When first started, the idea was to make it absolutely democratic;—but this is clearly impossible. A mass meeting of hundreds of students, where each one has a right to express himself, is not the place to initiate business which requires careful thought rather than heated debate. So it happens that we have unconsciously drifted into the American House of Representatives' method of doing business by committees.

During the past year the Student Assembly through its committees has done more business than ever before in the University's history. First, we have the work of the Representative Council in distributing the student registration fund to the various student enterprises. The work of the committee on "Wave" publication will show itself in the paper next year. The size and form of the "Wave" were settled when the committee began work, and its duty lay chiefly in auditing the manager's reports. Likewise it will select a manager and contract for a certain style of paper next year, and the result of this selection will be the measure of its work. The work of the two committees on local and interstate intercollegiate debate has resulted in inestimable good to the University. A suggestion from Oregon was taken up and the matter pushed so that annual debates between the University of Washington and the University of Oregon are now settled events. The local committee made all arrangements for this year's contest with Pullman. What with the above debates and the Freshman-Portland debate, the 'varsity is very busy. But we have our eye on California, and before 1903 Berkeley will have her pride humbled. We are in the field and we must "expand" or decay. We have crossed the Rubicon—or rather, the Columbia. The boat committee has done nobly. Our fine new boat-house and our racing boats speak volumes for the committee's efforts. The bookstore committee's work will show itself in the hundreds of dollars saved to our students next year.

The presidency of the assembly is looked upon as the greatest honor that can be conferred upon a student. Ernest W. Schoder has held this important position throughout the year. He has kept in touch with every student movement, and has shown great wisdom in the appointment of committees.

It is the duty of the assembly to select an editor who will make our paper reflect our college life, and lead as well as follow our advance. The assembly has its most important function, however, when some matter has to come before the students for their consideration. If it is a mass-meeting before a football game, a debate, or an athletic meet; or if it be a meeting where the opinion of the whole student-body is desired, every student owes it to his Alma Mater to turn out, and find standing room in Denny Hall.



## Y. M. C. A.

President,	Carl H. Reeves
Vice President,	Thomas T. Edmunds
Corresponding Secretary,	Edgar J. Wright
Recording Secretary,	Sterling B. Hill
Treasurer,	William R. McCrory

THE Young Men's Christian Association work among college men had its beginning at Princeton College in 1874, and since that time the growth of the Students' Volunteer Movement, as it was called, has been steady, and eminently satisfactory to those interested in the work. At the present time there are upon the rolls of the various college Y. M. C. A. associations very nearly fifty thousand names.

During the college year 1888-'89, a branch of the Y. M. C. A. was organized in our institution through the efforts of F. J. Culver, of California, and George Carter, of Seattle. From a very modest beginning, the earnest workers have built up a prosperous and enthusiastic branch, until at the present time the position the Y. M. C. A. occupies in student life is a prominent one.

Carl H. Reeves represented the Y. M. C. A. of the University at the Summer Conference held at Pacific Grove, California, in May, 1899. Much good has resulted from his attendance at the conference, and since his return Bible study work has been begun in a systematic manner, with Mr. T. T. Edmunds as leader. A room in the men's dormitory has been assigned to the Y. M. C. A., and it is expected that next year the work will be carried on with much greater success than formerly.



## *The Y. W. C. A.*

**B**EING a state institution, the University of Washington provides no religious exercises. With this end in view, therefore, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association have been organized. They number among their members young men and women who are striving after a higher ideal of Christian life.

Each new girl when she enters the University is invited to become a member of the Y. W. C. A. The new members are at once made to feel that there is a place for them in the society and a work for them to do. Many a girl leaving home for the first time, when she enters the University has been rescued from a feeling of homesickness by the cordial invitation to "come and be one of us," given by a Y. W. C. A. girl.

A short devotional meeting is held every Thursday at noon. These meetings are conducted by the different members of the association. Once every month a joint meeting is held with the Y. M. C. A.

The association is an important factor in the social life of the college. Each year two joint receptions are given by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. to the new students. Everything is done to conduce to the pleasure of the guests and an excellent opportunity is given to the members of the faculty and the students to come into closer touch with one another. Thus the Y. W. C. A. lives, quiet and unassuming amidst its more brilliant associates, a modest flower, shedding abroad the sweetness of love and devotion.



## *Geological Society.*

Charles A. Ruddy	President
Prof. Trevor Kincaid	Vice-President
A. W. Lane	Secretary

THIS society was organized in November, 1898, for the purpose of forming a center of geological activity in the University. Many highly interesting papers have been read before the society by its members and by distinguished visitors. A number of field excursions have been made to points of geologic interest in the vicinity of Seattle. One of the most useful and laborious enterprises undertaken and carried out by the society has been the preparation of a card catalogue of all the geologic literature in the library. The number of titles has already mounted far into the thousands.

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## *Students' Book and Stationery Store.*

THE Student Assembly own and operate a store of their own in the main building of the University. All the text books and necessary supplies are bought directly from the publishers and wholesale dealers, and retailed to the students at a price that will just pay running expenses. The executive committee for the present year are Mr. Thomas W. Mitchell, Mr. Charles McCann and Mr. Henry G. Knight. The manager is Mr. Charles A. Ruddy.





## T R O U T

**H**E IS a young man of the collar,  
His looks are not those of the scholar,  
He blows a big horn  
On each Friday morn,  
But never will grow an inch taller.



### *Junior Troubles.*

WITH hair brushed smooth, and dress suit neat,  
Lawn tie as white as the snow,  
And patent leathers upon his feet—  
This Junior is a swell, you know.  
  
But the car waits not for young or old,  
And the mud was thick and deep;  
Through it floundered our Junior bold,  
In a way to make Juniors weep.  
  
“And she is waiting now for me!  
O Gad! what beastly luck!  
Altho’ ’tis my name, I plainly see  
I’m not by nature a duck.”

—G. E.

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### *What We Have Listened to in Chapel During the Year.*

Smith—“Modern beauty—a small, economic waist” (excuse the spelling).  
Landes—“On the banks of the Wabash.”  
Priest—“The nigger in the American woodpile.”  
Bechdolt—“My conception of the universe—an inflated pigskin.”  
Foster—“Parasites, or the irrepressible grafter.”  
Ranum—“The music of the spheres—married life.”  
Coffey—“An empty wagon rattles most.”  
Moench—“Duelling in the old country, or a few pointers on artistic carving.”  
Fuller—“Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,” or, “Tossed in a blanket  
at Lafayette.”  
Meany—“The royal flush, or how to deal a winning hand.”  
Colegrove—“An European potpourri, with Waterloo as a parting shot.”  
Reeves—“Die schöne Deutsche Sprache.”  
Byers—“North Carolina school ma’ams.”



## *A Reply.*

(ON BEING ASKED FOR A POEM.)

**L**AST night I got your note OK  
And here's the answer, sans delay.

If any favor I could do,  
Or anything at all for you,  
'Twould be an honor, you must know,  
And make my head still bigger grow.

And here's the point: I'd have no "stuff"  
To buy a new hat big enough.  
And if I say, "Nay, nay, Pauline!"  
Judge not too harsh; don't call me mean.

Another point is: This 'ere bloke  
Some time ago to this awoke,  
That all his "OLD" poems are n. g.,  
Though they're his very best, you see!

The gentle muse hath taken flight,  
And left me sunk in songless night.  
No woman's smiles, no cigarette,  
Can win me back the false coquette!

So-long!—burns low my 5c. taper,  
So-long! fair star, I'll see you later!





True sport is his forte  
On the gridiron or the court,  
And his constant presence fills  
Our men with eager thrills  
To do the best that's in 'em—  
That's why we always skin 'em.



### *Their Favorite Expressions.*

- D. A. Millett—"That's a funny proposition."
- Librarian Coffman—"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."
- Professor Foster—"Let me give you a few details."
- Glenn Trout—"Crackerjack."
- Prep. Schneider—"Gee, but it's cold!" (bathtub.)
- Registrar Davis—"Do you want to pay your board-bill?"
- Ed Wright—"Is that so?"
- T. M. Barlow—"Helen Blazes!"
- Dr. Smith—"Why?"
- Professor Priest—"Yea, verily."
- Ed McCammon—"Man, O Man!"
- Wilhelm Tell Laube—"Ye gods!"
- Dr. Colegrove—"I just write it down so that it will be perfectly plain."
- Aimee Farnsworth—"I want Lizzie."
- Aubrey Levy—"I'll play you my latest composition."
- Paul Harper—"It's a terror."
- Dean Hansee—"Huh, huh!"
- Chauncey—"It makes me angry."
- Alma Delaney—"My dear boy."
- Elizabeth Fry—"Excuse me for living."
- Dodson—"I'll tell you what."
- Miss Ober—"Stamps—it cultivates the habit of giving."
- May Thompson—"Excuse me" (falsetto.)
- Dr. Byers—"I'll be diddly, diddly, dummed, dummed!"
- Shoup—"That's the supposition."
- Florence Pearson—"I'll write to mamma."
- Charles Landes—"The dinged thing."
- "Major" Reinhart—"That reminds me of Manila."



## *The Dormitory Girls.*

O H, THE dormitory girls,  
With their graces and their curls,  
They're the envy and the joy of every heart;  
All the others stand aside  
When they sally forth in pride  
(For there's always some one round to see them start.)

Oh, they give their little teas  
And they do just as they please.  
They are worshipped by the senior and the prep,  
And it's understood by all  
That on them the sunbeams fall  
And the little daisies blossom where they step.

Oh! If I should live to be  
Like those happy creatures, free  
From the sordid cares of common student days,  
I shall try to look as queenly  
And to take my way serenely  
Through the throng that only names me but to praise.







Riley as "Aquarius."

### *Questions They Like to Hear.*

Charles A. Ruddy—When is the Annual coming out?

D. A. Millett—Why didn't McCann get on the team?

Clark Davis—When are the dormitories going to be finished?

Emily Sumner—How did you get through the transom?

Tony Barlow—Why did the association go in debt?

Ralph Johnson—Why is the W. A. C. as good as the University?

Walter Morrison—Why do you know the paths on the campus so well?

H. C. Coffman—Why can't I talk?

Zoe Kincaid—Why isn't this good enough for the Annual?

E. W. Schoder—Why don't your whiskers grow?

Professor Vander Veer—How about that locker money?

Goldie Evans—What's your record on the stovepipe?

"Stub" Wright—Who's that funny little man?

"Totem-Pole" Scherven—What's the climate up there?"

Professor Bechdolt—Don't you think basket ball is nicer than football?

O. M. Gordon—Who do you love?

"Deacon" Reese—How is Jessie?



## *A Vision.*

**A**T MIDNIGHT, in his quiet room,  
His pale lamp piercing through the gloom,  
The student sits with weary look.  
Without, the dying night-wind sighs,  
Ere long the morning light will rise,  
And still he ponders o'er his book.

But ever, 'twixt him and the page  
On which lie words of wisdom sage,  
A face so lovely doth appear  
With laughing eyes of azure blue  
And waving locks of golden hue—  
Before his eyes it hovers near.

In looking on that forehead fair,  
Those blushing cheeks, those lips most rare,  
An angel's face the vision seems.  
And when in sleep, his weary head  
Is softly pillowed on his bed,  
That same sweet face is in his dreams.

—J. C. S.





## *The Book of Aminadab.*

### CHAPTER IV.

**A**ND it so happened that in those days Frank, the great, whose surname in the tongue of the Gentiles signifieth the place of the dead, was ruler over the temple.

And those of the legions of Frank who were of the tribe of Junior gathered themselves together and spake in this wise, saying:

Behold the tribe of Junior hath many brave youths and comely maidens and waxeth great in the land; therefore let us carve a name for ourselves; let us whoop and holler and cut up didos and even dinkeydinks, that our name may go forth over all the earth.

Then arose one among the chiefs of the tribe of Juniors, which being intepreted meaneth Naughty-One, and lifted up his voice:—

Verily ye are wise guys and your words are great stuff. Therefore, let us procure pitch and smear it upon the great tank which standeth on the lands of the king over against Ravenna, that our name may be great among nations.

And all those of the tribe of Junior who were there assembled, did rise and call him blessed, saying, Great Head, and Hot-Thing, and Good Work!

And then the sun being by this time set, they did purchase pitch and did smear it upon the tank, so that the name of Naughty-One did shine forth.

And behold the tribe of Junior did swell up, and cried in a loud voice, Yea, verily, we are the real article; for our name doth shine forth unto the whole world."

And they rejoiced and were exceeding glad.

But it came to pass that certain of the Ishmaelites, which being translated is Soph, seeing the name of Junior upon the tank, grew exceeding wroth.

Behold, shall we suffer a lot of Juniors thus to put it all over us?

Then arose a certain chief of the Sophs, and spake: Let us go by night to the great tank and do things to the signboard of the Juniors and put thereon the name of Soph, for it is not good that the name of Junior should shine abroad in the land.

And it came to pass that when night was and darkness fell over the land that the leaders of the tribe of Soph did climb to the top of the tank and did erase



therefrom the name of Junior and did place thereon the name of Soph and did go on their way rejoicing.

When the morn came and they of the tribe of Naughty-One did see that their name no longer appeared, they did wax angry and said, "Who hath done this iniquitous thing?"

Then arose a mighty one of the Juniors and spake thus:

"Listen, my brethren, and hearken unto my voice. Let us go by night to the tank and erase the name of Soph, that our name may again shine forth."

And it so happened that a spy did carry the news to the camp of the Sophs, so that when the warriors of Junior appeared, they did find a mighty army of Sophs upon the ground, yea, even laying for them.

And the Sophs were in number as the sands of the sea. And the Juniors were but few.

But the chiefs of the tribe of Junior were exceeding valiant and did land unto the tribe of Soph cracks upon the cheek and jowl, and in the weather optic; yea, verily, even upon the solar plexus did they hand it to them.

Then the legions of Soph and the legions of Junior did battle for the tank all that night and the end was not until daybreak. And for the reason that they did outnumber the Juniors greatly the warriors of the tribe of Soph were victorious and the legions of Junior were driven from the field.

And there were gathered up of the fragments seven basketsful.

And then arose the children which in their tongue are called Freshmen, saying:

"We want our name on the tank, too, even as children in these days cry for the moon."

And again when night fell the children of the land gathered together and did march to the tank.

When they were perceived by the guard he did laugh; so that when they were approached within about fifty cubits length, he arose and cried in a loud voice, saying "Boo!"

And the Freshmen were terrified and did run and did cry aloud.

But again did they return to the tank, whereupon the guard did anoint them with the chastisement called, in the tongue of the Philistines, spanking, and did send them away wailing.

And so it came to pass, that when the guard was returning in the morning that they did meet with Frank the Great, who was ruler of the temple. And they did humble themselves before him, saying,

"Good morning to thee, O mighty one."

And Frank answered unto them, saying, "Wherefore are there strange noises at night, wherefore I cannot sleep?"

And Frank called together all the warriors of the tribe of Junior and the tribe of Soph, and spoke unto them, saying:



"Behold I am angry with my children, for they have displeased me. Therefore shalt thou destroy the name of Soph which standeth upon the great tank, so that things may be as they were in the beginning."

And it was so.

Then did Frank say unto the tribe of Soph, "Verily ye have displeased me greatly, yet will I forgive you. Therefore will I give unto you as a token of my favor an image of the great tank, that ye may remember this day."

And he did so, and the Sophs were exceeding glad. And did bow down and worship the image of the great tank.

Then they did build for it a chamber in the great temple where they might worship it and bring before it offerings of gold and precious stones and frankincense and myrrh, For thus foolish was the tribe of Soph.

Then arose a certain chief of the tribe of Junior and spoke in a loud voice :

"Behold these Sophs are so swelled up over their little tank that they do cause all men to be exceeding tired. Therefore let us take away their image by cunning device, since we cannot do it by force. For their numbers are as the sands of the sea."

And it so happened that a warrior of the tribe of Junior did contrive by his wisdom to carry away the image of the Sophs and hide it.

And the tribe of Soph was exceeding sore, and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

And the Juniors did jeer at them and say, "O Sophs, where is thy tank?"

And the Sophs answered, "Behold we have our tank. No one hath taken our tank."

And the tribe of Junior did laugh again in a loud voice. For they knew it was not so.

And except he be of the tribe of Junior, no man knoweth where the tank lieth hidden, even unto this day.

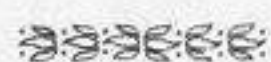




## *Tyeeographs.*



HIS ways are so Frank,  
Though by nature so Grave:  
He don't stir up rows  
Tho' he falls over cows.



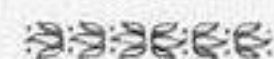
He's a kicker from Kickersville, O!  
But his kicks have effect you must know:  
He kicked at the dorm, and raised a big storm,  
And his name it is Tony Barlow.



His name it is Coffey,  
He's our little profey,  
He makes many trips  
On trains and steam ships  
While credits we get for our skips.



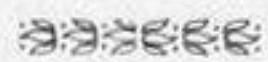
Often does the youthful Baker  
Run along to overtake her  
Like unto some nimble fakir  
Thinking thus to go and make her  
Take a walk or else he'll shake her  
Thus he works the gentle Ella  
Into thinking he's just the fellah!



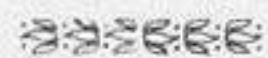
He's the keeper of books—  
You can see by his looks—  
With Coffman as his name.  
He's smooth at his game  
Since first from the Podunk he came.



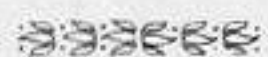
With his little druglets  
He'll get his little buglets,  
For Kincaid and his net  
Takes them out of the wet  
And never gives a sigh of regret.



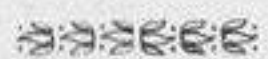
There is a sweet singer named Walter,  
Whose love affairs never do falter :  
Of the girls that are here  
A full dozen, I fear,  
Are anxious to go to the altar.



Down the line he goes to meet her,  
With a charming smile to greet her :  
When at last he does accost her—  
'Tis only Homer Redfield Foster.



Schoder the great !  
Slow and sedate !  
In the joint debate  
Was right up to date ;  
His logic had weight,  
But he went against fate,  
For the Badgers ornate  
Did his weak points locate  
And the papers of late  
His retirement do state.



He is Chauncey of the bike—  
You may see him when you like  
From the 'Varsity to Pike  
Either on or off his wheel.  
And his presence you may feel  
Looking out for public weal  
Playing hide and seek with grafters—  
Like a rat among the rafters.



## *Things the Tyee Wants to Know.*

If Larson is ever going to leave us?

If Miss Crueger has any special use for her commencement gown after graduation?

Whether Dr. Ranum is imitating Paderewski in the fashion of his hair—or not?

What's in a name? Why does Miss Craddock go to the Treen Shoe Go.?

If anyone ever heard Mr. Levy play "Listen to the Mocking Bird?"

When will Ceis and U. S. Griggs publish their discussions on theology?

Did Dr. Byers ever hear " $H_2O$ ,  $H_2O$ ,  $H_2SO_4$ , we love him, we love him, we love him no more"?

Will Harper ever stop talking?

McPherson, why do they call you the big Swede?

Did Mr. Blaine get a "P.-I." route because he was a good "Walker?"

Huntoon, will the marriage license ap—"Pears(o)on?"

Why the "Culture Club" has kept no record of its meetings?

Is Catherine, or are the "preps," responsible for Dr. Graves' lack of hair?

Is it sometimes true that one "May Err" in choosing the profession of "Baker?"

Why does Hanson snap his fingers in debate?

Do "Miracles" happen every day at the University?

Will Alton Remington leave for Canada after the first successful athletic meet?

If Prof. Meany ever omits his daily walk across the campus?

Has Gordon all the "Combes" he needs?

Does Miss Winsor sing the Sweetest "Story" ever told?

Does "Alphabetical" Kellogg intend to make a profession of grafting?

If the rubberers can make themselves out in the Junior Class picture?



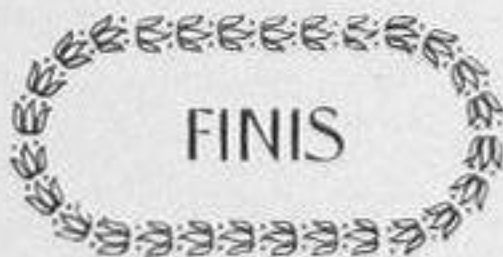
## *The Tyee.*

**N**O MORE upon the silent lake  
He guides the long canoe,  
Nor seeks the forest openings  
Where the deer come trooping through.

His fire is out upon the beach,  
No sign on wood or stream  
Is left to tell us that he lived—  
His life is but a dream.

No skill had he to mark for us  
The dear, familiar spot:  
Like mist upon the mountain brow—  
He was, and he is not.

Yet he was lord of lake and wood  
Before the Paleface came,  
And so, in memory of him,  
We give this book his name.









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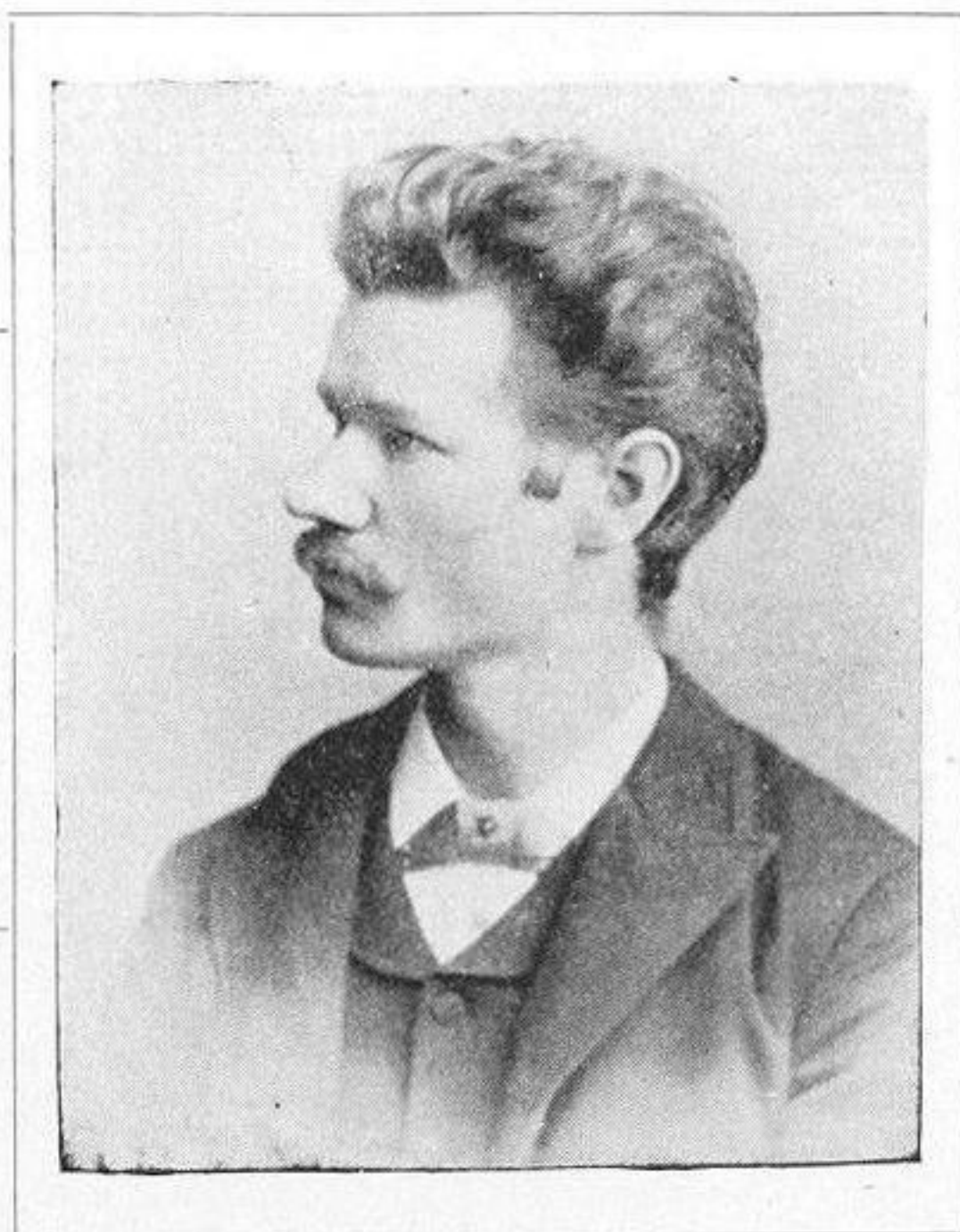
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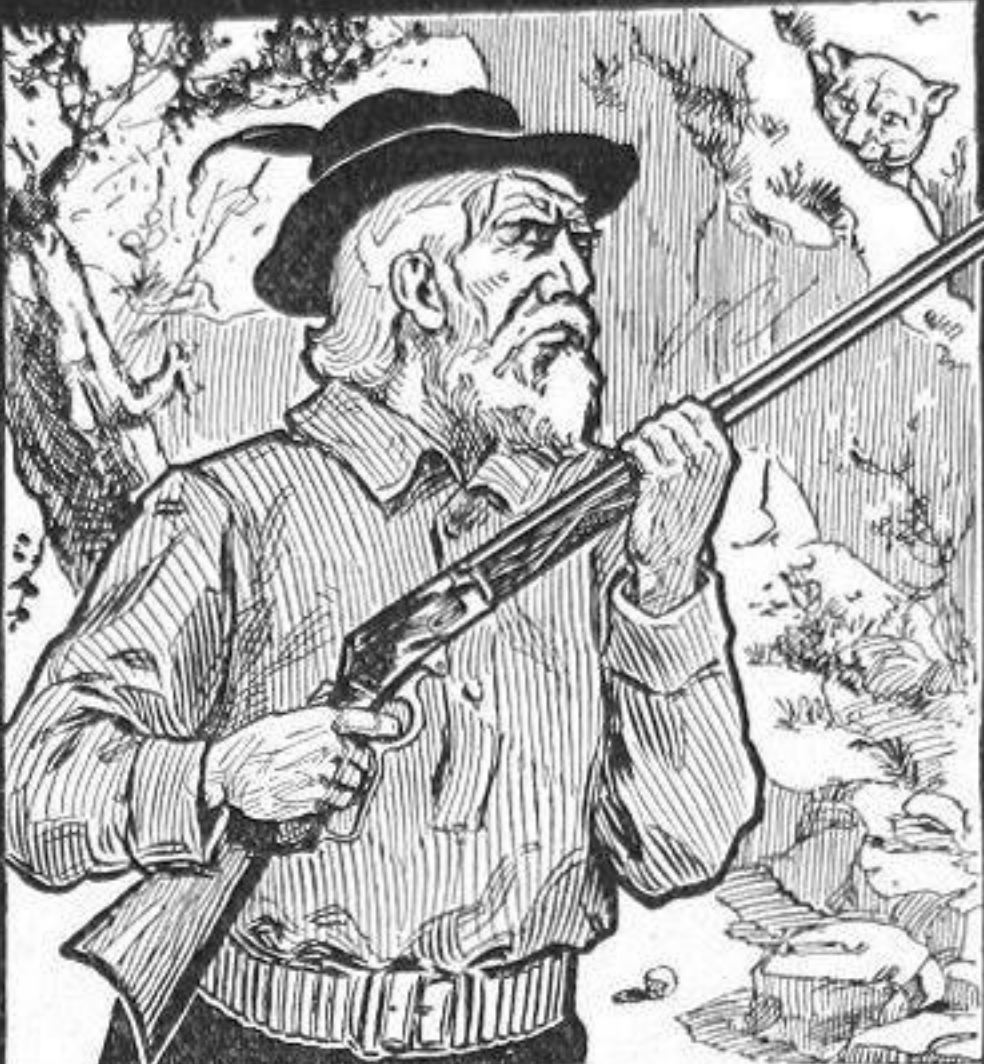
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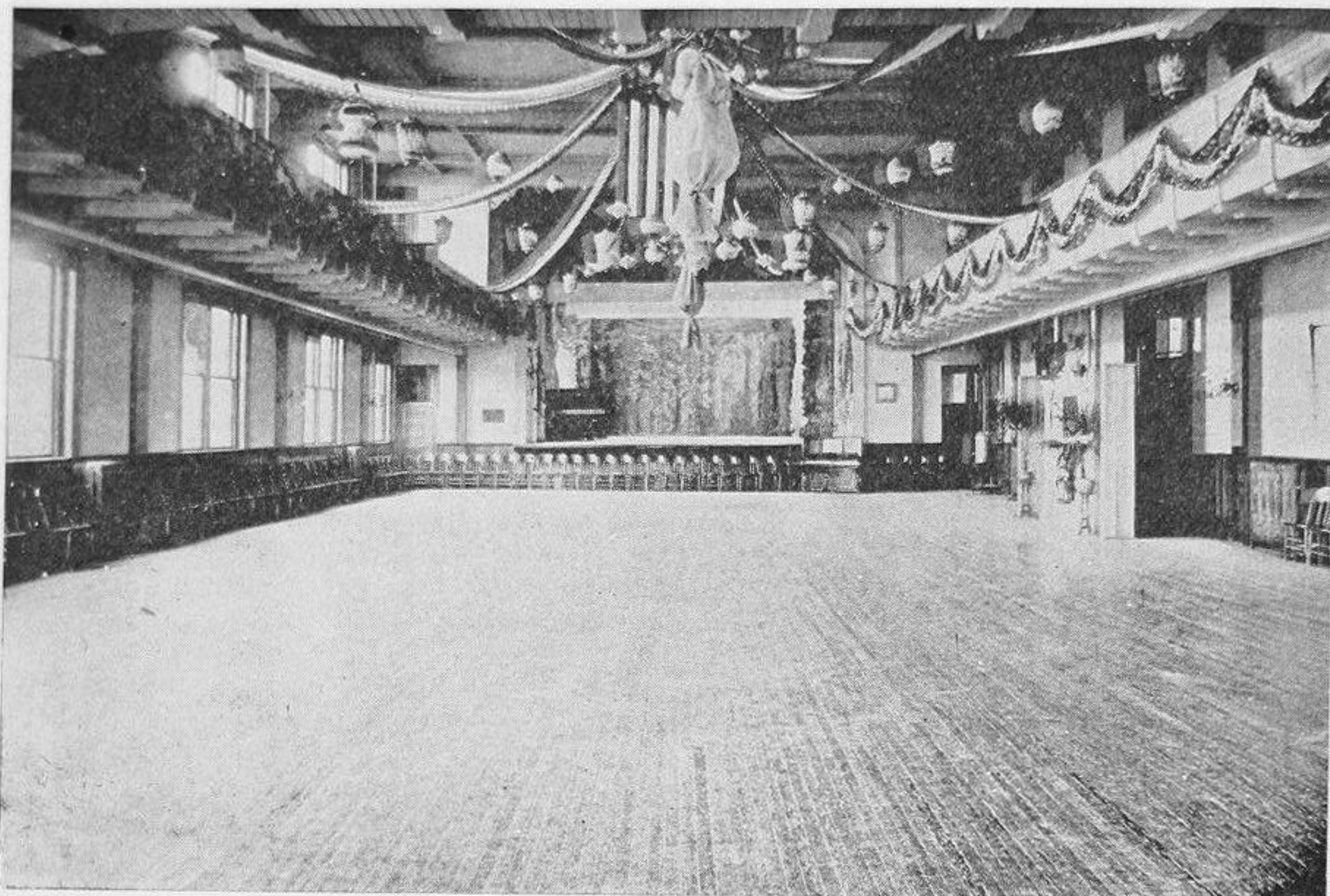
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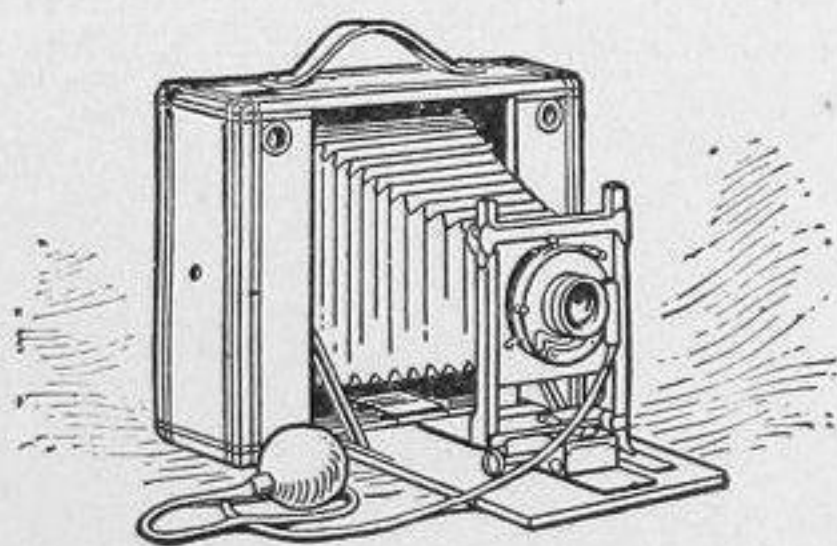
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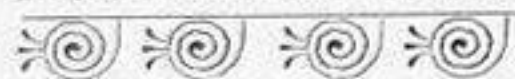
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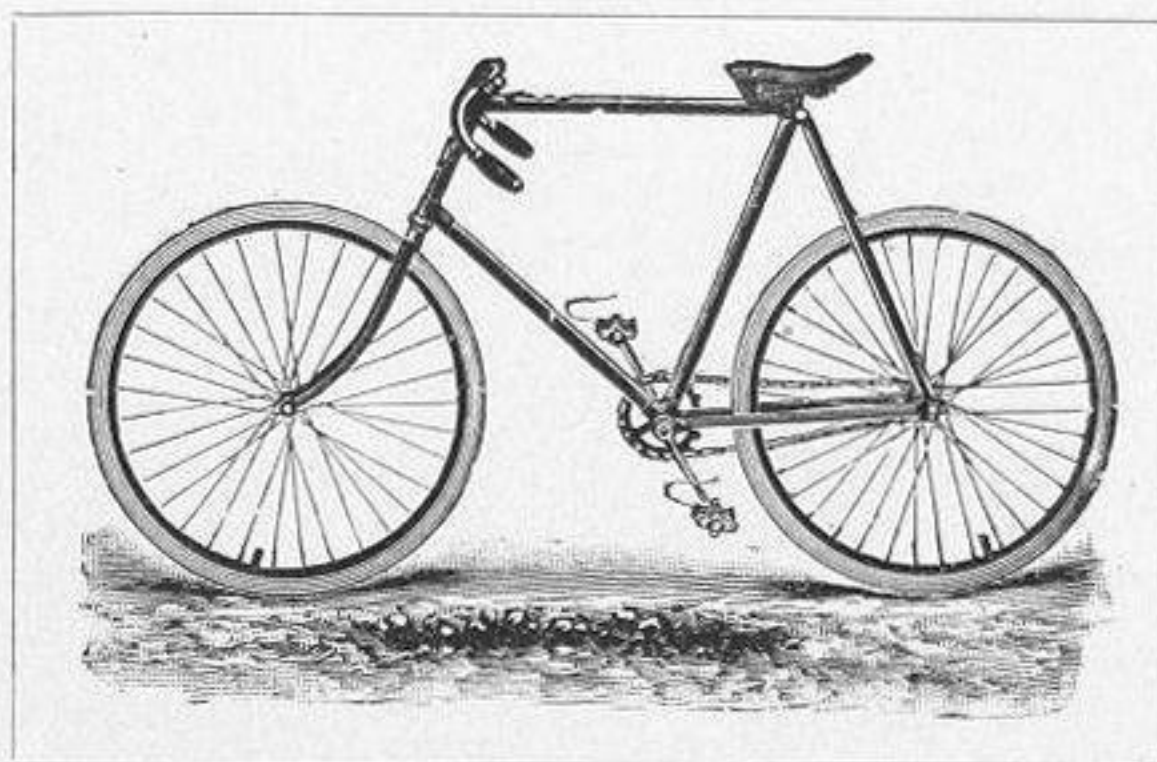
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